

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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TOMLINE'S ESTIMATE OF PITT

THE question of who should be Mr. Pitt's biographer engaged the anxious attention of his friends almost from the moment of his death. We know of several competitors. Henry Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," who enjoyed a literary reputation which it is not easy to understand, was approached by some friends of his own. Lord Lowther, a devoted friend of the Minister, named a Mr. Stonard, a private tutor residing at Chertsey, and his nomination was approved by Lady Hester Stanhope. But Mr. Stonard's ultimate output seems to have consisted entirely of theological works, such as a commentary on the vision of Zechariah and a dissertation on the seventy weeks of Daniel, which seem to indicate but little the successful biographer of a statesman. Charles Long, Lord Farnborough, had some thoughts of doing the work himself. But all watched Tomline with vigilant and gloomy forebodings. They feared that he would undertake the task and that the result would be tedious and insufficient. Their anxieties were soon set at rest. Within six weeks of Pitt's death the Bishop had announced his intention of writing his life. Mulgrave, who entertained for Pitt the feelings of a brother, expressed his "doubt of the Bishop giving to the work the necessary brilliancy and animation of style which should distinguish the biography of so illustrious a character, a

striking feature of which was that splendour of language which should at least not be neglected in describing him. It is highly important," he proceeds, "that there should be something in the manner of telling the facts which may keep alive to a late period the desire and pleasure of perusing them." Lord Camden also did "not seem to entertain any hope of a very spirited history from that quarter." Long trusted that any idea of the Bishop's undertaking it was quite out of the question. Even after the Bishop's announcement of his intention it was hoped that he would hand over his materials to some more competent hand. There had been some talk of Rose's undertaking the work in conjunction with Tomline, and Rose thought that the Bishop would have little hesitation in transferring it to Stonard. But nothing more was heard of such a project, or of Rose's partnership, or of Stonard's candidature. Tomline had determined to write the book, and to write it alone.

There is nothing to censure in this resolution. There was evident among Pitt's friends a tender jealousy, both of his friendship and his posthumous fame, which was a singular feature of their feeling for a statesman who was supposed to be cold and aloof. Of these friends Tomline was incomparably the earliest, and perhaps the closest. He had the first claim to undertake the task. Nor is our quarrel with him the same as that of his contemporaries. We do not demand "brilliancy and animation." We could readily have dispensed with "splendour of language," if only he would have told us something about Pitt which the whole world did not know already.

Paradoxical, too, as it may seem, a biographer who knew nothing of Pitt would have written a better book. For, satisfied with his own knowledge, the Bishop seems to have disdained any other materials. Many sources have thus dried up, in all probability, for ever. The widow of Pitt's early tutor, Wilson, is said to have had "papers of a very interesting nature indeed, and of great extent." Melville allowed

that he had, as, indeed, was obvious, great masses of material, but all in his head and unwritten. So far as is known he was not asked to write anything, and wrote nothing. Much the same may be said of Long. Rose wrote a pamphlet on public finance, which is in effect a defence of Mr. Pitt's policy, and contains incidentally curious details of Mr. Pitt's private finance. From all these men and from countless others, such as Canning and Mulgrave, and the Liverpools, a man of literary instinct, even if personally unacquainted with Pitt, might have produced a book of living interest. Confident in his own resources the Bishop was too proud to look elsewhere.

The result we know. There is perhaps no greater proof of Mr. Pitt's hold on the interest and affection of his countrymen than the fact that they absorbed four editions of his "Life" by Tomline. There is no drearier book in all biography. The Annual Register, on which it appears to be modelled, is by comparison sparkling and vivid. And yet it might have been one of the most interesting of records. The life of a great statesman, which, outside Parliament, was passed in great seclusion, and of which we obtain tantalising glimpses which make us eager for more, when revealed by his earliest, latest, and most intimate friend, would have been a work of world-wide and permanent value. This is the narrative that Tomline might have written. What he did actually write we know. Never was the familiar figure of the desert apple, affording all hope to the guileless at a distance and all dust within, exemplified with more startling exactness.

Tomline must have felt that he had failed, in spite of the four editions. He only published three volumes (at first two in quarto) out of four, and though he survived their publication by six years, and had practically completed his task in manuscript, he published no more. He declared, that he could not without offence publish the whole truth as to Pitt's later years until after the death of Addington, who survived Tomline seventeen years, and of Grenville, who survived him seven, as

well as we may presume of Lady Grenville also. Had he waited for the disappearance of the last, the last volume would have had to wait for forty-three years from the publication of the first; for she survived Tomline no less than thirty-seven. It must indeed be admitted that he was restrained by the extinct delicacy of reticence. It is only bare justice to him to say that he seems to have held private life as sacred, and that it was an agony to him to publish what might be considered as infringing on that sanctity.

Anything approaching a personal touch seems to have affected him with a qualm which was a pain. A good instance of this is the almost maidenly reserve with which he confides to his readers that Mr. Pitt was well acquainted with the Bible. The Bishop narrates this in a footnote, as if it were a damaging and distressing fact. "I may, I trust, be allowed to mention the following anecdote." Such prudery is refreshing in these days; valuable in a writer, insufficiently appreciated by readers. But then he ought not to have been a biographer. Reticence, unguided by discrimination, reticence which seems the effect of an absolute vow of silence, is a biographical vice. Tomline's idea of a biography was a digest of all that had been published on the subject.

So the Bishop, after the first thirty pages, rarely touches on anything with regard to his pupil and friend which might not have been learned from the public press. And in his preface he states that he had felt it incumbent upon him in writing the history of so recent a period to suppress many circumstances and anecdotes of a more private nature, supplied by papers in his possession and other authentic sources, relating to his friends as well as to his enemies, although they would have thrown additional lustre on the character of Mr. Pitt. This is mere barbarity. It is of a piece with those too familiar diaries which abound in entries of this kind: "Dined with Burke and Sheridan. Conversation most brilliant. Home at midnight."

A fourth volume was, we are told, prepared which was to

deal mainly with Pitt's private life. Alas! though the fourth volume was prepared it is of the same type as the others; though there is indeed a portion which may be said to deal with Pitt's private life and character. It is this portion which, by the kindness of Mr. Pretyman, I am now enabled to publish.

Even in this chapter there is scarcely anything that we did not know before. But it is valuable in the way of confirmation. Considering his anxious reticence and his intimacy with Pitt, it may be taken for certain that when Tomline states any fact about Pitt it is a fact beyond dispute. Thus he establishes beyond question that there was an idea of marriage between Pitt and Mademoiselle Necker (for it cannot be doubted that she was the "rich heiress"), though this has often been questioned. He also mentions that there was an overture of the same kind for the daughter of "a person of the highest rank in this kingdom," probably the Duchess of Gordon. What he says too of Pitt's health is not without interest. As events gravely affecting Pitt's physical condition he mentions the defection of Lord Grenville in 1804, though, according to received tradition, Pitt professed to disdain it. In the same category he places the impeachment of Lord Melville. He considers that these occurrences, "added to the anxiety arising from the alarming situation of the country," produced a material and disastrous effect on Pitt's enfeebled health, and that the news of the battle of Austerlitz dealt the final blow. More novel is the statement that the physicians declared that they saw no danger till January 22, the day before the end. This is in contradiction with Sir Walter Farquhar's statement that after the interview with Lords Hawkesbury and Castlereagh, on January 13, the symptoms became truly and immediately alarming. The statements might perhaps be reconciled by the hypothesis that the physicians feared that the interview on religion and on testamentary matters, which the Bishop wished to have with Mr. Pitt, would have an injurious effect on the patient. Yet the opinion of the physicians is confirmed to some extent in

a contemporary letter from Tomline himself. Lord Essex writing to Lord Lowther on January 17 (for the date though omitted is self-evident) states that "a letter Lord Henry read us from the Bishop of Lincoln this morning, written at seven o'clock last night, mentions the extreme debility of Mr. Pitt, and that it would be necessary to lift him from his bed for a moment to his couch that the former might be made. Thus you see his weakness is terrible. . . . The physicians, and Baillie in particular, still say that no symptoms of real alarm show themselves. . . ." The account of the deathbed is sufficiently familiar, for it is much the same as that which the Bishop furnished for Gifford's "Life of Pitt." But there is one remarkable omission. The biographers of Pitt have been accustomed to lay stress on his dying allusion to the innocence of his life. This the Bishop omits, but it rests on his own authority. Three weeks after Pitt's death Tomline told Rose, then his guest, the intimate detail of what had passed in the last interview, "from which," says Rose, "I learned that, although he was too weak to say much, he (when he spoke of his neglect of prayer) alluded to the innocence of his life, and expressed a confident hope of the mercy of God through the intercession of his Redeemer; and that with great fervour." When the accuracy and devotion of Rose are remembered, it may be felt that the testimony of his journal is authority enough. The last articulate words are recorded as "Oh, my country!"

Of intimate detail there is little or none, with one signal exception. Mr. Pitt's power of sound and ready sleep, so necessary to a Minister, was already well known, though it is generally illustrated by an anecdote relating to the Mutiny of the Nore and not to the Westminster Scrutiny. There is a notable record, which may be cited hereafter as a constitutional precedent, of Mr. Pitt's laying down the rule that a Minister must be ready to give the assistance of his judgment whenever it might be useful to the public, and that he could not shelter himself from this responsibility by pleading that the subject

was outside his department. The other anecdotes, usually placed in a foot-note as below the dignity of history, do not seem to me of much interest, though there is a curious reminiscence of Burke.

But there is one statement which will strike every eye at once: that as to Mr. Pitt's speeches being delivered without any preparation at all. "He not only did not previously write what he intended to speak—not even the heads of his speech—but he never retired to his own room to consider the manner or order in which he was to treat the question, however important or complicated it might be, on which he was to speak." And this, we are told in a foot-note, was his invariable practice from the time of his first entry into public life. Wilberforce corroborates this testimony to some extent. "It was Mr. Pitt's habit to form the plan of a speech in his mind while the debate was going forward." But this of course, only applies to speeches in reply and not to great statements of policy. It is clear indeed that the Bishop is putting the case much too strongly. We know that Pitt was born an orator, or at least trained from childhood by the greatest of English orators. We do not doubt his incomparable readiness of vocabulary. That he did not use written preparation we can easily believe, but that he never thought of his speech at all beforehand, even on the greatest occasion, we cannot admit. Walking, riding, or in bed he may—he must, we think—have given some thought to the remarkable speeches which he delivered. Strangely enough, Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, once said in conversation, on the authority of one or more of Pitt's contemporaries, that he was supposed rather to neglect administrative business from giving up his whole time to preparation for debate. But there is much more direct evidence, for Lord Stanhope has preserved the notes in Pitt's handwriting for two of his greatest speeches. It may be mentioned, too, that there are in existence Pitt's notes written during a speech of Sheridan's on January 21, 1794—written, too, on the back of a brief for the debate,

detailed heads of the French financial situation, in Pitt's handwriting. When he sat down Lord Wellesley, who was sitting by him, asked him for the notes as a memorial, and preserved them till death. But it must be stated that so far as Pitt's speech on this occasion is recorded it does not seem to follow the notes. Wilberforce also testifies that it was the practice of Pitt to take notes while Fox was speaking, though he did not appear to make use of them.

The theory of the preparation of speeches has never been explored. Mr. Gladstone who could always deliver an admirable speech in debate without effort or forethought, had for his elaborate speeches the most careful notes, which he preserved. The fifteenth Lord Derby, who read his speeches without affectation, could on occasion deliver an effective debating speech without a note. Mr. Fox and Lord Grey never used a note at all. But that does not imply want of preparation; it implies perhaps more laborious preparation than that of writing. The terrible and artificial labour of Brougham, which distended his speeches and ruined his handwriting, is narrated with some complacency by himself. Mr. Bright had a sheaf of notes to which he seemed never to refer. Mr. Canning wrote numberless headings on folio sheets, some of which it is said still exist.

The subject is obviously beset with difficulty, and it would be impossible to deduce from experience any authoritative rule. We are willing to accept the Bishop's statement, if it be taken to mean that Pitt required singularly little preparation even for his greatest efforts. Anything like verbal preparation, except perhaps for perorations, he, like Mr. Gladstone, would disdain. "You busy yourself too much with words and not enough with ideas," was the substance of Pitt's advice to a young oratorical friend. But we cannot doubt that he gave his greatest speeches some previous consideration, that he considered the topics he should treat, their order, and perhaps their illustration.

The best passage in the chapter is the comparison

between Pitt and Fox, which is admirably stated and eminently true. The vindication of Pitt is of the usual contemporary indiscriminating kind. But this in itself is no disparagement of its subject. The followers and devotees of Pitt loved and trusted their hero without reserve; they neither carped nor qualified. Political enemies and lampoons there were, of course, in abundance. Fox wrote and spoke bitterly of him in private. One contemporary, who lived to a great age, sold for a song in his later years a noble portrait of Pitt because he could not bear to see it on his walls. Whig tradition still insinuates that the Minister died not of stricken patriotism but of port wine. All this may be easily explained and condoned by long exclusion from office. Angels would be soured by protracted opposition, if indeed it could be imagined that angels could ever be mixed up with politics. The enmity of the generous Windham is more difficult to explain. But the lesson to be learned from the long career of Pitt, with all its failures and all its animosities, is easily taught. The venom of mere rancour passes like the poison of a gnat: whatever be the verdict as to policy and success, it is character that survives.

One last word as to Tomline. He must not be condemned because he was a poor biographer and wrote a bad book. Many good men have written bad books. Biography requires sympathy and Tomline was cold. Men of genius have written bad books, and Tomline was not a man of genius. But he was beyond question a man of ability. He was a considerable theologian. The friendship of Pitt was given to him, no doubt, not on account of capacity but of early and faithful attachment. Yet it must be remembered that all Pitt's friends were men of real talent: none others were admitted. Tomline, no doubt, was unpopular; partly from manner; partly because he was fortunate; partly, perhaps, because he was held to be grasping; mainly, no doubt, because he was the confidant of the all-powerful Minister. Men who did not care to quarrel with Pitt, were eager to lay the odium of their

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mortifications or disappointments on the shoulders of the favoured ecclesiastic. These deductions should be made from the cold criticism that was measured out to Tomline. The judgment of posterity differs from that of contemporaries in not grudging to a man his success; it also remembers and appreciates the fidelity of devoted friendship.

ROSEBERY.

CHAPTER XXVII

Illness and Death of Mr. Pitt—Measures of his Second Administration—
His Character, Public and Private—Honours paid to his Memory

THE indisposition of Mr. Pitt has been incidentally mentioned on several occasions, and it is now necessary to enter into that subject with some detail. Though the severe illness with which he was attacked, upon his first going to Cambridge in 1773, was followed by an apparently complete recovery, and he was usually considered, at the age of eighteen and for several years afterwards, as a healthy man, the medical gentlemen who had attended him observed from his infancy a delicacy of constitution and a strong tendency to gout, which he inherited from his father. Mr. Pitt's first attack of that disorder was in 1789, when he was about thirty years old. Several of his intimate friends perceived an unfavourable alteration in his health as early as the year 1793, but he had no complaint of so serious a nature as to call for the advice of a physician till 1795. In that year he for the first time consulted Sir Walter Farquhar, who found him in a state of general debility, and thought that the functions of the stomach and bowels were materially impaired. In the course of his attendance he remarked that the unpleasant symptoms were constantly aggravated by any extraordinary pressure of business, or by public events which excited unusual interest or anxiety. He earnestly recommended relaxation from the duties of his political station, but that was impossible, and medicines, however judicious, had not the effect, while the mind was agitated, of checking the progress of bodily disease. Mr. Pitt's health gradually declined, and his powers of exertion were visibly diminished. He was frequently unable to attend the House of Commons, and his ordinary official occupations became irksome and fatiguing.

This uncomfortable state of Mr. Pitt's health did not escape the notice of the King; and his Majesty, in his letters to him, frequently alluded to it with great kindness and solicitude. Upon returning the draft of the intended speech at the close of the session in 1798, the King expressed himself in this manner: "I am sorry Mr. Pitt makes no mention of his health, but I must insist on his now not longer deferring taking such remedies as his physician may think most likely to reinstate it. I understand Cheltenham first, succeeded by Bath, is what he means to propose. If my information be just, I desire this may without delay be submitted to, for allowing bile or unformed gout to undermine a constitution may lead to the most fatal consequences. I write this openly from the very great consequence of the subject, and the real affection I bear to Mr. Pitt." Mr. Pitt, however, could not find leisure to follow the advice of his physician or to obey the commands of his Sovereign

and he continued to struggle against his complaints till he retired from the Treasury in 1801.

By that time his constitution was seriously injured, and the release from official employment and anxiety by no means restored his health. He continued in a fluctuating state till September 1802, when he was seized at Walmer Castle¹ with a most violent illness of a bilious nature, and his life was for some hours in imminent danger. By the skill and attention of Sir Walter Farquhar, who was sent for from London, he so far recovered as to be able to go to Bath at the end of October, and the waters of that place were of considerable service to him, without however accomplishing a radical cure. After this he had occasional attacks of gout and other disorders; but he resumed his attendance in Parliament in May 1803, and continuing it with some interruptions, he was in the following May reappointed to the high office of First Minister. The defection of Lord Grenville on that occasion was the source of great uneasiness to him, both on public and private grounds, and the impeachment of his friend and colleague, Lord Melville, in the following session was a still more painful occurrence. These were events which made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind in its present debilitated state, and when added to the anxiety arising from the alarming situation of the country, materially increased the disorders to which he had been for some time subject. Recourse was had to medicines, and a strict regard to diet was recommended and observed, but these operated only as temporary palliatives, and every fresh attack of illness left him weaker than the preceding. In the summer and autumn of 1805 Sir Walter Farquhar repeatedly urged the necessity of his retiring altogether from public life; but Mr. Pitt's answer always was, that he would rather die at his post than desert it. In October and November of that year he suffered more than at any former period, and being conscious that unless some considerable improvement in his health took place he should not be equal to the business of the approaching session of Parliament, he was easily prevailed upon to try again the effect of Bath waters, from which he had derived benefit three years before. He went to Bath early in December, and in a few days the waters produced a regular fit of the gout in the foot, which was considered as a favourable circumstance. The gout soon disappeared, and he resumed the use of the waters, which immediately brought on a second fit of the gout, attended with most threatening symptoms. His person became suddenly emaciated; his strength was greatly reduced; his appetite entirely failed; his countenance was totally changed; his eyes were lifeless; and his voice was hollow—in short, his whole appearance was that of a man sinking into his grave. In this state he received intelligence of the disastrous battle of Austerlitz, which instantly caused an accession of fever with other formidable sensations. Sir Walter Farquhar was summoned from London, and he held a

¹ A house on the coast near Deal, which belonged to Mr. Pitt as Warden of the Cinque Ports.

consultation with the Bath physicians, at which it was agreed that Mr. Pitt must not drink the waters any more, and that it was advisable for him to be removed to London or its neighbourhood.

He left Bath on the 9th of January, accompanied by Sir Walter Farquhar, and reached his house on Putney Heath on the 11th, without any material fatigue or inconvenience from the journey. I went to him on the 12th, and was shocked to observe the great change which had taken place in him since the beginning of December. On that day there was a consultation at Putney of Sir Walter Farquhar, Dr. Reynolds, and Dr. Baillie, all of whom declared that they saw no positive disease or organic defect, but great weakness from the gout, which they trusted might be removed in a few weeks by care and quiet. At their desire it was settled that I should remain in the house and open all Mr. Pitt's letters, with full liberty to communicate to him such only as I should think not likely to cause any agitation or excitement. In obedience to the directions of his physicians, who were extremely anxious that his mind should be kept in a tranquil state, he made no inquiry of me concerning public matters, and in general I abstained from all conversation upon such points; but one day having received intelligence from one of the Ministers of an event which I knew to be agreeable to his wishes, though not fully expected, I mentioned it to him, and he immediately replied, "I am glad to hear it; I was afraid to ask."

On the morning of the 13th he took an airing in his coach, and in the latter part of the day he felt himself so much better that he was induced to see and converse with Lord Hawkesbury and Lord Castlereagh, who were then Secretaries of State. This, though short, was an unfortunate interview, for he acknowledged to Sir Walter Farquhar the next day that, while he was talking earnestly with them upon an important and interesting subject, he suddenly felt as if he was cut in two. On the 14th he again went out in his carriage for the last time, and after his return he saw, for the last time also, his brother, Lord Chatham. On the 15th the physicians had another consultation, and their report was unfavourable, and still more so on the 17th, when they acknowledged that Mr. Pitt would not be able to attend to any business for two months, and they expressed a doubt whether he would be in a state to take an active part in the House of Commons during the session. My own idea of Mr. Pitt's situation had, from his first arrival at Putney from Bath, been such that I had continually pressed the physicians to permit me to call his attention to religious duties, and to desire him to give instructions respecting his affairs and papers; but to my surprise, they constantly affirmed that they saw no danger, and refused their sanction to any proceeding which, by creating agitation of mind in their patient, might be productive of mischief. I now urged my request still more strongly, adding that surely Mr. Pitt ought at least to be made acquainted with their opinion of the probable duration of his illness, that he might judge of the propriety of his resigning or retaining

office; but I received the same peremptory refusal, and was compelled to acquiesce against my own judgment.

He became daily weaker, and in every respect worse, and very early in the morning of the 22nd Sir Walter Farquhar informed me that he could no longer object to my making any communication I might wish to Mr. Pitt. I immediately went to his bedside and told him that I found it incumbent upon me to acquaint him that his situation was considered very precarious, and therefore I requested leave to read prayers and administer the Sacrament to him. He looked earnestly at me for a few moments, and then turning to Sir Walter Farquhar, who was standing on the other side of the bed, asked with perfect composure, "How long do you think I have to live?" Sir Walter answered that he could not tell, and expressed a faint hope that he might recover. A half smile upon Mr. Pitt's countenance showed that he himself entertained no such hope, and addressing himself to me, he said, "I fear I have, like many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any ground to hope that it can be efficacious on a death-bed; but," rising in his bed as he spoke and clasping his hands together with the utmost fervour and devotion, "I throw myself *entirely*," the last word being pronounced with a strong emphasis, "upon the mercy of God through the merits of Christ." I ventured to assure him that the frame of his mind at the present moment was exactly such as might reasonably be expected to render prayer acceptable and efficacious. He then, after a little preparatory conversation, joined me in prayer with calm and humble piety. After the prayers were finished, but while I was still kneeling and unable to restrain my feelings, which he observed, he took hold of my hand, and in a manner and in a tone of voice which are indelibly impressed upon my mind, said to me, "I cannot sufficiently thank you for all your kindness to me throughout life." I was too much overpowered to make any reply. *Luctus leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.* After a short pause, I entreated him to reflect seriously upon the change which, it was feared, he was about to undergo, and he repeatedly expressed in the strongest terms a sense of his own unworthiness to appear in the presence of God, disclaiming all ideas of merit, but with a conscience evidently clear and undisturbed. He appealed to my knowledge of the steadiness of his religious faith and principles, and said that it had ever been his wish and endeavour to act rightly, and to fulfil his duty to God and to the world; but that he was sensible of many errors and failures. He declared himself perfectly resigned to the Divine Will, that he felt no enmity towards any one, but died in peace with all mankind, and expressed his hope, at once humble and confident, of eternal happiness through the intercession of his Redeemer.

Upon my asking whom he wished to settle his affairs and to take charge of his papers, he replied, "My brother, but not my brother only—I wish you to be joined with him." And when I asked what directions he had to give upon that subject, he called for pen, ink, and paper, but being too weak to

write legibly, he dictated to me what he wished to be written, and after reading it signed the paper,¹ but not without difficulty, in the presence of Sir Walter Farquhar and several of his servants, who were in the room while he was engaged in his religious duties, and heard him profess the faith, and hope, and charity of an humble and pious Christian. He afterwards said, "I wish a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds a year to be given to my nieces (meaning the three Lady Stanhopes²), if the public should think my long services deserving of it, but I do not presume to think that I have earned it." He also spoke of the Mr. Stanhopes, who were his cousins³, and whom particular family circumstances had led him to have much with him, and he lamented that they would be left destitute; but correcting himself, he added, "I ought not to say destitute, as their father is living."

Mr. Pitt was much exhausted by these exertions, and when I again proposed to administer the Sacrament, he desired to rest a little. I did not think it right to press this point at that moment, as Sir Walter Farquhar's opinion was that he might continue in his present state for some short time, and I hoped for another opportunity, with his full consent, and when he should be free from all previous agitation. That opportunity, however, did not occur. He soon became much worse; and falling into a sort of stupor, which continued with short intervals of returning intellect, his soul departed in a gentle sigh at a quarter past four on Thursday morning, the 23rd of January 1806, the anniversary of that day on which, twenty-five years before, he had taken his seat as a Member of the House of Commons. He was in the forty-seventh year of his age.⁴

Soon after Mr. Pitt arrived at Putney, the King sent Sir Herbert Taylor, his Private Secretary, from Windsor to me to inquire into the state of Mr. Pitt's health, and by his Majesty's command I wrote an account of Mr. Pitt every day to Sir Herbert Taylor. The King evinced the greatest anxiety and regard for Mr. Pitt throughout his illness.

Mr. Pitt's second administration lasted only about twenty months, and the following were his principal measures in that short period. He introduced Bills for the more commodious classification of the Stamp Duties, and

¹ This paper was proved as his will, and it appointed Lord Chatham and myself executors.

² His only other niece, Miss Eliot, now Lady Pringle, the daughter of the Honourable Edward James Eliot and Lady Harriet Pitt, did not stand in need of any provision from the public.

³ Lord Stanhope had three daughters by his first wife, who was Mr. Pitt's elder sister, and three sons by his second wife, who was daughter of Mr. Henry Grenville and first cousin to Mr. Pitt.

⁴ This account of the last illness and death of Mr. Pitt is in substance the same as is contained in Mr. Gifford's "Life of Mr. Pitt," with which at his request I furnished him, thinking that a correct statement—many erroneous ones being in circulation—would be not only interesting in itself and honourable to Mr. Pitt, but serviceable to the cause of religion. With that hope I now repeat it, with some additional circumstances.

for regulating and arranging the payments of the Civil List, the amount of which was insufficient to answer its increased expenditure, caused by the advance of price in all the necessaries of life. He brought forward a plan for augmenting the military force of the country, which comprised the two objects of providing regular soldiers for general service, and occasional ones for internal defence, in case the threatened invasion should be carried into execution. He procured a supply of gunboats and other smaller vessels to annoy the enemy in crossing the Channel, and by an active attention to every branch of the naval department, the whole of which had been grossly neglected while Lord St. Vincent was at the head of the Admiralty, he laid the foundation for the decisive and glorious victory off Trafalgar over the combined fleets of France and Spain. He ordered expeditions, which proved successful, against the Dutch Colony of Surinam and the Cape of Good Hope; and by his promptitude and spirited conduct he got possession of the Spanish treasure ships from South America, just as they were entering the Port of Cadiz. By his exertions a powerful confederacy was formed, admirably calculated to rescue Europe from its state of thralldom and dependence; but it was unfortunately rendered abortive by events over which he had no control.

After the detailed account which has been given of Mr. Pitt's public conduct for a series of five-and-twenty years, in office and out of office, in time of peace and in time of war, it seems scarcely necessary to say anything concerning his general political character. An attentive consideration of the plain and simple statement of facts contained in these memoirs cannot fail to enable my readers to appreciate his merits, and to form a correct judgment of the estimation in which he deserves to be held. Conduct is the best test of character, and actions are the only proof of principles which can be safely relied upon. I shall therefore only briefly recapitulate what has been already advanced, with a few additional remarks.

It was the lot of Mr. Pitt to live at a period the most eventful in the annals of the world, and being entrusted with the government of these kingdoms at an age¹ of which there is no other instance, and without passing through the subordinate gradations of office, he filled that high station for an unusual length of time. He found the country in a most impoverished and exhausted state, in consequence of a long and unsuccessful war, and by a variety of financial measures and regulations he increased its revenue, extended its commerce, restored public credit, and established plans for the reduction of the existing and all future public debts. Never, perhaps, was there a more favourable change in the condition of any nation than in that of England in the first nine years of Mr. Pitt's administration. Gloom and dejection were gradually dispelled; difficulties and embarrassments of every description were removed; and a degree of general improvement took place, far beyond the

¹ Mr. Pitt was in his twenty-fifth year when he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, having refused that situation nine months before.

hopes of the most sanguine. This growing prosperity was unfortunately interrupted by the restless ambition and unprovoked aggression of the revolutionary government of France, and Mr. Pitt, after the successful cultivation of the arts of peace, was called upon to conduct a war attended with circumstances of a most unparalleled nature.

He had to contend not merely against the power of France, as it had been exerted in former wars with this country. In room of the ancient Monarchy of that kingdom was substituted a nominal Republic, which compelled its whole population to become soldiers; and not content with having recourse to the ordinary modes of raising money, it seized upon all private property for the pretended service of the State. The number of the soldiers and the amount of the expenditure were equally unknown at any former period of the history of France. The success of their arms on the Continent corresponded with these violent efforts, which far exceeded the means of any regular legitimate government. Though rent with intestine divisions, and suffering under the most galling oppression, France acquired a vast addition of territory, and exercised an unlimited control over Italy, Spain, and the United Provinces. Nor was this all. The French Republic avowed a determination to pay no regard to the laws which had long regulated the intercourse of civilised nations with each other, or to the hitherto acknowledged rights of independent States. The men who, by acts of rebellion, treason, and regicide, had usurped sovereign authority in France, endeavoured also to propagate in other countries the principles which, under the prostituted name of liberty, had led to those dreadful enormities; and they openly offered their assistance in revolutionising every nation of Europe. Representing all established governments as tyrannical, they invited the people everywhere to assert the imprescriptible rights of man, and shake off the yoke under which they were groaning. Their malicious attempts were peculiarly directed against Great Britain; and it unfortunately happened, that these novel and pernicious doctrines were not only adopted by the disaffected and turbulent in the lower classes of our community, but they found advocates among persons of high rank and distinguished abilities, but, certainly in this instance, deficient either in sagacity or patriotism, whose weight and influence materially aggravated the complicated danger to which this country was exposed from foreign foes, aided by domestic traitors. Other wars had threatened our Colonial possessions and commercial prosperity; but the present was a new species of warfare, waged against every tie that connects society together, destructive of all property, and subversive of all order and all moral and religious obligation. England was denominated a second Carthage, soon to be overwhelmed by the superior military strength of France; and it was unreservedly declared, that the existence of the British Government was incompatible with that of the French Republic.

The contest became truly arduous and interesting; and, happily for Great Britain, and, indeed, for the whole world, Mr. Pitt succeeded in his principal

objects. He saved the Constitution, he preserved internal tranquillity, and he provided so fully for the internal security of the kingdom, that our enemies were deterred from executing their boasted threat of invasion. Besides which, his wisdom and his vigour raised the military and naval glory of Great Britain to a height which it had never before attained. By his judicious distribution and employment of our forces under active and able commanders, we retained all our own distant possessions, and captured nearly the whole of those which belonged to France, Spain, and Holland. We lost not a single foot of land in any quarter of the globe, while our conquests were of immense extent and value; and our victories at sea were so splendid and decisive, that the few remaining ships of France and her allies never again ventured to leave their own ports. The British fleets rode everywhere triumphant and unopposed.

The decrees of Providence did not permit him to witness the issue of this tremendous struggle; but nearly ten years after his death it was brought to a safe and honourable termination by a steady perseverance in his system; and indeed all succeeding Ministers have studied to obtain the confidence of the public by declaring their determination to adhere to the principles of Mr. Pitt. His name and authority are still decisive upon every question, whether of domestic or of foreign policy. Though removed from this earthly scene, his spirit has continued to guide the counsels of his country, and though dead, he has been as if he still lived.

We have seen that the circumstances in which Mr. Pitt was placed were of a kind so singular and extraordinary, that it was in vain to seek for assistance and instruction from similar events in the history of any former period. They required a new mode of relieving the embarrassments in trade and of supporting public credit; a new system of finance; a new mode of internal defence; a new mode of recruiting the army and manning the navy; a new mode of checking the dissemination of dangerous principles; a new mode of defeating the plots and machinations of domestic traitors; a new mode of guarding against the apprehension of famine caused by a succession of unproductive harvests—all these indispensable measures were supplied by the fertile genius of Mr. Pitt. He found a remedy for every evil, a support under every difficulty, an expedient against every danger. Who would have thought that the country could have borne, without some great convulsion, the mutiny of its sailors, the failure of the funding system in the midst of an expensive war, or the stoppage of cash payments at the bank; and still more, that it could have so completely annihilated both the navy and the trade of the other three great maritime powers of the western part of Europe, that not a single ship or vessel of theirs was to be met at sea? The spirit of the nation rose with an elastic force in proportion to the increase of pressure; and that can be ascribed only to the confidence felt by the people that every effort would be used and every plan adopted for their safety which human wisdom could

suggest. If the most sanguine man in the kingdom had been desired in 1793 to deliver an opinion of the exertions which this country was capable of making, and of the resources which it possessed for carrying on the war, his estimate would have fallen infinitely short of those numerous fleets and armies which we sent forth to victory, and of those pecuniary supplies which have been furnished, not only for our own use, but to assist our allies in their support of the common cause; or if any one had ventured to predict that the contest might be maintained for twenty years, and that the revenue, the commerce, and the power of Great Britain would be far greater at the end than at the beginning of the war, and that the destruction of the most dangerous dominion ever known in Europe, and the settlement of the balance between the continental states upon a permanent and peaceful footing would be chiefly owing to the influence of the British Government, who would have believed assertions so improbable?

Let it not, however, be supposed that Mr. Pitt was friendly to war—on the contrary, he entered into it with the utmost reluctance, and not till he was convinced that the only alternative was between war and the sacrifice of the honour and independence of his country. Look at Sardinia, look at Genoa, look at Switzerland, look at Venice, and then say what would have been the fate of Great Britain if she had carried her neutrality and aversion from war to the length of tamely submitting to insult and injury. In the early part of his administration, Mr. Pitt directed his principal attention to the improvement of the revenue and to the liquidation of the national debt; and he had already proceeded so far as to repeal taxes to a considerable amount, and to hold out the prospect of a further alleviation of the public burdens in every succeeding year. In war he could not but foresee the disappointment and ruin of these hopes, and absolute necessity alone could have induced him to abandon his favourite plans. But when driven to commence hostilities, he prosecuted them with equal energy and success; and if Austria, Prussia, Spain, and Holland had been as true to themselves as Great Britain was to herself, if, laying aside all selfish jealousy and regard to separate interests, they had acted with spirit, cordiality, and mutual fidelity to each other against the common enemy, the Republic of France would soon have been annihilated, or at least a speedy end would have been put to her conquests and aggrandisement. She would not have extended her boundary to the Alps and to the Rhine, and have made a large portion of the rest of Europe subservient to her will. Mr. Pitt could not replace the Bourbons on the throne of France, which was confessedly his wish, though disclaimed as the object of the war, because the people of France, or her armies at least, were not desirous of the restoration of Monarchy; he could not conquer the French levies *en masse*, because the population of the British Isles did not furnish a sufficient number of troops, and because the Emperor of Austria, and the kings of Prussia and Spain had not Ministers like himself, and because the sovereigns themselves were unlike

the sovereigns of Great Britain. But he could call forth the resources of his own country in men and money; he could raise sailors for the navy and soldiers for the army sufficient to gain victories at sea which astonished the world, to deprive the French of their own colonies, and to expel them from a conquered province of a distant empire, their possession of which would have endangered our valuable dominions in the East; he could rouse all ranks of the community to a spirit of patriotism, loyalty, and courage, which determined them to undergo every extremity rather than yield their country a prey to an enemy whose invariable practice it was to inflict upon the vanquished every injury and calamity, and who had avowed the most revengeful hatred against the English.

At every period of this zealous and glorious prosecution of the war, Mr. Pitt anxiously watched for an opportunity to bring it to a conclusion. The first moment a government was instituted in France with any prospect of stability, without regarding its form he proposed a negotiation for peace; and when one negotiation had failed, he availed himself of a change of circumstances and proposed a second, which was attended with no better success. On both these occasions, and particularly on the latter, he gave the most unequivocal proof of moderation, disinterestedness, and an earnest desire to put an end to the evils and calamities which had so long afflicted the world. He offered to surrender nearly the whole of our acquisitions by the war, as the means of obtaining for our allies such a restoration of the countries and places they had lost as should preserve that balance of power in Europe which was essential to the safety and independence of the several states; and his demand to retain a small part of our conquests proceeded solely from a wish to guard against future projects of ambition. But these liberal and reasonable terms were rejected by the republican rulers of France, either from the idea of war being indispensable for the maintenance of their own power, or from a desire to aggrandise France by the extension of her dominions at the expense of her neighbours, or perhaps from a combination of both those motives; and thus the continuance of the war became as much a matter of compulsion on the part of Great Britain, as its original commencement had been. When no longer in office, he assisted his successor in the negotiations which terminated in the Peace of Amiens, evincing the sincerity of his declarations in favour of peace, whenever it could be obtained upon fair conditions, and with even a slender probability of its permanence. He unwillingly consented to the renewal of the contest as a measure again of indispensable necessity, and the misconduct of the war under a feeble and incapable administration led to his return to office. The country was once more placed by him in a state of safety, and under his auspices fresh laurels were acquired by our navy.

War, then, is not to be considered as at any time the voluntary choice of Mr. Pitt; and instead of blaming him for those inevitable evils which it brought, we ought to feel thankful that we escaped the far greater ones which

an opposite policy must have caused. Let any one reflect upon the conduct of the French Government towards other countries, from the meeting of the Legislative Assembly till absolute power was usurped and exercised by a military despot of boundless and unscrupulous ambition, and he will be convinced that Great Britain could not at a previous period have purchased peace at any price short of the surrender of her independence, the subversion of her Constitution, the loss of all her blessings, public and private, and an ignominious subjection to the iron yoke of revolutionary France. For an exemption from such a state of national disgrace and ruin, and of individual distress and misery, this kingdom is, under Providence, indebted to Mr. Pitt. Great Britain, during his life, was the only country which manfully and effectually withstood the aggrandising and pernicious schemes of the common enemy of all civilised states and of every established government; and at last Europe, by following her example, has been restored to peace and a just equipoise of political power. Mr. Pitt had reason to complain of the undue performance or total abandonment of treaties and engagements by foreign states; but on every occasion while he was in office the public faith of this nation was rigidly observed, and the most generous regard was shown to the interests of our Allies.

Mr. Pitt's administration forms a consistent whole, and all its various parts are founded on the same principle, and give a force and support to each other; but, if we may be allowed to consider them separately, we may observe that his measures respecting commerce and finance, beneficial and important as they were, sink into nothing when compared with the checks which he opposed to the progress of Jacobinism, and the barrier he erected against the gigantic power of revolutionary France. Through his exertions this kingdom escaped the miseries which must ever attend the theatre of war; and while other nations were overrun by a cruel and desolating enemy, and deprived of their ancient forms of government, Great Britain continued to enjoy in internal tranquillity all its civil and political blessings, undiminished and unimpaired. It ought, however, to be remembered that Mr. Pitt's system of finance was the main cause which enabled this country to carry on the war and conclude it with success. If the Sinking Funds of 1786 and 1792 had not been established, if public credit had not been supported and pecuniary distress relieved, if our commerce and revenue had not been increased by wise and spirited laws and regulations, and if extraordinary means had not been resorted to for raising the necessary supplies, our Constitution would not have survived the struggle in its full purity and vigour; England, and with her the rest of Europe, must have submitted to the mighty conqueror, the battle of Waterloo would never have been gained, and Bonaparte would not have ended his days, ingloriously for himself but happily for the world, in the distant island of St. Helena.

The steps which Mr. Pitt was induced to take for the maintenance of public tranquillity were sometimes complained of as infringing the liberties of the people; but in his justification it may be asserted that the existing laws

were not applicable to the practices and designs of modern innovators, that not a single act of oppression or needless severity occurred during his administration, and that, while the schemes of the ill-disposed were frustrated, the Constitution itself was strengthened and improved. Novel modes of attack called for these additional precautions and securities, which were so well adapted to the temper and character of the times, that they averted the danger without subjecting the peaceable part of the community to any serious inconvenience, especially when compared with the evils against which they were directed, and which other nations, from the want of the same vigour and ability in their governments, actually suffered. Jacobin arms and Jacobin principles, more or less successful in every other country of Europe, lost their force when resisted by the energy and wisdom of British counsels.

Such were the public services of Mr. Pitt; but incalculably valuable as they were, he had to encounter, in every part of his official career, a systematic and most determined opposition in Parliament, and particularly from one person of consummate ability. Eminent, however, as were the talents of Mr. Fox, it does not appear that they have any claim to be considered as materially advantageous to his country. Although he was thirty-eight years a Member of the House of Commons, and three times Secretary of State¹—and no one will deny that his whole parliamentary life was a period affording ample opportunity for the display of practical and useful abilities—he was not the author of a single public measure of any description, relative either to foreign or domestic policy, by which his name will be transmitted with honour to posterity, or which will entitle him to the gratitude of future generations. His contemporaries highly and justly admired his nervous and impressive eloquence, the precision and force of his reasoning, his dexterity in debate, his penetration in detecting, and his singular shrewdness in exposing the defect of an adversary's argument, or the weak part of a question he was combating, and his general powers as an opponent of the measures of administration were perhaps unexampled. But those who undertake to record the unparalleled and astonishing occurrences of the times in which he lived, will in vain seek for any advice he gave to his Sovereign as a Minister, any Bill he introduced into Parliament, any warlike operation, any treaty or alliance abroad or any regulation at home, originating from him, which tended to rescue the country from any of the various and imminent dangers with which she was surrounded, to remove any of the distressing and alarming embarrassments under which she laboured, to raise her to that height of financial and commercial prosperity which she at one time enjoyed, or to elevate her to that rank among nations, and to the

¹ First, in 1782, for three months in time of war; secondly, in 1783, for nine months in time of peace; and lastly, in 1806, for eight months in time of war—all periods certainly short, but sufficiently long to have enabled him to give proof of the qualities of a practical statesman, if he had really possessed them. I am here speaking of great measures which immortalise their author, and not the ordinary routine business of office, in the performance of which Mr. Fox greatly excelled.

glory of being the acknowledged saviour of Europe, which by her firmness, by the wisdom of her counsels, and by her naval and military achievements, she afterwards attained.

The measures which produced these salutary and brilliant effects were not only not derived from Mr. Fox, but were strenuously resisted by him, and reprobated in the severest terms. He was the constant and unqualified eulogist of the French Revolution, and did not perceive the dangerous tendency of the doctrines from which it originated, or the probability of their spreading into other countries. Refusing to listen to the warning voice of his more sagacious friend, whom he acknowledged to have been his political mentor,¹ he apologised for the excesses and atrocities committed in France, and declared his opinion that the new Republic would be a less hostile neighbour than the old Monarchy had been, condemned the measures of our Government for the preservation of internal tranquillity, and defended the mischievous societies established in England similar to those which had overturned the Monarchy of France. His conduct, indeed, on this occasion, disgusted the most respectable of his old political friends, and produced a schism among those who had long acted as a compact and powerful body. What would have been the situation of these kingdoms if his principles and his counsels, so contrary to those the benefits of which we happily experienced, had prevailed, I forbear to inquire; but I must be permitted to observe that Mr. Fox seems to have possessed, not so much an inventive genius, a faculty of devising and planning measures adapted to existing circumstances, a mind fertile in resources under difficulties, or a correct judgment, the best preservative against erroneous or improper conduct—all qualities in a transcendant degree belonging to Mr. Pitt—as an uncommon quickness and acuteness of intellect, a discriminating and logical mind, an ingenuity in placing any subject in a point of view which best suited his own purpose, and a bold persevering spirit, which pre-eminently qualified him to discover objections in the proposals of others, and to thwart and impede the proceedings of Government. It may perhaps be said with truth, that Mr. Pitt would not have appeared so great if he had not had Mr. Fox for an antagonist, and that nothing but the high reputation and towering abilities of Mr. Pitt could have excluded Mr. Fox from office for so large a portion of his life. Their collision with each other brought to light their peculiar excellencies, and those who heard their different styles of oratory assigned to each its appropriate praise. Their talents seem to have been more immediately suited to their respective situations. Had their destinations been changed, I am strongly inclined to think that Mr. Pitt would not have been so formidable an opponent as Mr. Fox, and that Mr. Fox would not have been so successful a Minister as Mr. Pitt. There were also other points of difference which I shall not at present notice, and I shall only further remark, that whatever opinion might be entertained of the characteristic and relative merits of these

¹ Mr. Burke.

two illustrious men by those who witnessed their vehement parliamentary warfare, extended through a greater number of years, and at its outset, and in its progress, attended with more interesting circumstances than any other struggle for power recorded in our history, all who were not blinded by party prejudice allowed that they were competitors worthy of each other, and that there was a long interval between them and any of their contemporaries, distinguished as some of them were for abilities and eloquence. "*Aderant multi alii: tamen, utrum de his potius, dubitasset aliquis: quin alterum, nemo.*"¹ Several, indeed, of those who have since shone most conspicuous in the political hemisphere, scarcely attracted notice till these two great luminaries had sunk beneath the horizon, and left the world, conscious of its loss, to be ruled by lights of inferior magnitude.

Numerous extracts from Mr. Pitt's parliamentary speeches have been given in these volumes, and frequent mention has been made of the admiration which they excited, and of the impression which they caused; but it is impossible to convey an adequate conception of his unrivalled eloquence to those who never heard him, and an attempt to describe it must appear to any one who had the good fortune to hear him upon any great occasion, weak and imperfect. Its grand characteristics were clear enunciation, uninterrupted fluency, correctness of language, perspicuity of arrangement, cogency of reasoning, and dignified action. There was no hesitation, no repetition, no tedious prolixity, no irrelevant digression. The animation with which he spoke, the beauty of his expressions, the justness of his sentiments, and the harmonious and luminous structure of his periods, commanded and rewarded attention; and even where he did not produce conviction, he never failed to obtain applause. Fully master, from his unwearied diligence and extensive knowledge, of every question which came before the House, his self-possession and command of words always enabled him to deliver his ideas accurately and forcibly. When he perceived that any argument seemed to have weight with the House, he dwelt upon it, and placed it in different lights with all those powers of variety and amplification in which he greatly excelled. It was, however, in reply that he shone most conspicuously. He frequently spoke late in a debate when it arose out of some motion from his adversaries, and even upon the measures brought forward by himself he was allowed by the rules of Parliament to speak a second time, after others had declared their opinions. On these occasions, collecting all the arguments of his opponents, he stated them with fairness and candour, and answered them in regular succession; and in exposing frivolous or groundless objections which had been urged, or in refuting false and dangerous doctrines which had been advanced, he sometimes indulged in pointed ridicule, severe invective, and bitter sarcasm. This was not his general style of speaking, but when he did adopt it, it was done in so masterly a manner as to produce most visible effects upon the

¹ Cicero—Brutus.

persons against whom it was directed.¹ Those who witnessed his fluent, copious, and correct diction, and the clear, comprehensive nature of his speeches, in which every word seemed to be the best which the most diligent study could have selected, in which no topic connected with the question was omitted or misplaced, and which, if read, would have been pronounced highly finished and carefully revised compositions, with every ornament and embellishment which language could supply—his delighted and astonished hearers, I say, would perhaps scarcely have believed that this unexampled display of oratory was totally unpremeditated, was the extemporaneous effusion of his wonderful genius. This, however, was really the fact. He not only did not previously write what he intended to speak—not even the heads of his speech²—but he never retired to his own room to consider the manner or order in which he was to treat the question, however important or complicated it might be, on which he was to speak.³ He was intuitively quick in understanding any subject, and the best mode of explaining it to others followed spontaneously without effort or thought; nor did this talent of prompt and unprepared readiness of speaking ever lead him to be guilty of using any incautious or injudicious expression. His general reading and very retentive memory enabled him to illustrate his subject, or confirm his positions, by happy allusions, or by reference to acknowledged authorities, and he was remarkable for his apposite quotations from classical writers. He was always attentive to the debate as it proceeded, and listened with care to every speaker, remembering the observa-

¹ Some of Mr. Tierney's party thought there was no reason for his challenging Mr. Pitt, observing that Mr. Pitt had said things equally severe to every one of them at different times.

² In the year 1791 or 1792, at the time a division was taking place among the Members of Opposition, I was sitting with Mr. Pitt while he dined before he went to the House of Commons, a long debate being expected, and a servant came into the room, and informed Mr. Pitt that Mr. Burke wished to speak to him. I rose to take my leave, but Mr. Pitt desired me to remain. Mr. Burke was introduced, and said to Mr. Pitt that he thought it probable that the debate of that evening would afford him an opportunity of delivering his sentiments upon the French Revolution, in reference to what had been said upon that subject by Mr. Fox and his friends on a former night when he was not present, and that he had put down the heads on which he meant to enlarge; and then taking a small piece of paper out of his pocket, he read over these heads, and descanted a short time upon each as he proceeded, in a manner which highly entertained me, and made me very desirous of hearing his speech. I therefore went to the House of Commons with Mr. Pitt, which I had not intended to do. The debate took a different turn from what had been expected, and Mr. Burke had no opportunity of speaking till several of the advocates of the French Revolution had spoken. At last he rose, and made a most admirable speech, but wholly in reply to what had been said that night, without even touching upon any one of the heads which he had prepared as the subject of his speech.

³ So early as the year 1784, when Mr. Pitt was not twenty-five years old, the day before he was to open his India Bill in the House of Commons, Mr. Dundas said to him: "But when do you expect to get two or three hours to yourself, to consider what you are to say to-morrow?" Mr. Dundas, himself an experienced and very superior debater, had no idea of a person being able to make a long comprehensive speech without much previous consideration. Mr. Pitt, however, upon this as upon all other occasions, used no preparation of that sort.

tion of his illustrious father, that something was to be learnt from the speech of the dullest country gentleman that ever spoke in the House of Commons.

During Mr. Pitt's administration there was no Court cabal or secret intrigue, of which we read so much in former periods. Envy and jealousy were silenced. Mr. Pitt's claim to the chief influence in the direction of public affairs, and to the first place in his Sovereign's favour, was so fully admitted that no indirect means were used to deprive him of or lessen that power which all cheerfully yielded to him as his incontrovertible right. With the open force of avowed enemies he had to contend, but there was no insidious attempt to undermine his authority. His superintendence and control extended also through all the various branches of Government. His colleagues looked up to him with a marked deference for instruction and advice. Nothing of importance was done in any office without his special authority and previous sanction. His pervading spirit gave life and animation to the whole system. A Government by departments, of which we have lately heard, was unknown in his time.

In 1804, upon the dissolution of Mr. Addington's administration, a more general and most unequivocal testimony was given to the superiority of Mr. Pitt's talents and character. The perilous situation of the country at that moment called aloud for the union of all the abilities which it possessed, and every political party, and every individual however connected, forgetting all former differences of opinion, and feeling that there was no longer any ground of comparison, concurred without hesitation in expressing an earnest wish to see Mr. Pitt at the head of that union. Even those who had been his most determined opponents now declared their readiness to act under his standard. We are told that upon a certain occasion the Athenian generals gave their first vote each for himself, and that they all gave their second vote for Themistocles, which Plutarch represents as a proof of the acknowledged superiority of that eminent man over his contemporaries; but here among British statesmen all idea of personal rivalry or competition was universally disclaimed, and Mr. Pitt was with one voice pronounced to be the fittest person to take the lead in a new and comprehensive arrangement. The plan failed, but the attempt remains a lasting monument to the honour of Mr. Pitt.

The firmness and energy of Mr. Pitt's mind were striking parts of his character. While he was in full health and strength he was never depressed by any danger, however threatening, or by any embarrassment, however distressing; and by uniformly acting with a vigour and resolution best calculated to avert or to diminish the evil, he rose out of every difficulty with fresh honour and increased reputation. Through the most gloomy prospect he always saw a ray of hope; in the most calamitous occurrence he always discovered some cause for comfort; and under the most unprovoked injury he was always placid and unresentful. He had the very enviable faculty of divesting his mind of all unpleasant and anxious thoughts, and especially when he lay

down in bed. I never knew his rest disturbed except upon one occasion, which I have already noticed, in the early part of his public life. The reader will, I hope, pardon the trifling nature of the following anecdote. The scrutiny after the Westminster election was among the most vexatious and harassing occurrences in the whole course of his administration; and in the morning, after one of the perplexing debates and unfavourable divisions on the subject, in 1785, the outline and result of which I had learnt, I went to Mr. Pitt's house, anxious to hear the particulars from himself. I accidentally met his valet in the hall, and asked him whether Mr. Pitt was up, and he said, "No." I then asked at what time he had ordered himself to be called, and the answer was that he had not ordered himself to be called at all; upon hearing which, I said, perhaps with a little impatience, "But why did not you ask Mr. Pitt at what time he wished to be called?" The answer was, "I did, sir, but the moment my master's head was upon the pillow he was fast asleep."

Mr. Pitt was easy of access to all persons who had any claim to attention, and he was ever ready to listen to suggestions or communications upon any question in which the public interest was involved. Whatever was the subject of discussion or consideration in the wide range of domestic and foreign policy, the civil, military, naval, and commercial concerns of this great and powerful kingdom, he never failed by the extent and variety of his information, and by the acuteness and justness of his observations, to excite the surprise of those with whom he conversed. All persons, whatever were their occupations, pursuits, or professions, departed from him with a conviction of their own inferiority, even upon points to which they had devoted their whole time and thoughts; "*Huic versatile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceret, quodcunque ageret.*"¹

Mr. Pitt, as has been noticed,² declined the pressing importunity of his Majesty to accept the Garter. This was a fact well known, and was thus alluded to by Mr. Sheridan in 1801, after Mr. Pitt had resigned the Treasury: "Of the ex-Minister I would just say that no man admires his splendid talents more than I do. If there ever was a man formed and fitted by nature to benefit his country and to give it lustre, he is such a man. He has too much good sense, taste, and talent to set his mind upon ribands, stars, titles, and other appendages and idols of rank. He is of a nature not at all suited to be the creature or tool of any Court."

Mr. Pitt has been sometimes accused of inordinate ambition, but that he was not under any undue influence of this ruling passion of superior minds, inseparable perhaps from a consciousness of great abilities, is fully evinced by his refusal of the first political office in this kingdom in 1783 before he had completed his twenty-fourth year; by his voluntary resignation of that office in 1801 when he was in full possession of the favour of the King, of the Parliament, and of the people; and by his again declining it in 1803, because the

¹ Liv., lib. 39, cap. 40.

² Vol. iii. p. 256,

terms upon which it was offered appeared to him incompatible with his honour, and when he was recalled to power in 1804, he was desirous of sharing it with those who had been his rivals and opponents. If he was anxious for glory, it was for the glory of having served his country with zeal, fidelity, and disinterestedness; if he aspired to power, it was because power would open a wider field for his diligence and exertions. Ambition is a virtue or a vice, a blessing or a curse, according to the motives from which it proceeds, the objects to which it is directed, and the means which are employed to gratify it. We have had a most striking instance of the difference between a well-regulated and an ill-directed ambition, in two prominent characters in the age in which we have lived, Mr. Pitt and Bonaparte. In the former we see an unvaried career of genuine and ardent patriotism seeking its object by the most effectual means consistent with the eternal principles of truth and justice, productive of the most essential benefits to his own country and to the whole civilised world, and disdaining all mercenary and interested views. In the latter we see the most fixed determination to gratify his love of power and his own personal object of universal dominion, without any regard to the means, provided they were successful, in utter contempt of all laws, human and divine, and thus bringing upon France, and all the countries over which he could gain an ascendancy, or whose peace and government he could disturb, a train of evils equally unprecedented in their nature and in their extent. The benefits conferred by the one, according to that mixture of good and evil which by a wise ordinance generally belongs to earthly dispensations, were attended with some degree of suffering, though comparatively light, while the misery caused by the other had for many years no palliation, and its severity was at last mercifully permitted to produce a remedy. "The ambition of a Jacobin," it was eloquently and justly said,¹ "was to procure and preserve power by proscription, by plunder, by confiscation, by death, or by the utter destruction of all establishments, civil or religious, and by the erection of that hideous anarchy, in which order is buried, and confusion triumphs in the ruins." Mr. Pitt's ambition was founded in the love of his country, and from that principle originated every part of his public conduct—it showed itself in a watchful protection of the Constitution, the source of all our blessings, in maintaining the honour and securing the welfare of the nation, in promoting the respective interests of all ranks and descriptions of the community, in repressing and defeating the plans of the disaffected, and in resisting the aggressions and mischievous designs of foreign enemies. To these objects he devoted his time with incessant labour, and sacrificed his health, and in the end his life. His last articulate words, "Oh, my country!" proved what occupied his thoughts at that awful moment.

Of Mr. Pitt's talents as a statesman, and of his supereminent services to his country, there must ever remain indisputable evidence, and the impartial

¹ By Mr. Canning.

page of history will not fail to do ample justice to the merits of his public conduct; but of the amiableness of his private character no one can form a just idea who had not the happiness of enjoying his acquaintance and society. He had a peculiar sweetness and benevolence of disposition, a kindness of heart, an unaffected ease, frankness, and simplicity, and a natural flow of spirits, which made his extraordinary intellectual powers as pleasant and fascinating in the common intercourse of life as they were commanding in the performance of official duties. His superiority was no less manifest when he conversed upon ordinary subjects, or joined in the mirth of a convivial party than when he presided in the Cabinet, or guided the deliberations of the House of Commons. Those who had only been accustomed to his dignified eloquence and grave parliamentary deportment, who had heard the decided and authoritative tone in which he delivered his own sentiments, and the sarcastic and indignant language in which he occasionally replied to his political antagonists, if they accidentally met him in private, could scarcely believe that the same person could possess that unassuming style of conversation, that playfulness, urbanity, and good-humour, which they then witnessed.¹ Though always, as I observed of him when resident at Cambridge, the most lively person in company, the brilliancy of his imagination, and his talent for wit and repartee,² were accompanied with a delicacy of sentiment and an attention to the feelings of others which prevented his saying anything, even in his most unguarded moments and unrestrained sallies, to give pain or offence to the most sensitive mind. These qualities rendered him as much the object of private affection as we have seen that he was of public confidence. That warm attachment of his friends and acquaintances to him, which I noticed upon his first entrance into society as a young man, continued throughout his life. Such was the mildness of his nature that he never expressed himself with harshness in speaking to his intimate friends of his political opponents, or even of those who had deserted his cause upon frivolous grounds, or for dishonourable reasons. He was always desirous of finding an excuse or palliation for the most unwarrantable conduct; and he was ever ready, perhaps too ready, to receive again into his confidence those who had treated him with

¹ A person of high rank, but of opposite politics, met Mr. Pitt at a Christmas party for a few days at the country house of a common friend, and afterwards declared that he had never been so much mistaken in his idea of a private character. He pronounced him the pleasantest person in society he had ever known; and this testimony was the stronger, as Mr. Pitt had been particularly hostile to the father of the person to whom I allude.

² The lively talents for conversation and agreeable manners of the late Duchess of Gordon are remembered by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with her. Mr. Pitt was for several years constantly of her parties, but increased official occupations compelled him to give them up, pleasant as they were. One day he met the Duchess at the Drawing-room at St. James's after they had not seen each other for some time, and after the first salutation she said to him, "Well, Mr. Pitt, do you talk as much nonsense now as you used to do when you lived with me?" to which he immediately replied, "I do not know, madam, whether I talk so much nonsense, I certainly do not *hear* so much."

insincerity or ingratitude. In my long and familiar intercourse with him, in youth and in manhood, in health and in sickness, in prosperity and in adversity, in all the vicissitudes and provocations to which political men are subject, and in all those crosses and disappointments which befall every human being, I never knew him upon any occasion utter a hasty or peevish expression; and if suffering from the loss of any relation or friend, his grief was without repining or unmanly dejection. There was in him an equanimity, a freedom from irritation, a self-command, which I never noticed in the same degree in any other person. On this head I must repeat, what I formerly observed, that I consider Mr. Pitt's temper and disposition as by far the most wonderful part of his character.¹

After the commencement of the revolutionary war he mixed but little in general society. His time and thoughts were so wholly engrossed by the state of public affairs that he had no leisure, and he lost all relish, except for the company of his intimate friends. That was in London his only relaxation; and after being engaged the whole morning on matters of the most important and anxious nature, in which the dearest interest of his country was concerned, he would sit down to the dinner-table (he rarely dined alone) with a few persons whom he loved and respected, and laying aside all care, enjoy their conversation till the evening hour of business arrived. He then retired to his room refreshed and invigorated, and frequently continued his labours to a late hour, being in general attended by the secretaries or others who took an active part in the business of the different public offices. Subsequently to the period I have mentioned he never partook of the common amusements of a London life, and indeed very little after he became first Lord of the Treasury.

He had no ear for music,² nor had he much taste for drawings or paintings. He was more attentive to architecture, and used sometimes, in the early part of his life, to amuse himself with drawing a plan of the best possible house. When he was seventeen I went the Norfolk tour with him, which was at that time a favourite excursion, and several days after our return he drew from memory a plan of one of the largest houses we had seen with a view of improving it. While young he occasionally partook in field sports, but his mind was not of a cast to be occupied by such pursuits. He was fond of the country, and enjoyed its scenery. At first, for the sake of health, he rented a furnished house with a small quantity of ground on Putney Heath; but in a place belonging to another he could feel but little interest, and the distance from London was so short, that he could not be free from frequent interruption, and therefore in 1785 he bought a small house with 200 acres of land, called Hollywood Hill, about fifteen miles from London. He afterwards

¹ Preface to this work.

² Mr. Windham observed that the four greatest men he had known had no ear for music, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, and Dr. Johnson.

purchased about the same quantity of contiguous land, and enlarged the house so as to accommodate four or five friends. A considerable portion of the land was wild and picturesque. He turned the road which passed close to the house, and by planting and laying out the ground, by forming a piece of water, and by a variety of alterations,¹ which he himself in a great measure planned, and whenever he had leisure superintended the execution, he made the place both comfortable and beautiful. To Hollwood he retired upon every opportunity, but rarely without a friend or two, and in general some person in office joined him there, that business and recreation might be mixed. It was delightful to see him at this his Sabine farm. After toiling in his room over revenue details or foreign despatches on which the fate of nations depended, he would walk out, and taking his spud in his hand grub up a thistle or a weed, or give directions about the removal of a shrub, or the turning of a walk, with as much earnestness and interest as if he had nothing else to occupy his thoughts. Instead of the First Minister of a great nation, he seemed to be a country gentleman with no other employment but to attend to the trifling disposition of a few acres of pleasure ground—he apparently felt as much anxiety to omit no means of improving his villa, as to promote the welfare of his country.

Mr. Pitt's deep and accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages has been noticed in speaking of the early part of his life; and after he became Minister a Homer or a Horace was always to be found upon his table in the midst of finance and political papers, and some classical book was his constant companion, if the weather compelled him to go in his carriage from London to Hollwood, or whenever he travelled. He was fortunate in having many friends with the same taste, particularly Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, and Mr. Canning, with whom he seemed to have as much pleasure in talking over a beautiful passage in some favourite author as in discussing the balance of power in Europe. He had a well-chosen library,² and his fondness for reading, though he had not many opportunities of indulging it, continued to the last.

Mr. Pitt was never married. At an early age it was signified to him that the father of a rich heiress would gladly accept him as a son-in-law, and a similar intimation was made to him from a person of the highest rank in this kingdom. To neither of these overtures, if they may be so called, did he indicate the slightest disposition to listen. At a later period of life he showed a very marked attention to the daughter of a political friend, at whose house he frequently visited, and he for some time hesitated whether he should make

¹ I cannot forbear mentioning the following trait of Mr. Pitt's character. He for some time employed a great many people at Hollwood in removing earth, digging, &c., but he never would suffer anything to be done by task-work, saying that it was tempting men to work beyond their strength, and was therefore injurious to them and their families.

² At his death I purchased his books for £1900, and they now form a part of the library at Riby Grove, in Lincolnshire.

a proposal of marriage. At last he determined in the negative; but he was aware, that though no declaration had been made, he had so far raised expectations that an explanation was due to the family. He therefore, with that frankness and openness which he practised upon every occasion, wrote a letter to the father upon the subject, and the answer to it plainly showed that Mr. Pitt's decision caused great disappointment, while it was acknowledged that there was no ground for serious complaint. Both letters did great credit to the respective parties; and this eclaireissement was not followed by any breach between Mr. Pitt and the father. The young lady was afterwards married to a noble earl, and is still living. I have always greatly lamented that Mr. Pitt did not marry early in life. No man could be more suited to the connubial state than he was; and I am confident that if he had shown his usual judgment in the selection of a wife, she would have added most essentially to his comfort and happiness. England might then have had to boast of a third William Pitt.

Mr. Pitt, from his first residence in college, showed a great indifference to his own pecuniary concerns; and when he came into office, his time was so completely devoted to his public duties that he found no leisure to attend to his private affairs. The fortune which he inherited from his father was £10,000, and the Duke of Rutland, who died in 1787, left him a legacy of £3000. The interest of those sums, and his official income, might with care have sufficed for the expenses of a person who was addicted to no vice, and guilty of no extravagance—for I cannot consider in that light the money which he laid out in the improvement of Hollwood; but, though not extravagant, he was generous and liberal in the extreme, and while anxious to equalise the income and expenditure of the nation, he forgot that the same thing was desirable in his own individual instance. His situation as Minister made him liable to great expenses; but far greater were the impositions, both from tradesmen and servants,¹ to which he subjected himself by inattention. The consequence was that his expenditure far exceeded his income; and when he quitted office, in the beginning of 1801, his debts were very large, and his creditors soon became clamorous.

This situation of Mr. Pitt's private affairs was very generally known; and his Majesty, in June of that year, in the most gracious and pressing manner, offered, through Mr. Rose, to pay the whole of Mr. Pitt's debts, which would have left for his maintenance the clear income of the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, about £3000 a year; surely not more than his long and important

¹ I occasionally examined the books kept by Mr. Pitt's house-steward, which were rarely looked at by his master, and I inquired into what passed in his family. I did not fail to apprise Mr. Pitt of the state of his affairs, and to give advice, and I received fair promises of economy and retrenchment, but they were soon forgotten. I once told him that I thought some good might be effected by his giving his principal servant more power over the other servants, to which he answered, "That I never will do, for I should make him a tyrant, and the rest of the family slaves."

services to his country richly deserved. This offer, so much to the honour of both parties, Mr. Pitt, with all due acknowledgment and just feeling of gratitude, resolutely and repeatedly declined. There was about the same time another proposal which also did him great honour. The merchants and bankers in the city of London offered to present him with £100,000, accompanied by a promise that the names of the contributors should never be known. Sir Robert Preston was authorised to make this offer, which likewise passed through Mr. Rose; but Mr. Pitt would not listen to it for a moment. "No consideration on earth," he said, "shall ever induce me to accept it." The secrecy with which it was intended that this transaction should be conducted, and the impossibility that any claim should ever be founded upon it, were urged as reasons for his compliance. These arguments had no weight. Distressed as he was, his high spirit could not bear to receive a favour of that sort from utter strangers; and he observed, that if it should be his lot to be in office again, he should fancy that every person he saw upon business from the city was one to whom he was under pecuniary obligation. He was determined to submit to any inconvenience or sacrifice rather than accept this offer.

Something, however, was necessary to be done, and without loss of time. Many of his creditors were importunate beyond measure, and threatened the utmost extremity of the law; nay, some actually instituted legal proceedings against him, and he was in danger of being left without furniture, books, clothes, carriage, or horses. It occurred to him that he had some pictures set with diamonds, and other things of the same sort, which he had received as customary presents from foreign Courts, and also boxes of some little value, in which the freedom of cities and towns had been sent to him; all these were sold, and produced about £4000. He also sold his reversionary interest in the pension of £3000 a year, and in the parliamentary grant of £4000 a year. He next resolved, with that manly cheerfulness which never deserted him, to sell his favourite *Hollywood*, and that produced . . . Here his means ended, but the proceeds of these sales fell short of what was absolutely requisite to place him in a state of ease and comfort. At length, after much persuasion, and as his only other resource, he consented to accept from his private friends a loan of £12,000, chiefly in sums of £1000 each, two contributing only £500; and thus, before the end of 1801, he was relieved from his most pressing difficulties; but considerable debts still remained, principally to his bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co., whose liberal assistance he had frequently experienced. When he borrowed the money of his friends, he insisted upon paying interest; but this, with his usual inattention to such matters, he forgot, and no interest

¹ The persons who were concerned in making these arrangements were Lord Camden, Mr. Rose, Mr. Long, Mr. Joseph Smith, and myself. When I showed Mr. Pitt the list of the contributors to the £12,000, he said that they were all persons from whom he should be ready to receive such an accommodation.

was paid, and certainly none was expected or desired. In truth, if he had paid interest for all the money he owed, he would not have had enough left to support him as a gentleman; and if his life had been insured to the amount of his debts, which was once in contemplation as the only mode of securing their payment, he would have had no income whatever to live upon—all this is an undeniable proof of that disinterestedness which was never questioned, and of that integrity which was never impeached. Private worth is the best pledge for public virtue; and Mr. Pitt's known freedom from all vicious habits gave him, as it ought, infinite advantage in his political struggles—but into any comparison of this sort I forbear to enter. While he was out of office he lived at Walmer Castle, which belonged to him as Warden of the Cinque Ports, with a trifling establishment of servants, and he had a very small ready-furnished house in town, first in Park Place, St. James's, and afterwards in York Place, near Portman Square; but, during this period of three years, he could not afford to entertain company at dinner in London, and in the country he received only a few intimate friends. When he returned to office in 1804, he hired a ready-furnished house on Putney Heath, in which he died; and it was necessary, as we have seen, to call upon Parliament to pay his debts.

Mr. Pitt early imbibed a firm conviction of the truth of Christianity, and throughout life religion was in him an habitual principle, influencing and governing every feeling of his mind, and every part of his conduct, public and private. In him, the belief of a superintending Providence, and of a future responsibility, produced its genuine fruits—an active discharge of duty, and a cheerful resignation to the Divine Will. To this source must be traced that invincible rectitude which he manifested upon every occasion, trifling or important, and to which every other consideration was invariably made to yield. No temptation, no inducement, no hope of advantage, no apprehension of inconvenience, no fear of offence, not even the desire of gratifying those to whom he was most warmly attached, or with whom he was most closely connected, could prevail upon him to do what he believed to be wrong, or divert him from doing what he believed to be right. Where duty or the service of his country was concerned, his easiness of temper was changed into inflexible firmness. He was informed during the war that one of the comptrollers of army accounts had laid himself under a pecuniary obligation to a contractor, while his accounts, to a very large amount, were under the examination of the comptroller, and by whom they must be passed before they could be discharged. Mr. Pitt sent for the comptroller, and stating the information he had received, asked him whether he could contradict it. The comptroller confessed that he could not, and Mr. Pitt immediately signified to him that he could not remain in his office, and he was dismissed. Mr. Pitt thought that, under such circumstances, the accounts were not likely to be closely examined, which he knew to be necessary for the public service, and that such a man ought not to fill such an

office. As he himself omitted no opportunity of promoting the public welfare, so he expected the same from his colleagues. There was a Cabinet Minister who was known to be very intelligent upon a certain difficult and important subject, but it had no immediate connection with the business of the office which he held. Mr. Pitt, however, sent him some papers upon this subject, and requested that he would read them, and favour him with his opinion. The Cabinet Minister returned the papers with a letter to Mr. Pitt, stating that, as they related to a subject not belonging to his office, he must decline looking at them. Mr. Pitt immediately sent the papers back to him, and informed him by letter that he could not allow any Member of the Government to refuse his assistance upon any point in which he could be useful to the public, and that he must repeat the request he had before made. The papers were read without farther difficulty, and the opinion received; and I am persuaded, that if the person alluded to had persevered in his refusal, he would not have been suffered to remain in office. I mention these instances to show that Mr. Pitt's extreme facility and gentleness of disposition, which were so much admired in private society, had no injurious effect on the discharge of his public duties. Nor did he deal in studied civilities or unmeaning professions. He never promised without intending to perform; he never raised an expectation which he did not mean to satisfy. He did not make a trade of courtesy. He was equally above those little arts and contrivances by which the applause of the people is too often courted. He had, with all his mildness, a certain *μεγαλοψυχία*, a lofty spirit, an honourable disdain of every low and interested condescension, which, with those who were unacquainted with his real character, or who chose to misunderstand it, sometimes subjected him to the imputation of pride. But while acting upon higher motives, and with a far more noble object in view than private or public favour, he gained the unsolicited support and disinterested attachment of numerous individuals, with a degree and a continuance of popularity and confidence which no Minister ever before enjoyed.

To this truth, the consternation and grief which spread through every part of the kingdom on the news of his death bear incontrovertible witness. It was not merely acknowledged that the nation had lost an able and upright Minister, at a moment the most critical and awful, but every one felt that he was deprived of a benefactor and a friend, the person on whom, under heaven, he relied for the preservation of his life, liberty, and religion, for the continuance of every private comfort, and of every public blessing. No one saw any ground for consolation or hope but from a perseverance in his measures, and an adherence to his principles. Nor was lamentation for his loss confined to these dominions; it extended into every country upon the Continent. Revered as the protecting genius ordained to check the progress of the scourge of nations, Europe feared that his departure was a sign of her approaching fate.

There was in Mr. Pitt an union of genius and industry, of natural endow-

ments and acquired knowledge, of rapidity of comprehension and patience of investigation, of liveliness of imagination and soundness of judgment, of love for learning and relish for social pleasures, of talents for the science of government and taste for the elegant amusements of rural retirement, of mildness and firmness, of ease and dignity, of sensibility and self-command, of refinement of feeling and vigour of mind, of true patriotism, uniform disinterestedness, and inflexible integrity, of eloquence to persuade in the Senate, wisdom to rule in the Cabinet, and wit to charm in conversation; and, if to these various qualities which met and harmonised in Mr. Pitt, and rendered him the object of wonder and delight equally in public and in private life, we add the extent and value of his services to his country, both in peace and war, the numerous and important improvements he effected in her internal concerns, his successful exertions for her safety and protection against both foreign and domestic foes amidst the wreck of surrounding nations, the numerous and unparalleled difficulties which he surmounted, and the conquests and victories by which he raised Great Britain to an unprecedented height of power and glory, we may surely be justified in assigning to him a most distinguished place among those who have benefited mankind, and adorned and dignified our common nature.

It will be right to notice the honours paid to the memory of Mr. Pitt. Parliament having met on the 21st of January, Mr. Lascelles, Member for Yorkshire, brought forward a motion on the 27th in the House of Commons, for an Address to his Majesty, requesting that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to give directions that the remains of Mr. Pitt should be interred at the public charge, and a monument erected to the memory of that excellent statesman in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription expressive of the public sense of so great and irreparable a loss. This motion was seconded by Lord Titchfield, and it gave rise to a debate which was conducted with great temper and moderation on both sides. The supporters of the motion described Mr. Pitt as a man of the purest morals, most transcendent talents, most disinterested patriotism, whose energy and firmness had in times of the most alarming difficulty and danger been eminently serviceable to his country, and who was not less great than his illustrious father, on whom the same honour had been unanimously conferred in 1778.¹ The opponents of the motion, while they fully admitted Mr. Pitt's abilities, disinterestedness, and private virtues, and acknowledged that his loss was greatly to be lamented, contended that he had no claim to be denominated "an excellent statesman" as he was called in the motion, and that the success of his measures was not sufficient to entitle him to the proposed honour. The language of Mr. Fox on this occasion, though adverse to the motion, did him great credit. He said that he never addressed the House in the performance of his public duty with more pain than at that moment. He professed much respect for many of Mr. Pitt's personal qualities,

¹ The words of Mr. Lascelles' motion were precisely the same as in the case of Lord Chatham.

allowing that he possessed estimable qualities in no ordinary degree in private life, and great qualities also in points connected with his administration, as well as a commanding eloquence. "In the establishment of a real Sinking Fund he always had," continued Mr. Fox, "my warmest support, and I freely declare my opinion that this measure has been very beneficial to the nation, and therefore the country is highly obliged to him for it": and he added with his usual frankness and liberality, "I may say that I have been considered, and perhaps it may be called an honour, his rival." He then pronounced a strong eulogium on Mr. Pitt's integrity and moderation with regard to private emolument, and at the same time he admitted his freedom from all extravagance and waste, except what proceeded from carelessness and inattention. Having, however, been engaged in active opposition to Mr. Pitt's general system of government, it would, he said, be a condemnation of the principles on which he had acted for a considerable part of his parliamentary life, and a violation of his sense of public duty, if he acceded to the present motion; and therefore he felt himself compelled to vote against it, a vote, he owned, extorted from him by a most painful and imperious duty. That those who had uniformly and systematically opposed Mr. Pitt's administration should not be inclined to confer any honour upon his memory, was certainly to be expected; but, to the surprise of every one, the motion was opposed by Mr. Windham also, who was for many years a Member of the same Cabinet with Mr. Pitt, and had separated himself from his old political friends for the avowed purpose of joining him and supporting his principles and measures as the only means of saving the country from its impending perils, and who now declared that Mr. Pitt's talents were as great as ever appeared in any age of the world. This inconsistency was confined to Mr. Windham, and all the other supporters of Mr. Pitt's administration who were present voting for the motion, it was carried by a majority of 258 to 89.

There was another motion in the House of Commons relative to Mr. Pitt. On the 3rd of February Mr. Cartwright, Member for Northamptonshire, stated that Mr. Pitt, whose time and thoughts were for twenty years wholly occupied in the discharge of public duties, had found no leisure to attend to his own private affairs, and that in consequence of this neglect he had died considerably in debt; that Mr. Pitt was the chief instrument in saving the country from that anarchy with which it was threatened and surrounded, and that notwithstanding the difficulties he had to encounter, and the calamities which had befallen Europe, he had raised Great Britain to an unexampled height of prosperity; that he had done more for the promotion of public credit and the improvement of the national finances than any of his predecessors; and that he was confident that the public would from gratitude for Mr. Pitt's long and great services cheerfully sanction any step which Parliament might take for the liquidation of his debts. Under these circumstances, following a precedent in the case of the late Earl of Chatham, he desired to move that an Address be presented to his Majesty, beseeching his Majesty to advance 40,000 towards

the payment of Mr. Pitt's debts. This motion contained no expression to which any objection could be made, and was considered as very distinct and different from that of Mr. Lascelles. It was treated as not involving any question of party politics, or implying any approbation of Mr. Pitt's general system of government. Those Members, therefore, who had resisted the application for a public funeral to Mr. Pitt, declared their willingness to consent to the present motion; and it was observed that Mr. Pitt's debts were in fact the debts of the public, being incurred by his unremitted attention to the business of the nation: they were not contracted by profusion or excess, by dissipation or useless ostentation. Panegyrics were again pronounced upon Mr. Pitt's disinterestedness, which was universally acknowledged. "No one could ascribe to him any low attachment to pecuniary gain—his mind was above such considerations, it was too sterling to descend to them—his conceptions had too much grandeur to admit anything of that kind." These were Mr. Windham's words in announcing his intention to support the motion; and Mr. Fox declared that he never gave his vote with greater satisfaction than he should that night. "I consider it," said he, "as a tribute due to departed worth—the reward of a great and munificent nation to a meritorious servant of the public. To say of Mr. Pitt that he did not descend to any improper measures with regard to money would be to dishonour his memory, but we are to consider other matters in which his conduct was equally unblamable; the motion has my cordial support." Rising to explain what he thought had not been fully understood, he said he had before distinctly stated the grounds of his vote to be "Mr. Pitt's merits." This was speaking, as Mr. Gibbon observed of Mr. Fox when he conversed about Mr. Pitt, as one great man ought to speak of another. The motion passed unanimously. The result of these motions was very gratifying to the friends and admirers of Mr. Pitt. It is remarkable that Mr. Pitt and his illustrious father were the only statesmen ever honoured in this country with public funerals, or with parliamentary grants of money for their public services. These two distinguished men stand upon a higher ground than any other English Minister. They are sometimes compared with each other, but no third person seems thought worthy to be brought into competition with either of them for talents, integrity, and the magnitude and importance of their services to the nation.

Mr. Pitt's funeral took place in Westminster Abbey on the 22nd of February, and was attended by the royal Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge, by numerous Members of both Houses of Parliament and other persons of distinction, and by a vast concourse of people.

The Corporation of London erected a monument to the memory of Mr. Pitt in Guildhall, and a statue of Mr. Pitt was placed in the Senate House at Cambridge, for which there was a subscription by the present and late members of the University. The sum subscribed was _____, which being more than was necessary for the statue, the surplus was applied to the founda-

tion of a classical scholarship, for which any undergraduate in the University may be a candidate.

Soon after his death clubs were instituted to his memory in many counties, called Pitt Clubs, which still continue; and every third year there is a most highly respectable and numerous meeting in Merchant Taylors' Hall, London, to celebrate his birthday, in grateful remembrance of those principles, talents, and conduct, to which the nation is so greatly indebted.

[NOTE.—The correspondence relating to "The Love Episode of William Pitt," referred to on pp. 31-2, will be found, with an Introduction by Lord Rosebery, in the *Monthly Review* for December 1900. Editor.]

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL

WE have much pleasure in laying the following letters before our readers. An unsuitable passage has been omitted at the beginning of the first, and the signatures of both have been suppressed for obvious reasons, but the form of expression, however unpolished, has been left untouched throughout.

MY DEAR B.,

Many thanks; I quite understand. As for the gentry you speak of . . . by all means: but be just, and include the other sects too, and the system which made them, above all. I wish you and I could have it out together in a wayside inn of our own, but I can't move for the present and apparently you won't. I must confess to you that I am not quite where I was when we last talked of these things. I'm as conservative as ever, and as convinced a Free-Trader—theoretically or ideally,—but for the last year or more I've been “tariff-mongering,” and am now entirely in sympathy with Chamberlain, without any feeling that I have in any way changed my beliefs or “gone over.” It is only that what was a muddle before has suddenly become clear: the difficulties that used to look so thick have been precipitated to the bottom of the test-tube. I believe I could convince you or any one else in half an hour, if we could only agree to hold hands and go along together instead of sparring. It's the only way: if you haggle over unimportant

details and spend your whole time in trying to catch your opponent out without giving anything away yourself, you're simply reproducing the party system in private without its justification. You and I are not hired by either side; why shouldn't we have an inquiry on our own account, agreeing beforehand to be absolutely frank, and never point a dummy pistol or stick to an indefensible position, or think of what the end is going to be till we get there? As for other people's opinions, of course we must have nothing to do with them—as opinions; any argument for what it is worth, but no quoting of authority, and no rhodomontade. You give up the *Spectator* and I'll sacrifice the *National*, though I think I get more from the tally-ho of my plunger than you do from your elderly guide to knowledge.

To begin at the beginning, we shall not disagree as to the present state of things. It is neither ruinous nor satisfactory. I grant you that we are still making money, that we are not living on our capital, or being dumped to death by bankrupt Trusts. But you will admit that our export trade is vitally important, that it is not as healthy as our internal trade, that we are being overhauled by Germany and the States. Also that it is a not unremarkable fact that in this race it is the protectionist countries which are both going ahead, and the free importer which is falling back. Then supposing that—as seems probable from this coincidence—it is their treatment of us from which we are suffering, you would not deny that we ought either to apply the same treatment to them, or to devise some other means of making them treat us better. In this part of the question I shall not use taunts about "taking it lying down," and you will not talk of the duty of turning the other cheek; we have both sense enough to see that governments have no right to be altruistic at the expense of those for whom they are trustees.

Now I come to a more difficult point, because it touches on politics, in which you and I are professedly on opposite sides. But once get rid of the "sides" and I expect most of the

opposition will disappear too. In private we shall easily agree that the days of *laissez faire* as a high moral doctrine are dead and gone for good. Man is not man for nothing: *cogito* does not mean "I am a cog-wheel." We have some control over the courses of nature or we should not be where we are now: even if trade is one of the courses of nature I don't believe the partial control of it is among the things that pass the wit of man; anyhow, give me a *πῶς ὅτι* as the old Greek said, and I'll try to lift the dead weight a bit. It is surely time to make what effort we can; you'll grant that the present conditions are new; others are experimenting, whether we do or not, and there is no logic in arguing that our grandfathers' remedies for cholera will be just as good against appendicitis.

You know as well as I do that this is more than half a matter of party; it is not two years since I heard you saying hard things (richly deserved) about some of your own side, because instead of backing the disfranchised Uitlanders like good Liberals they took up the case of a corrupt oligarchy—partly from sheer factiousness you said, and partly from a petrified devotion to worn-out ideas. Well now, if you went so far you can't refuse to go the same length in other directions: in any crisis, you must agree, the man who will not go forward, whose only desire is to be let alone, to sit watching the stream go by him, and singing "the world went very well then," has no right to call himself a Liberal or a Progressive: he is a fossil, a Conservative of the kind we, at any rate, have long turned out of the ranks as dangerous to our own side. What we call a good Conservative now is one who conserves for the sake of the future, not the past. I am not trying to score here: I sympathised very much with you Imperialist Liberals, and I'm only afraid that some of you don't see that you are running the risk of making yourselves "an impossible party" over this in just the same way as the pro-Boers did over the war. As for you personally, I know you have only to grasp that the Empire is at stake, and party would cease to count.

This brings me to a third point. When the economists have done inquiring, or when we come to make our experiment without waiting for them, we may—I face it frankly—find that the new method involves a pecuniary loss. If you press me, I admit that I cannot see, and no one, from Chamberlain downwards, has persuaded me that he sees, how the scheme can work without raising the cost of living, and, though in the long run prices might fall again, it seems equally probable that our foreign trade, and wages, would fall at the same time. But this is just where you and I come in: when we talk of political economy we do not mean “Store prices and devil take the Empire.” The class to which we belong has some ideals and is prepared for some sacrifices. It is practically an aristocracy, based partly on wealth and partly on brains and breeding; its duty is to lead the lower classes and when necessary to pay for them. In the present instance there can be no doubt that Chamberlain’s real difficulty will be with the mass of the people; the selfish, short-sighted working man, spoiled by years of free trade, free thinking, free strikes, free breakfast tables, and free education, can’t be expected to give anything of his free will for a free country. It will be hard enough to lead him this time, even if we pay his share for him; and impossible if we don’t. But we shall; and when it comes to it I don’t doubt you’ll be as glad to stump up as I shall.

You will see that I have been very frank with you; I give you every point you could possibly ask, and I do not claim to prove Chamberlain’s case for him—economically at any rate. In return I only ask you to come up for half an hour out of the crowded little slum of politics and take a broad view of the situation. Here we are, stuck on a ledge, like a party of climbers. We can’t go on; we can’t stay here; we must jump somewhere, and the best guide we know says “this way, all together, and I’ll catch you.” I tell you candidly I don’t quite see where he is; but I know who he is: a big man with a big voice, who has always been right, always successful. Who are his opponents? Jealous men on his own side,

partisans on the other. Among the whole lot there is not one of half his size or half as much in earnest. What is his motive? His own credit? Yes, credit for saving us; the country and the Empire. What will be the result if we refuse? We shall stay in the dark where we are for the rest of the night, getting hungrier and hungrier and stiffer and stiffer; in the morning the others—the German and American fellows—will be looking down from the top to see us drop off exhausted and go limping home dead beat. Of course it's an effort—climbing is an effort; but if you fix your eye on the top—Empire and the first place in the world—you'll forget all about the roughness of the way up. That is really what Chamberlain's plan comes to, as he puts it now, and I think he's right. Tell me how it looks to you, and remember—no controversy.

Yours,

A.

MY DEAR A.,

Certainly you at any rate are neither old nor fossilised. I can't undertake to keep up with you all the way; you give me two years and a beating easily. But I will do my best, and I promise you not to fail for want of frankness. By the way, I like your "running" metaphor better than your "climbing" one. Alpine ledges imply danger, and we are agreed that the present situation is not dangerous; and however doubtful an aspect our trade shows, it is not that which is the moving cause of the present departure. Chamberlain wants a tariff for the Colonies, and Balfour for diplomatic purposes; the slackening in our export trade is for both of them merely a lever ready to hand. But to go back to our running; when I trained you at Oxford for the quarter-mile I taught you—and you took my advice—to run yourself right out, and never look round to see how the men behind were coming along. I think we do too much looking round now; the German or the Yankee may be clawing at us, but it does not follow that we should go faster

if we turned and clawed them. However, the point that I want you to admit now is that in this matter of trade we are not really competitors but comrades ; no one can sell without buying or buy without selling, and so long as we all keep moving at a fair pace it is of little importance who is "ahead." Further, you must grant me that to speak of a system which has worked well for fifty years as necessarily "fusty" or "worn out" is to be the victim of a material analogy. Again, the word "remedies" begs the question ; substitute "food" and you will allow that what was wholesome at one time of life may very well be good for us still at a later age. And now let us drop metaphors : they never quite fit, and shoes that don't quite fit are worse than bare feet.

You fear that some of us are becoming unprogressive ; it is a telling charge, in public ; but privately, you Conservatives don't make change an object in itself ? What would you say of a Liberal who proposed to abandon the best policy only because any other would be newer ? I gladly admit that you are not entirely occupied with staring upon the antique ways ; but your most able and energetic young men, your Becketts, Hugh Cecils, Seelys and Winston Churchills are not with you here. As for "an impossible party," the Liberals deserved the term by their division on a vital point ; it is no longer we, but you, who are busy earning that reproach.

Personally, to be honest I must give you back one point you granted me : the Empire at stake would count with me far beyond party, but England at stake would outweigh even the Empire. This is a hard thing to say, even in private, and to you who know how keen an Imperialist I am, and if it had to be said in public it would leave a bitter taste behind, for which the blame does not lie with us, though we shall be made to bear it. But perhaps we are justly punished for allowing Campbell-Bannerman to advertise Chamberlain as the only Imperialist. Win or lose now, we shall be damned for anti-Colonials ; there's no help for it ; but I can tell you we grind our teeth. It would be well enough if we could hold our

tongues and pay, as you suggest. But there can be no satisfaction in paying for what we believe to be an unworkable scheme, an unnatural absurdity. I am no Free Trade fanatic; I will grant you that Free Trade is merely a means to an end, like any other, sometimes serviceable, sometimes not; but all that is abstract theory; practically the time has long gone by when we could elect to do without it, and as you very nearly admit, no one has shown, or can show, that Chamberlain's plan is possible at all. When you ask for a *ποῦ στῶ* remember that no lever can lift itself; as a wit said lately, "You can't raise yourself by pulling at your own bootstraps." What call can there be for us to "lead" any one in such an effort as that? And if you did persuade the whole country, what do you suppose they would think of you when the farce broke down and they came to their senses?

You wouldn't go in for it if you thought it could possibly be a farce, an absurdity, an impossibility? No; and why is it that you, a Conservative, an old Free Trader, and a man of sense, do not think so? You give two reasons: the cause and the man. I admit the cause; the British Empire is the world's best chance of freedom, religion, humanity, and reason, and to keep it going I would stick at nothing—except the sacrifice of any of those four paramount objects. But when I have granted you your major premiss—"whatever saves the Empire is right"—you must prove the minor—"this will save the Empire"—before you can drive me to the conclusion "therefore this is right." I have no doubt you correctly represent the argument as it presents itself to the author of the "plan"; but it is defective, and your use of metaphors has again concealed the fact from you. "Fix your eye on the top," you say, "and you'll forget the roughness of the way up." Certainly, but you may also not notice, with that fixed eye of yours and Mr. Chamberlain's, that you are taking the way up some other peak altogether—not at all perhaps one you would think it advisable to climb.

But the plan must be right if the man's right: "He knows

about it all, he knows, he knows." Does he? Well, I shall not give you the chance of saying that I condemn before I hear him. But I may tell you one or two things which trouble me, which make me fear that he is not the cool-headed, independent leader I used to think him. First of all there are those strong and deliberate views of only seven years back: the colonies proposed, he said, "to make a small discrimination in favour of British trade, in return for which we are expected to change our whole system and impose duties on food and raw material." This he called "so one-sided an agreement" that in his opinion there was "not the slightest chance" of its adoption. He didn't say this casually in conversation remember, but as Chairman of the Congress of Commerce of the Empire, and he reprinted the speech and published it. I needn't remind you that however little we know of his plan, he has told us himself that it involves exactly the agreement which he then condemned. What has happened since then? The conditions are the same still, the reasoning as cogent; but meantime he has been "fixing his eye on the top," and is no longer troubled about "the way up." You think he has really good reason for changing his opinion, which any man may legitimately do? I have tried to think that too; but in such a case how would a strong man act? He would go to his colleagues in the Government, and put it to them that a great mistake had been made in refusing an advantageous offer from the Colonies: if out-voted on so vital a matter he would resign and lay his case before the House and the country. What did he do? He said nothing of recanted opinions, but put forward his plan under cover of an inquiry. Did he really wish for an inquiry? Then why did he arrange that the country should not hear the views of any other member of the Government, and that the House should not hear the views of any one at all? The Government are holding an inquiry of their own behind the scenes? By all means, but why did he not make that inquiry first, before springing on us a proposal which, whether eventually accepted or rejected, must arouse infinitely dangerous

feelings? How much stronger a hand he would have held if he could have brought forward his plan already endorsed by the inquiry of an Imperial Commission. Such tactics can only be dictated either by consciousness of a weak case, or by considerations which I am not prepared to admit as possible.

No, your man fails you ; and look at the others. All the experience and all the good brains against him ; for him only the weaklings, the figure-heads, the mad protectionists, and the small party fry. I beg your pardon ; he may have, too, the class to which you belong—the unpractical Imperialists, fervent, unsuspecting, high-minded, self-sacrificing people who fix their eyes on the top ; but before they go with him finally they must sacrifice their wits to their wishes, and I hope, my dear A., you haven't done that yet. Take time, and write again ; and be sure that I also should be anything but sorry to be convinced.

Yours ever,

B.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE

DRAMATIC talent is certainly not common among us just now. Mr. R. Trevelyan's gift of classical verse appears to little advantage in **Cecilia Gonzaga** (Longmans, 2s. 6d. net). One or two delicately written passages cannot redeem the general flatness of a work which reveals no power of drawing character.

If ever childish friendship in us both
Grew blamelessly from opening leaf and bud
To conscious love's perfected flower ; if ever
The music of our secret interviews,
Love's first confessions whispered timidly,
Sounded to each more sweet, more magical
Than first-heard preludes of the thrush in spring
If all those vows with which we fed our souls
Had meaning then, or still have life and force
Not wholly yet decayed, nor faded out
From time-starved memory—oh, if you still
Can love as once you loved——

We will not wrong these lines by following them to their tame conclusion.

Far deeper interest is aroused by **A Masque of Shadows** (Arthur Legge, Nutt, 3s. 6d. net), though the shadows are only four aspects of a single shadow, and that shadow the shadow of Clough. It is written with fluent ease, with an impromptu air of irresponsibility which disarms any one prepared to

complain of the absence of plot. The study of different moods has been well carried out, and there are excellent touches of natural description.

I can hear the pheasants calling
 On the dusk-veiled hill,
 And the pat of acorns falling
 Where the woods are still.
 I am after striding horses
 And I feel the reins
 Drawing tight, and blood that courses
 Through my fervent veins,
 As I follow, follow, follow,
 Where the hounds stream on,
 Till their cry grows faint and hollow,
 And the hunt is gone.

Yet in the end we lay the book down with a sigh of regret that such powers of expression should have been used once again to express nothing more positive than universal doubt.

That religion concerning which the Shadows are so busy in their Masque comes not near **A Sicilian Idyll** (John Todhunter, Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net), the finished, placid craftsmanship of which resembles nothing so much as a picture by Alma-Tadema. This is Flora's holiday—here the Nymphs and Shepherds play. The twin kids, fairest of the flock, the polished sycamore bowl, the invocation to Selene—it is all so like Theocritus that it would surely please him if he knew. What is it that is wanting? The little epigrammatic touch—the taste of heather, perhaps, that keeps the Greek honey from cloying. And we are jealous for our native land. Why will not Dr. Todhunter give us a Devonshire idyll, with clotted cream and wild-eyed ponies for once instead of goats—or an idyll of the grave, noble boyhood and girlhood of some stately race like that from which Milton drew his Lady and her Brothers?

These three plays are the work of men who seriously intend to be poets. It has been said by a good critic that the occa-

sional poems of writers who have won their laurels in prose are often most attractive ; but, alas, it is not so with the **Blind Children of Mr. Zangwill** ! (Heinemann, 5s. net.) These verses are full of words that set the teeth on edge because they are nearly the right word, yet not quite ; they are lilted to tunes that are just, and only just too good for the hurdy-gurdy, and not good enough for anything else. They are clever, they are much too clever. They are this poet, and that poet and the other poet, but there is never a poet whose voice we have not heard before, except when they deal with the Jews. Then, indeed, sincerity lends the force in which they are otherwise deficient. Two such stanzas as the following make up for many a tinsel imitation :

For "Friday-night" is written on his home
 In fair, white characters ; his wife has spread
 The snowy Sabbath-cloth ; the Hebrew tome,
 The flask and cup are at the table's head,
 There's Sabbath magic in the very bread,
 And royal fare the humble dishes seem ;
 A holy light the Sabbath candles shed,
 Around his children's shining faces beam,
 He feels the strife of every day a far-off dream. . . .

So in a thousand squalid Ghettos penned,
 Engirt yet undismayed by perils vast,
 The Jew in hymns that marked his faith would spend
 This night and dream of all his glorious Past,
 And wait the splendours by his seers forecast.
 And so, while mediæval creeds at strife
 With nature die, the Jew's ideals last,
 The simple love of home and child and wife,
 The sweet humanities which make our higher life.

"Seder-Night" is good too, and "The Jews of England," and the strange, wistful stanzas called "Moses and Jesus."

It is with a sense of keen relief that we turn from the work of one who writes poems because he can to the work of one who writes poems because she must. There are many faults in the charming little book that Miss Ethel Clifford calls

Songs of Dreams (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), and not one of them, comparatively speaking, is of any account, because the true, rare spirit of poetry quickens the whole. It rains very often. We do not care how often it rains, for she has caught the sound, as she has caught the look of the moon, the gliding of slow waters that reflect, the patter of

the small light feet
Of hares in dew-wet grass at dawn.

She owes much to Blake, much to the Rossettis, brother and sister, but never in the way of direct imitation, only because she has allowed herself to be bewitched by them till, quite unconsciously, she writes as they would have written. Sometimes she overloads a line, sometimes she strains it, she is not guiltless in the matter of rhyme; but all the while she takes the reader captive by that quality defying analysis which is found only in poets of true imagination.

I have seen the world. Was it fair?
Ay. Fair and foul combined.
About the sepulchre
The roses twined.

I have sailed the sea. Was it kind?
Ay. Kind and cruel too,
Now loud with battle song,
Now low to woo.

I have loved a maid. Was she true?
Ay. True and false together,
False in fair, but true
In stormy weather.

Who that reads this can help remembering it—above all the last quatrain and its unexpected conclusion? There is a like sense of haunted, haunting suggestiveness about "The Princess in the Sea," about "The Lost Spring," and "A Song of Egypt."

Far away in Egypt, the strange kings lie sleeping :
 Rising and falling the old Nile flows ;
 Through seed-time and growing and the time for reaping
 They wait, and we wait, for what—none knows.

The little poem on the birth of Cain is very striking :

All day long Eve wearied for the garden.
 Not for her the comfort Adam knew
 As he watched the wheat-ears slowly harden,
 As the plaited roof above him grew.
 "For the sake of all my lilies, pardon.
 God," she prayed, "give back my violets blue."

Adam, sowing, watching, later reaping,
 Wrestling with the earth and life and fate,
 Knew no dreams for weariness in sleeping,
 Knew no grief. But early still and late
 Eve in dreams beheld the angel keeping
 Watch beside the ever-hidden gate.

Till to Adam came a wondrous calling.
 Sleeping hope like flame began to burn.
 "'Tis God's messenger," he thought, "recalling.
 Eden gate stands wide and we return."
 Then he knew whose voice, all song forestalling,
 Held all joy and sadness turn in turn.

"My beloved sings," he said ; "no other.
 She would cheat my heart and hide her pain."
 So went in, undreaming of another.
 In the shadowed place where she had lain,
 Radiant and transfigured, Eve the mother,
 Leaning on her elbow, sang to Cain.

The Dedication is the sweetest thing in a book that is full of sweetness. If space and time were other than they are, we could have quoted gladly at far greater length ; as it is, we can only hope that these exquisite verses will meet with the welcome that they deserve.

There are more kinds than one of treasure-trove in Ireland : and for our part the King is welcome to all the necklaces if we may have the golden verse. Mr. Kuno Meyer has translated

and Mr. Nutt has published for our delight four old Irish **Songs of Summer and Winter** (1s. 6d.), which, after being buried in their Gaelic for more than a thousand years, now for the first time see the day in English. Finn wrote them in his boyhood "to prove his poetry," and he proved it, if only by the amazing dexterity of his rhymes and assonances and alliterations. But to judge him merely by the translation, which makes no attempt to reproduce these feats, he proved also that summer has always been summer, and the heart of youth always young :

May-day, season surpassing !
 Splendid is colour then,
 Blackbirds sing a full lay
 If there be a slender shaft of day.

The harp of the forest sounds music,
 The sail gathers — perfect peace.
 Colour has settled on every height,
 Haze on the lake of full waters.

Delightful is the season's splendour,
 Rough winter has gone,
 White is every fruitful wood,
 A joyous peace is summer.

A wild longing is on you to race horses,
 The ranked host is ranged around :
 A bright shaft has been shot into the land,
 So that the water-flag is gold beneath it.

A timorous tiny persistent little fellow
 Sings at the top of his voice,
 The lark sings clear tidings :—
 Surpassing May-day of delicate colours !

We could go on quoting, and there are some stanzas better than these ; but those who will not buy so small a book do not deserve, and those who will do not need, more from us.

THE POSITION OF UNIONIST FREE TRADERS

I HAVE been asked, as chairman of the meeting of Unionist M.P.s held at the House of Commons on July 1, to explain the attitude taken up by the Free Trade members of the Unionist party towards Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals. In attempting to comply with this request, it must be understood that I have no authority to speak for my colleagues, but can only state my own opinions, so far as I believe them to fairly represent the average view of the Committee.

The resolution unanimously passed at the parliamentary meeting was as follows: "That in furtherance of the inquiry proposed by his Majesty's Ministers into our fiscal system a committee be appointed to examine the probable effect of the suggested changes on the unity of the Empire and the social and industrial welfare of the United Kingdom, both of which objects this meeting earnestly desires, and to take steps for placing before the country the objections entertained by this meeting to protective taxation on our imports of food."

It will be observed that in this resolution we affirmed—
(1) our desire to further the inquiry undertaken by his Majesty's Government; (2) our desire to promote the unity of the Empire and the social and industrial welfare of the United Kingdom; and (3) our objection to all protective duties on food.

Whatever our individual opinions may be as to the necessity for an inquiry into our fiscal system (in favour of which I personally think there is much to be said), we are united in demanding that the inquiry shall be genuine, unprejudiced, and thorough. We do not want such a policy of "inquiry and instigation" as was proclaimed by Mr. Gladstone in the early months of 1886, a policy starting with a fixed idea as to the object to be attained and only seeking to ascertain the line of least resistance, the least objectionable or the least unpopular methods by which to attain that object. We want a fair, unprejudiced, searching inquiry, conducted by impartial officials, aided by all the expert knowledge at the disposal of the various Government Departments. We desire that the statistical and other reports drawn up by the Departments shall (speaking generally and excluding strictly confidential documents) be laid before both Houses of Parliament and published as early as possible, for the information both of politicians and of electors, before the nation is called upon to decide on the merits of the new fiscal policy. About all, we are anxious that this policy, fraught, as it must be, with the most serious consequences to our Empire, should be thoroughly weighed and discussed in all its aspects, both in Parliament and in the country.

And, be it remembered, the burden of proof lies on those who attempt to upset the financial system under which this country has enjoyed prosperity and accumulated wealth for nearly two generations past. This was fully admitted by the Duke of Devonshire, speaking for the Government in the House of Lords on June 15.

And what have the "tariff reformers" to prove in order to induce the nation to accept the new doctrine of preferential tariffs?

(1) First they have to show that our commercial prosperity is so seriously on the wane that drastic remedies are required. This they must prove by taking our trade *as a whole*, and not arbitrarily selecting particular industries, the conditions of which must vary from time to time and by attaching at least

as much weight to the conditions of our home trade as to our foreign and colonial exports and imports.

(2) Next they must prove that our self-governing colonies can and will offer us adequate inducements to change our fiscal policy. It is clear that Canada and Australia will not agree to "Free Trade within the Empire"—a true Zollverein, which no doubt would have attractions for many who are not Protectionists. But will they admit our manufactures on fair terms to compete with their own? Will they surrender their right of concluding reciprocity treaties with foreign countries? And are the commercial advantages they offer sufficient to compensate us for what we shall lose in other directions?

(3) Next we have to be convinced that the new fiscal system will permanently improve our relations with our self-governing colonies. Doubts may fairly be raised whether, for instance, a colonial demand for a tax on food will make our working-classes fonder of the Colonies; or if the colonial farmer or manufacturer, whom it is proposed to protect, will not in time come to be regarded as the most dangerous competitors of our own farming and manufacturing classes. Even if we put aside the jealousies of our own people and pay regard to colonial opinion only, it is questionable if a partial commercial union will tend to promote more harmonious relations than are secured by the present system of fiscal autonomy.

(4) Again, are we sure that the proposed system is compatible with the continued prosperity of India and other portions of our Empire, which at present enjoy free trade tariffs? It must not be forgotten in this connection that our exports to India alone are as valuable as those to Canada and Australia put together.

(5) Moreover, the tariff reformers must convince us that the giving of preferences to our Colonies will not cripple our much larger trade with foreign countries,¹ nor disturb our

¹ Our exports to foreign countries in 1901 were £175,250,000, while those to the self-governing colonies were only £52,250,000. The exports to the

relations with friendly and kindred nations. Apart from losing the advantages of the "most favoured nation" treatment, we run serious risk of weakening the bonds of common interest and commercial amity which have so often tended to lessen the strain of political differences.

(6) Lastly, but not least, we require clear proof that the new system will increase the social and industrial well-being of the people of the United Kingdom. Will it ensure them more employment, cheap food, higher wages? Will it lower or will it raise the cost of production of our manufactures? Will it open to us larger markets or enable us to contend more successfully in neutral markets? Will it diminish or exaggerate the evils of trusts and combines?

On these, among other questions, we expect to have satisfactory answers before we are persuaded to commit ourselves to a drastic reform which will vitally alter, for weal or woe, the fundamental relations of our Imperial possessions.

We do not intend to be led away by rhetorical appeals to sentiment, supported by obviously inaccurate figures, nor by incitements to popular passion against our trade rivals and customers in foreign countries. Still less do we intend to listen to subtle suggestions that tariffs could be so arranged as to favour certain weak industries, at present suffering it may be from want of energy or want of capital, but which would naturally seek the easier remedy of artificial protection.

In obtaining the national verdict on preferential tariffs, all we desire is a fair field and a clear issue, not complicated by offers of old age pensions, nor confused by the introduction of the question of "retaliation"—a different policy, to which different considerations apply.

Above all we shall demand a more definite account of the taxation to be imposed. Is it to be on food alone? On all kinds, or on what? On corn alone, or on beef and mutton also? Or is it, as the Protectionists are loudly demanding, to be extended

U.S.A. were £18,400,000, to Germany £23,500,000, as compared with £7,800,000 exported to Canada, and £21,300,000 to Australia.

to manufactured articles? Is it to be confined to a few imports; or is the Englishman to be taxed (as in the good old days) "from the cradle to the grave?" Are the duties to be heavy or light, fixed or sliding?

At present the novel doctrines seem as elusive as the chameleon; taking a different complexion and hue according to the particular interest or class with which they are brought into contact. For example, the tax on corn varies in the tariff reformers' organs from 5s. to 2s. a quarter, according as it is recommended as a sure cure for agricultural depression, or is guaranteed not to raise the price of the working-man's bread.

While generally offering assistance to the fiscal inquiry now on foot, the Unionist Free Traders in the House of Commons have thought it right to give the country no uncertain lead on one particular point. Whatever may be the result of the inquiry in other directions, we are convinced that Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to place protective duties on the food of the people is equally injurious to the national welfare and to the future prospects of the Unionist party. Such a policy will, we hold, reopen all the bitter controversies associated with Protection and the Anti-Corn Law movement; will tend more than anything else to bring into sharp conflict the interests of town and country, of consumer and producer, of labourer and farmer; and will, however cleverly disguised by offers of old age pensions and the like, prove wholly unacceptable to the crowded populations of our great cities. The tax on imported corn may at first sight appear calculated to put money into the pockets of certain landowners and farmers, though unless it is accompanied by taxes on imported beef and mutton, butter and cheese, it will injure rather than benefit large classes of the agricultural community. But even the corn farmers may in the long run suffer from a policy which, if we are to believe its advocates, will greatly stimulate the production of wheat on the virgin soils of North-West Canada, and thus rather increase than diminish the competition

with which the British corn farmer will have to contend in the future.

But from the party point of view also we regard Mr. Chamberlain's food tax with the utmost apprehension. To identify the Unionist Party with such a policy will probably be as fatal to its influence in the country as was the identification of the Liberal party with Home Rule seventeen years ago. Those of us who are Liberal-Unionists must specially deplore the precipitate action taken by one of our hitherto trusted leaders, which we cannot help comparing to the reckless departure made by Mr. Gladstone in 1886.

In this case Mr. Chamberlain's action is all the more remarkable because it is taken, not by the Prime Minister or the Leader of an Opposition, but by an individual member of the Cabinet, with the reluctant acquiescence of his Chief, and in the teeth of some of his most important colleagues. It is largely with a view of saving our party from being split from top to bottom by Mr. Chamberlain's new departure that we have resolved to take a firm stand on what appears to us the most obviously objectionable article in the "unauthorised programme" of 1903.

Though I wish here to confine myself mainly to the larger issues, I cannot pass over in silence the question of parliamentary tactics. Mr. Chamberlain has, in the most explicit way, invited discussion in Parliament as well as in the country at large.¹ Mr. Balfour has assured us that differences on such economic subjects are not to be regarded as a test of party loyalty.² Relying on this invitation and these assurances, our Chairman, Sir M. Hicks Beach, the oldest Member of the House of Commons and one of the greatest living authorities on national finance, asked Mr. Balfour on July 15 to afford the House of Commons, before the close of the Session, an opportunity for the full discussion of the changes proposed by the Colonial Secretary in the fiscal policy of the country. Mr.

¹ Speech in the House of Commons, May 28, 1903.

² Speech at the Constitutional Club, June 26, 1903.

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Balfour, in his reply, refused to grant any facilities for a non-party motion, which alone could test the real opinion of the House of Commons.

Such a decision is regrettable from more than one point of view. It shows that the Government (or to speak more accurately the majority of the Cabinet) shrinks from having a full and fair discussion by the people's representatives of the gravest financial question that has been mooted for many years. It deprives the country of the advantage of hearing difficult and complicated problems debated face to face by statesmen of different parties and different views, a far more educative process than a series of electioneering speeches delivered on party platforms. And, worst of all, it tends to lower the character and degrade the position of the British House of Commons by denying to it a privilege which is enjoyed not only by the House of Lords but by every Chamber of Commerce and every debating society throughout the length and breadth of the Empire.

HENRY HOBHOUSE.

IMPERIAL TRADE AND TARIFFS

ALTHOUGH the process is often very unpleasant, it is by no means unwholesome, and it is certainly stimulating, to be called upon from time to time to examine the grounds on which we hold our opinions. It cannot indeed be said that in these latter days this stimulus has been lacking. In almost every branch of human activity novel views have been advanced, of which some have caused us to revise our beliefs to a very large extent. We have seen opinions which we had thought dead and buried, revived and made the subject of animated and even angry debate. This debate has continued for a space, and then, almost suddenly, the clamour of argument for and against has died down, and the world has gone on again as though the proposition which had been questioned had never been in doubt. It will usually be found that when this occurs it is because the matter in debate is of a very complicated or abstruse character, that some new aspect of it has been turned towards us, and that the impugners of the truth of the particular doctrine, losing sight of the more general considerations to which weight must be given, confine themselves to a special point, and are unwilling or unable to see that it is only on a complete survey of the whole field that a definite, and above all a just, conclusion can be reached.

In no branch of inquiry is this more common than in that

which deals with economic theory. This is perhaps not surprising. The subject is present to every one; it is very complicated, and, until the matter is closely examined, it appears to be more under the control of man than almost any other. Buying and selling is an invention of the human animal, and the operations which it involves are controlled by purely human rules which on the first blush seem to be quite arbitrary. Accordingly we find again and again in the history of human society endeavours made to influence the course of economics by modifying the rules.

Usury, condemned in Holy Writ, has been made the subject of many such attempts. These have mainly disappeared under more enlightened views of the properties of money, though recent legislation makes it doubtful whether, under favourable circumstances, we might not see the Legislature again interfering to protect borrowers yet more fully from themselves. "Engrossing," "forestalling," and "regrating" are terms which in their economic sense have become all but obsolete. Yet the statute book bristled with them at one time, until in 1843 they were swept away by the 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 24. Probably not one person in a thousand would even guess at the meaning of the word "owling," nor would many be wiser if they were told it had to do with sheep and wool. And not only have numerous attempts been made to alter the rules, but the same attempt actually made, found useless and abandoned by one generation, is repeated at a subsequent period and again abandoned, sometimes as the result of argument, sometimes as that of painful experience. No better example of the truth of this can be found than in the matter of the currency. Money, which appears to be the simplest thing in the world, is economically among the most complex, and presents itself under an infinite number of aspects. Accordingly we find, as one or other of its properties is brought prominently under notice, proposals are made to remedy some particular alleged inconvenience by some modification of the rules. We have seen (do now see in Turkey),

the export of gold forbidden; we have frequently seen the expedient of an inconvertible paper currency tried, and only the other day bi-metallism was proposed as a sovereign remedy for all our economic woes.

We may be annoyed therefore, but we need not be surprised, that we are to-day called upon to review and justify or reverse the economic opinions which we have docketed Free Trade and put away in the pigeon-holes of our mind. But even if the re-examination has no other result, it will not be without its value, for we shall in the process have got a clearer and more precise idea of the grounds on which we base our views. We are, however, entitled to complain that we are invited to undertake the examination for reasons which are incompatible if not mutually destructive. It seriously impedes our inquiry if it is to be conducted in order at the same time to discover a method of binding the Mother Country and her colonies closer together, a source of income from which to pension our artisans, and a means of protecting our industries. Yet at the outset all these objects would seem to have been present in the minds of those who put the question before the nation. It is true that the second appears to have been abandoned, and our inquest is limited to the first and the last. Let us then see whether on either or both of these grounds we ought to reconsider the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom.

But first we must clear away all doubt as to the position we occupy on the desirability of closer union between the component parts of the Empire. Rightly or wrongly we accept the imperial policy of this country. It is true that the wisdom of this policy has been questioned in the not very distant past; but since 1887, when the jubilee of the Queen drew our attention to the matter, till 1897, when the Diamond Jubilee showed what depths of imperial fervour existed in the nation, and then till the war proved that this patriotism was a real living thing for which our fellow subjects in the Dominions beyond the seas would suffer and die, it has become

clearer and clearer that the subjects of the King accept the imperial idea. If we ask what roots it has, we must, I think, agree that these lie deep in our history. The plain destiny of this country, for at least a century, has been towards that large and noble imperialism (as we may agree to call it) which we have ourselves seen develop with astonishing rapidity in the last ten or fifteen years. We may, indeed, go back to the seizure of Jamaica by Cromwell in 1655 to find a still earlier sign of the coming imperial development.

It has had many vicissitudes. Sometimes our governors in their ardour hindered that for which they strove, at others the development went on in spite of opposition from above. How long it will continue is a matter of little concern to us to-day; it is enough that for the present the prolific community of which we are members still seeks for an outlet for its energy. Fortunately its strivings have on the whole been in a direction the moralist can approve; for it may fairly be said that liberty of conscience, political, social, and religious, has been kept in the forefront as the object sought to be attained. I know what the carping critic says, I know the sneer of the cynic, of which a simple example may be given in the expression, now no longer current, which described the adventurer in India as having gone to "shake the pagoda tree." But, in fact, the pursuit of wealth was not, I believe, the motive producing the far-reaching results which have ended by spreading a girdle of British Colonies around the globe.

Since India has been referred to, it is worth while quoting the following passage from the letter of the Court of the East India Company, written at the end of the seventeenth century:

That which we promise ourselves in a most especiall manner from our new President and Council, is that they will establish such a politie of Civill and Military power, and create and secure such a large Revenue to maintaine both at that place, as may bee the foundation of a large, well grounded, sure English Dominion in India for all time to come. (To Fort St. George, 12 December 1687.)

It will be seen that this purely trading corporation within less than a century of its foundation in 1599 had already shown itself permeated with the imperial idea. To further this, no sacrifice is in my judgment too great, for I believe the present well-being and future progress of the nation is bound up with it.

Up to this point, therefore, there is no divergence between those who desire to alter our fiscal policy, and those who will consent to such alterations only when reasonable grounds are shown for thinking it will promote the well-being of the community as a whole. But when we are invited to reconsider, with a view to reversing, a policy of more than fifty years' standing, we require to be quite convinced that the object will be obtained without disadvantages which may possibly outweigh the benefits. And here a difficulty presents itself. Even now we are left to guess at the plan by which the benefits are to be secured. So lately as July 13 the *Times*, commenting on Sir William Harcourt's letter in that day's issue, observes :

It is very easy to clothe the expected proposals of Mr. Chamberlain in terms for which he is not responsible and the accuracy of which he would not be likely to admit, and then to bring against them telling arguments which may have no discoverable relation to any conditions which are likely actually to arise. . . . Those who now vanquish Mr. Chamberlain, and show the futility of his proposals before he has explained their nature, are not unlikely to discover that they have been wasting their time, and that they have even entangled themselves in verbal difficulties from which they may not find it easy to escape. . . . Mr. Chamberlain invites us to ascertain the facts with which we have to deal, and leads us to expect that, when we have done so, he will be prepared to offer for our consideration certain proposals having reference to them.

We have no indication as to the grounds on which so radical a change is to be recommended to the nation nor even of the nature of the proposals, and must be content to consider whether the change itself is advisable.

As I have said, two objects are held up to us for attainment : a closer union with our colonies and protection of our

trade. It seems, at all events, reasonable to ask—will any mere fiscal change attain either the one or the other?

First then as to a closer union with our colonies. If one thing is clearer than another it is that in the last generation the Colonies and the Mother Country have drawn closer and closer together. I have already referred to the growth of patriotic feeling in the Colonies for the Mother Country. It is one of the commonplaces of those who advocate a change to point out that our trade with the Colonies is increasing. Is it not a pertinent question to ask why should we seek to disturb the growth which is taking place? Moreover, that growth is larger than those who descant on it seem to be aware. A comparison in mere values obscures the facts. We know that prices have fallen seriously since, say, 1872, and, indeed, have undergone an almost continuous fall. It would be within the mark to say that what it took £100 to obtain at that date can be bought for £60 to-day. When we are told, therefore, that the value of our colonial import trade has increased from 79 millions to 105 millions in value in thirty years, or 138 per cent., it means that reckoned in bulk, in actual goods purchased and enjoyed, it has grown nearly two and a half times. It is unnecessary to labour the point. Our trade with our colonies is growing, and it seems not unreasonable to urge that we should not do anything which may interfere with this growth, particularly if the measure suggested might produce greater evils than it secures advantages. For one thing at least is clear, viz., that preferential tariffs as between the Colonies and the Mother Country are in contemplation.

Let us look at our colonial import trade. In 1902 it amounted to 109 millions. Of this 49 millions came from India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong, and the Niger Protectorates. These are free trade colonies and represent 45 per cent. of the whole. From the rest we took 60 millions. The following is a succinct analysis of this amount: We got from Australia and New Zealand butter, dye-stuffs, leather, meat, metals of various sorts, and their ores,

oils, shells, skins, tallow, wheat and wool, which, with sundry smaller articles of a like character, came to $30\frac{1}{2}$ millions of money.

From Canada and Newfoundland we got butter, cheese, eggs, fish, fruit, lard, leather, meat, metals and their ores, oil, paper and paper-making materials, skins, wheat and wood, and these, with sundry other articles, came to 22 millions.

From the Cape and Natal we got feathers, hides, metals and their ores, and wool, amounting with sundries to $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions.

From our West India possessions we got fruit, gums, spices, tallow, rum and sugar, and these, with sundries, amounted to 3 millions.

But let us see where this lands us. Our total imports in 1902 amounted to 528 millions sterling. A very summary analysis of this figure divides it as follows :—

	Millions
Food of all sorts	219
Raw materials	222
	<hr/> 441
Manufactures—General	73
Iron and Steel	14
	<hr/> 87
Total	<hr/> 528 millions.

I retain the distinction between food and raw materials, though, in fact, food is the raw material of that most important of finished products—Labour, and I separate iron and steel manufactures because I shall have occasion to refer to them again. No scheme which dealt only with the 87 millions of manufactures and neglected the 441 millions of food and raw materials would be of any service to the Colonies or ourselves. We are driven to the conclusion that the new tariff must deal with these. If so, we are to be asked to tax articles to the value of 381 millions sterling to benefit, say, 60 millions. The whole of our food and raw material is to go up in price to let less than one-seventh of it have some advantage in our market. Even if we include the free trade colonies we are to benefit one-fourth to the prejudice of the remaining three-fourths.

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But this is not all. It may be said that if we levy the taxes on imports we can take them off other items. From what items? Not customs, for they are to be raised. Excise? Will the teetotalers be pleased to see beer and spirits relieved? The death duties or the income-tax? Will this process recommend itself to the working classes, who regard themselves as already overtaxed? Moreover, if foreign feeding stuffs go up in price, is it possible to prevent our home produce rising also? Will the country at large be content to see landlord or farmer, or both, benefit? The difficulty of finding answers to these questions which will satisfy the electorate seems to me insuperable. I wait with some impatience and much curiosity until, in fulness of time, the nation is taken into the confidence of its new financial authority. Till they are answered I forbear to consider the probable animosity which we should arouse in seeking to further the trade of, say, Canada, while the demands of Australia or the Cape were not met to their satisfaction.

Let us turn to the question of protection to our home industry. In the first place, what is "this little isle set in the silver sea" but a teeming hive of industry? Its striving multitudes of men and women have long been more numerous than its soil can support; but in addition to this they have developed wants which its climate is not fitted to satisfy, and for both reasons it has looked in the past, it looks now, and, as far as we can see into the future, it must ever look to a great external trade. If its population continues to grow this will become more and more important. How, then, are we to satisfy these wants inherent in the nature of things and likely to become greater rather than less? I answer by leaving the conditions under which they may seek satisfaction as free from legislative trammels as possible, by allowing the energy of our people free development, their activity free scope. It may be said these are mere generalities, perhaps they may be called mere rhetoric. Let us come to something which is harder fact. What, let us ask ourselves, will a community such as I have

described seek, what will it endeavour to offer in exchange? Surely it will seek, in the first place, the basis on which to found its industry, nourishment for its people, raw materials for them to work on, and in exchange for these it will offer the manufactured article. We have seen above that this is precisely what in fact takes place. The tendency will therefore be more and more for such a community to pile on its exports more and more of its labour, so that it may be able in exchange to get more and more of the necessities and luxuries of life. But perhaps it may be asked, How if there comes along one who has precisely similar articles to sell, and who seeks to eject us from the markets we possess, perhaps even to invade us at home? Well, I am fully convinced of one thing, that over time and in the mass you can only sell men what they want. In this country we want food and raw material, we do not want, except by way of exception, the finished articles; and though for a period it is possible that we may find our home markets invaded by them, in the long run, there is no risk to our industries, and this for a very simple reason. The foreign vendor does not come to this country on any philanthropic mission. He has the same object in view as we have, wants to supply, tastes to gratify, and unless he can secure these in malt or meal he will take his wares elsewhere. But it is suggested that the foreign invader of our markets looks upon this country as an orange to be squeezed and cast aside. It is difficult to regard this suggestion with patience. The artisan income of Great Britain amounts to fully two million pounds per day, and in order to earn that two million pounds the nation must work to-day, not have worked yesterday nor be willing to work to-morrow. Can any reasonable man contemplate the ruin of this great revenue-earning machine? And I am only talking of the artisan income. The brains which direct the national enterprise, the expert advice which assists it in times of trouble and anxiety, probably represent yet another million pounds per diem, and the interest on the national capital at least

as much again. That is a goose whose daily golden eggs are of infinitely more value than its beak and its bones, and I come to the conclusion that the most self-seeking millionaire from over the Atlantic will rather see it cackling about the farm-yard than hanging up in the larder. But it is said the foreign buyer refuses to have your goods, imposes hostile tariffs against you, and keeps you out of his market. This threat leaves me quite unmoved. I am not concerned to ask whether he wants to buy, I know he wants to sell, and, selling, has no other alternative but to buy. If, selling to me, he refuses to take my commodities, he must be willing to take something in their stead, and the person from whom he takes them must take from me. The foreign seller no more than I desires to hoard his gold in a stocking, he wants it for use, for enjoyment, and use or enjoyment of it can only be got by exchanging it for other commodities. Far from stifling my trade he must encourage it, my wants helping to the satisfaction of his.

But supposing none of these arguments is felt to be convincing I think those who hold to Free Trade may fairly ask, "What do you propose to tax?" I have already endeavoured to show that the taxation of food and raw materials will not be acceptable to the community. How will it help our home industries? The cost of living will be raised. Whether wages will rise is an economic question on which I will not embark here. If they do our cost of production will rise. If they do not it seems hardly doubtful that great discontent in the mass of the population will follow. A tax on raw materials labours under the same disadvantage of raising our cost of production and rendering us less able to compete in the markets of the world. We are left to consider the 87 millions of manufactured articles. The only reason we buy these is because they are cheap and we want them for the purpose of our livelihood or our trade. How will our position be improved by making them dearer? We buy from America or Germany because we are offered what we require. No

compulsion is put upon us to buy or abstain from buying. It is to be hoped that the freedom we now possess may not be taken from us by people who do not know our needs half as well as we do ourselves.

The out-and-out protectionist is apt to point to America and to Germany as demonstrating the soundness of his views. With regard to America the circumstances are by no means similar. An enormous country, sparsely populated, with huge mineral wealth, undergoing rapid development, and with its population increasing at great speed, differs in almost every particular from Great Britain, and so I leave America on one side. But before doing so I should like to observe that a fiscal policy which has produced a rank crop of multi-millionaires has hardly said the last word on communal welfare. As to Germany, every newspaper teems with complaints as to her financial and social position. Not for nothing do anarchy and socialism (the opposite poles, perhaps, of social discontent) flourish in the Fatherland; not for nothing do the Agrarians, already benefited by a protective tariff, clamour for more and yet more; not for nothing was the Jove on the Thames besought (and, foolish creature, consented) to come and help poor Germany out of her Sugar Bounty rut.

In conclusion I ask of what are we afraid, what protection do we require? About one-sixth of our imports are manufactures, and of these again about one-sixth consist of iron and steel goods. Like the rest of our imports they were sold to willing buyers who, it may be assumed, saw their way to profit or pleasure. Why interfere? In the same year we exported 52 millions' worth of iron and steel goods. We sold these at a profit, as our income-tax returns would clearly prove. Leave the iron trade as free in the future as it has been in the past, and those engaged in it, left as far as may be untrammelled by legislative interference, will carry it on with profit to themselves, to the ever-increasing benefit of

their workmen, and the immense advantage of the nation. I speak from an experience of upwards of forty years, during which time I have seen this process continuously taking place, and it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that the next forty years will tell a like tale of progress and prosperity.

HUGH BELL.

NOTES ON THE CONCLAVE

THE DEATH OF THE POPE

WHEN Leo Pontifex Maximus XIII., Ruler of the World, Father of Princes and Kings, Earthly Vicar of Jesus Christ, shall have reached the end of his life in this world, he will receive absolution and a plenary indulgence in the article of death from Cardinal-Penitentiary Antonio Agliardi.

Before the College of Cardinals assembled at his bedside, he will make his final profession of faith. While he is in his agony, by ancient custom the pontifical nephews and familiars participate in his effects.

THE VERIFICATION OF DEATH

When he has submitted to the laws of mortality, the Cardinal-Chamberlain Luigi Oreglia di San Stefano, in a violet cappa, attended by the clerks of the apostolic chamber in black, thrice will tap the cadaver on the brow with a silver mallet, invoking the dead Pope first by his pontifical name *Leo*, secondly by his christian name *Gioacchino Vincenzo Rafaele Luigi*, thirdly by the pet name by which his mother called him in babyhood *Nino*. When no sign of life ensues, apostolic prothonotaries, kneeling, write the act of death, and record the vacancy in the Paparchy.

PONTIFICAL SIGILS AND INTER-PONTIFF

The Fisherman's Ring, called "The Little Peter in a Boat," of massive gold worth 100 crowns, is taken from the dead hand by the Cardinal-Chamberlain, broken, and divided among the *caerimonarii*. All other sigils are delivered by the Apostolic-Datary to the Cardinal-Chamberlain, and destroyed by him in the presence of the Auditor and the Treasurer. The Cardinal-Chamberlain (as Cardinal-Dean of Bishops), assisted by Cardinal-Prior-Presbyter Netto (the Patriarch of Lisbon), and Cardinal-Archdeacon Luigi Macchi, assume the government of the Church.

EVISCERATION

Within twenty-four hours the cadaver is eviscerated by Drs. Lapponi and Mazzoni. The viscera, extracted through a slit in the carotid, are enclosed in a sealed crystal vase; and deposited in the Church of Sts. Vincent and Anastasius by the Fountain of Trevi, in accordance with the Bull of Leo XII., A.D. 1824.

THE LYING-IN-STATE

The cadaver is embalmed, washed, shaved, and pontifically vested by the Penitentiaries of St. Peter's, who place a mitre on the head and a chalice in the hands. It is deposited on a lofty bier in the Trinity Chapel of the Vatican Basilica, with the feet protruded through the grille for the osculations of the faithful.

SEPULTURE

On the third day, the cadaver is put into a lead coffin with a medal from each cardinal of Leo XIII.'s creation; the shell is included in a cypress coffin, and immured by torchlight over the second pillar in the left aisle of St. Peter's, next to the tomb of the Stewarts. Here it must remain for at least one

year before its translation to the permanent tomb already chosen. The expenses are borne by the Apostolic Chamber.

THE NOVENDIALIA

On the first and ninth days after the death of the Pope two hundred requiems are intoned, the first and last by a cardinal-bishop assisted by four mitred cardinals; on each of the other seven days one hundred requiems are intoned.

THE CONCLAVE

On the tenth day, cardinals from all parts of the world reach Rome: the mass of the Holy Spirit is intoned, a sermon is preached by some eloquent friar, and, surrounded by the Swiss Guard, their Eminences go (singing *Veni Creator Spiritus*) to the cells which they are to occupy till they have elected a Pope. Cardinal Oreglia's cell is hung with green, because he is a creature of Pius IX. All the other cells are hung with violet, because their inhabitants are creatures of Leo. XIII. Each cardinal's armorials are blazoned over the entrance to his cell. A bed, a table, and a chair are all the furniture.

THE IMMURATION

After taking possession of their cells, their Eminences adjourn to the Pauline Chapel to hear the reading of the pontifical Bulls directing elections. Until three hours after sunset, ambassadors of sovereigns, and the people, have access to the Conclave. Then the heralds shout "All out"; the doors are shut, all doors and windows are bricked up, and all chimneys (except one) are capped. The outer door is locked on the inside by the Cardinal-Chamberlain, on the outside by Prince Chigi, the Hereditary Marshal of the Holy Roman Church. Sick conclavists may retire this way, but they may not return. Apostolic prothonotaries record this immuration as an Act of the Conclave.

THE CONCLAVISTS

Every cardinal is attended by a chaplain and a valet. Cardinal-princes, such as Kopp of Breslau, and infirm cardinals, such as Capecehatro of Naples, may use two body-servants. There are also a sacristan with sub-sacristans, masters of ceremonies, secretaries with their servants, a Jesuit confessor, a physician, a surgeon, a pharmacist, a mason, a carpenter, with their respective boys, and a host of domestic prelates and menials. All these take a stringent oath of secrecy.

FOOD AND DRINK

passes into the Conclave by a little turn-table near the principal door. It is all rigorously examined by Cardinal-censors to detect letters or communications surreptitiously sent to their Eminences by externs. The rigour of conclavial seclusion has been relaxed on very important occasions. In the Conclave of 1800, on the Isle of St. George by Venice, an Englishman, named Oakley, was permitted to enter, for the purpose of delivering to the Cardinal Duke of York the announcement of King George III.'s intention to provide that "august personage" with an income of £4000 per annum.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL

Here are erected thrones for the cardinals: green for Oreglia, violet for the rest. The canopy of each throne is demissible by a cord. Silver basins full of voting papers stand on a table before the altar. On the altar is a huge gold chalice covered by a paten.

MODES OF ELECTION

The new Pope is elected *By Compromise*—that is, when the cardinals nominate certain of their number as Compromisaries with power to name the Pope; or *By Inspiration*—i.e., when two-thirds plus one of the cardinals present shout the name of a certain cardinal, "Svampa is Pope," or "Gotti is Pope"; or *By Adoration*—i.e., when the minimum majority





of two-thirds plus one spontaneously proceed to adore a certain cardinal (Leo XIII. was elected in this way); or *By Scrutiny*—i.e., when each cardinal secretly records a written vote; or *By Accession*—i.e., when, the Scrutiny having failed to give the minimum majority to any cardinal, the opponents of the cardinal whose tally is the highest shall accede to him.

ELIGIBLE PERSONS

In theory, the election of a Pope is a patent manifestation of the operation of the Holy Spirit; and *Ubi Spiritus ibi Libertas*. Hence, not only all cardinals, but also all baptized males are eligible for the Paparchy. The first Pope, St. Peter, was not a cardinal before his nomination. John XII. (955–968) was a youth of eighteen. Benedict IX. (1033–1048) was a little boy of ten (*puer fere decennis*).

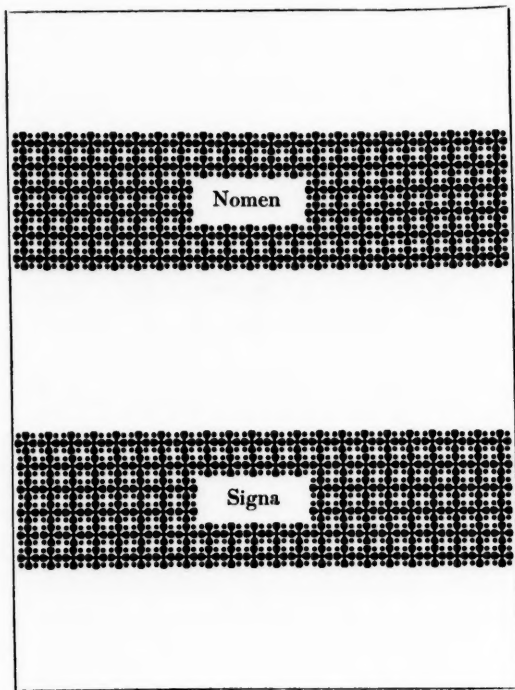
THE FORM OF THE VOTING PAPER

Of the *Scrutiny* (inside).

Ego Cardinalis	
	
Eligo in Summum Pontificem Reverendissimum Dominum meum Dominum Cardinalem	
	
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Of the *Accession* (inside) the same as above, except that the middle compartment contains the words: "Accedo Reverendissimo Domino meo, Domino Cardinali."

Of the *Scrutiny* and *Accession* (outside).



These voting papers are about a hand's breadth in length, and half as broad. The cardinals, seated each on his throne, disguise their writing, and take the most meticulous precautions against being overlooked. At the top, each elector writes his own name, folds it down and seals it at the two appointed places. In the middle he writes the name of the baptized male (cardinal or otherwise) whom he is moved to elect; and this portion he does not fold over. At the bottom, he writes his own motto; folds it up, and seals it at the two appointed places. Nothing now is visible save the name of the person to whom the vote is given, and the back of the paper is heavily engraved so that

the name of the voter and his motto shall not be read through it. Such a voting paper when filled up might appear as follows :—

Ego Cardinalis <i>Hieronimus Maria Gotti</i>	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; width: 60px; height: 60px; margin: 0 auto; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center;"> Seal </div>	<div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; width: 60px; height: 60px; margin: 0 auto; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center;"> Seal </div>
Eligo in Summum Pontificem Reverendissimum Dominum meum Dominum Cardinalem <i>Dominicum Svampa</i>	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; width: 60px; height: 60px; margin: 0 auto; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center;"> Seal </div>	<div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; width: 60px; height: 60px; margin: 0 auto; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center;"> Seal </div>
Simples sicut pueri : sagaces sicut serpentes	

THE VOTING

One by one their Eminences approach the altar holding aloft their votes between the thumb and index fingers of their ringed right hands ; aloud they severally swear : “ Before Christ the Lord, who is to be my Judge, I attest that I have chosen him whom I judge fittest to be chosen, if it be according to God’s Will ; and at the Accession I will do the like.” He puts the vote on the paten, tilts the last till the vote slips into the chalice, replaces the paten, and reverts to his throne. When all have voted, Oreglia, Netto and Macchi bring the chalice down to the table, from which the silver basins have

been removed. A ciborium, empty, is placed beside the full chalice.

THE SCRUTINY

The names of all the cardinals are written on little snips of parchment. Each snip is rolled up and placed in a hole in a lead ball. The balls are put into a huge violet burse. The junior Cardinal-Deacon (Felix Cavagnis?) shakes it, draws out three, and the names written on these three snips are the names of the Cardinal-Scrutators, who now have charge of the voting. They watch the full chalice, while the Augustinian sacristan at the altar intones the mass of The Holy Ghost. Then, the said chalice is vigorously shaken by the Senior Scrutator. The Junior Scrutator counts the votes from the chalice into the ciborium; and, if the number of them does not correspond with the number of cardinals present, they are burned, and the voting is repeated. All being correct, the three Scrutators sit at the table in face of the College; the Senior Scrutator takes the votes one by one, reads his name to whom the vote is given, passes it to the next Scrutator, who silently reads and passes it to the Junior Scrutator, who proclaims the name, and files the vote on a needle threaded with a skein of violet silk, piercing the word "Eligo." Each cardinal records each suffrage on a printed tally.

THE ACCESSION

If no cardinal has obtained the minimum majority of two-thirds plus one of the number of electors, recourse is had to Accession (of which the form has been given), in order that their Eminences may have a chance of amending their suffrages by acceding to the cardinal whose tally in the Scrutiny is the highest. The Accession papers are filled, deposited, ceremonially shaken, solemnly surveyed, proclaimed, filed, and recorded on tallies, as in the Scrutiny.

THE POST-SCRUTINY

The Senior Cardinal Scrutator takes the Accession papers of him whose tally is highest. Of these, he opens the lower part, silently comprehends the seals and mottoes, passes each one to the next Scrutator, who does likewise, and passes the document to the Junior Scrutator, who proclaims both seals and mottoes and records them on a list. The same is done with the votes of the Scrutiny; and, if it be found that any cardinal has voted for one and the same in both Scrutiny and Accession, then the latter is nulled. The top of the votes only is opened by the Senior Scrutator, under observation of his coadjutors, in order to settle discrepancies. These functions are performed twice daily, after morning mass and after evening hymn to The Holy Spirit, until such time as that the Church is provided with a valid and legitimate Paparch. Each time that a Scrutiny or an Accession is declared futile, the votes are burned on a bundle of straw in a stove whose chimney extends into the Piazza di San Pietro, where the Romans are used to watch for the puff of smoke; and, on seeing it, they go home, saying "Domeniddio sends us no Pope to-day."

FACTIONS AND VETO

Formerly, the Holy Roman Emperor, the Catholic King of Spain, and the Christian King of France claimed the right of vetoing the election of cardinals who appeared likely to be disagreeable. At present there is no Roman Emperor, for the last (Francis II.) resigned that style on assuming the title of "Austrian Emperor" in August 1806. The German Emperor, William of Hohenzollern, pious magniloquent grandson of the Divine Victoria, might become "Cæsar Semper Augustus" (if he were Catholic) on the death of the present Austrian Emperor. Meanwhile, the Catholic King of Spain is a foreign hobbledehoy and quite impotent; and there is no Christian King *de facto* of France. Wherefore it may be said that

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European politics will not influence the Conclave of 1904. The conflict will be between the will-power and ambitions of individuals, or between ecclesiastical factions. In the latter event, its object will be the destruction of United Italy, and the reconstitution of that Temporal Demesne of the Paparch which the magnificent invincible Alexander VI. won at the sword's point, which his successor, the diabolic plebeian Julius II., with the sword's keen edge consolidated, and which Pius IX. lost by the fortune of war to Victor Emanuel II. of Savoy in 1870. The Church appears determined publicly to compete with the world. The arts of holy living and holy dying may be practised privately. The factions in the ensuing Conclave will be but two in number—Spiritual and Temporal—and “Christ guides the barque of Peter so that she never can sink,” said the exquisite St. Antonine of Florence (whose quality all the world admires and loves) at the election of Calixtus III. four hundred and fifty years ago.

THE ELECT APOSTLE

When at last, by Inspiration, Adoration, Scrutiny, Accession or Compromise, a Pope is elected, the act of the Conclave is recorded by apostolic prothonotaries; and all the cardinals sign and seal it. Cardinal-Archdeacon Macchi and the second Cardinal-Deacon Steinhuber the Jesuit demand the Elect's assent to his own election. His Holiness is conducted to the rear of the altar, where he indues himself with pontifical habits (three sizes are provided to suit the stature of any Pope): a cassock of white taffetas with cincture, a fair white linen rochet, the pontifical stole, a white skull-cap, an almuce of crimson velvet and ermine, shoes of crimson velvet embroidered with gold crosses, and a new Ring of the Fisherman for his index finger. He is placed in a chair before the altar; and the Cardinal-Dean of Bishops demands of him the new name by which he will be known. [The custom of taking a new name on assuming the Paparchy arose with Sergius III.

(904-911), whose proper name was Pigface (Osporci).] Each cardinal releases the cord of his canopy, which falls down; for, in the presence of Christ's Vicar not even an Emperor may remain covered. The conclavists proceed to pillage the cell lately occupied by His Holiness.

ADORATION

This function should not be misconstrued by those whose predilection is to think ungenerously of the Ancient Faith. The Adoration is rendered to God, whose Vicegerent here on earth is the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter and of Cæsar; to which last divine honours were paid. Cardinal-Archdeacon Macchi lifts the Supreme Pontiff on to the altar of the Sistine Chapel; and, in their order, the cardinals kiss the cross on his shoe and the ring on his hand, and receive the kiss of peace over both shoulders. If, by chance, at the moment of his election the Pope should lack Holy Orders, he is ordained deacon and priest and consecrated bishop by the Cardinal-Dean. For the Pope is Bishop of Rome.

PROCLAMATION

The mason breaks open the walled-up door; and the Cardinal-Archdeacon there proclaims, "I announce to you great joy: we have for a Pope the Lord Cardinal (Domenico Svampa) who wills to be called (Pyrophenges the First)." In the ages of faith this proclamation was repeated on the balcony of St. Peter's, and there the Pontiff imparted Apostolic Benediction to the City and the world. At his election in 1878, Leo XIII. wished to observe this order: but his curial prelates, anxious not to bless the Golden City where reigned the Sabaudo King Humbert the Martyr, informed the Pope that the window of the balcony (closed since 1870) could not be unfastened; and practically hullabalooed and hustled His Holiness into St. Peter's.

INCORONATION

The insignia of the apostolate are the Fisherman's Ring, the Keys of Heaven and Hell, the Triple Cross, the Triple Crown, Tiara, or Triregno. The Pope receives the Ring at his election. A few days later, he is crowned by the Cardinal-Archdeacon in the basilica of St. Peter-by-the-Vatican. On the morning of his incoronation he is awakened by a procession of curial prelates who gravely ostend the bronze figure of a crowing cock in remembrance of the fall of his first predecessor, St. Peter. In the Sistine Chapel he is vested for mass in red, with precious mitre of gold and gems. Preceded by seven acolyths with seven candles and the triple cross, he descends to St. Peter's. At the Holy Door he receives the homage of the Chapter. At the Gregorian Chapel he receives cardinalitial and prelatial homage. Ambassadors and hereditary princes join his train. The Hereditary Princes-Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, Colonna and Orsini, walk at his right and left, equally placed lest, in view of their immemorial, interminable, incomprehensible, hereditary feud, they should fight for precedence.

THE FOUR LAVATIONS

The Pontiff washes his hands four times. At the first lavation, water is presented by the Conservator of the Roman People; at the second, by the Generalissimo of the Pontifical Army; at the third, by the Ambassador of the Christian King of France; at the fourth, by the Ambassador of the Roman Emperor. Who is now the Conservator of the Roman People? King Vittoresmanuele III. di Savoia? Who is now the Christian King of France? Don Carlos de Bourbon, or Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, or Monsieur Emile Loubet? Who is now Imperator Cæsar Semper Augustus? The pious, magnanimous William of Hohenzollern? The Father of princes and kings alone can say.

SIC TRANSIT

The paraphernalia of God's Vicegerent glitters with gold and gems. All that this earth holds of best and mightiest ministers at his footstool. And this is the moment when the meanest acolyth of the court holds up before his eyes a bunch of flax, lights it, and, as it flames and dies, intones: "Behold Most Holy Father how that the glory of this world passeth away."

THE MASS OF INCORONATION

Seven huge candles are lighted on the pontifical altar, beneath the giant baldaquin of gilded bronze, three on each side of the crucifix, one behind it. The Pope says the *Confiteor*, ascends the throne, and the Cardinal-Archdeacon invests him with the pallium (which he at all times will wear in sign of universal jurisdiction), saying: "Receive the Sacred Pall, the plenitude of pontifical office, in honour of the Lord God Omnipotent, of His most glorious Virgin Mother, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and of the Holy Roman Church." After the *Gloria*, the Cardinal-Archdeacon, with a crowd of Consistorial Advocates and Auditors of the Ruota, descends beneath the altar by the ninety-five ever-burning lamps to the shrine of St. Peter, where he intones the versicle, "Give ear, O Christ." The weird inhuman voices of eunuchs of the pontifical quire respond: "To our Lord the Supreme Pontiff, to the Pope by God decreed." Again they supplicate: "O Saviour of the world, hear him." A Latin sub-deacon intones the Litanies of the Saints. On the altar, a Latin sub-deacon intones the *Epistle* in Latin; a Greek sub-deacon intones it in Greek. A cardinal-deacon intones the *Gospel* in Latin; another cardinal-deacon intones it in Greek.

VENOM

After a Conclave there generally are some disappointed cardinals. When the Pope is to offer bread and wine, a

sacristan brings three breads on a paten. The Pope selects one, lays it on the corporal of the altar, and watches the sacristan eat the two breads which remain. A crystal ewer of wine, and another of water, are presented. The Pope puts a little of both into the chalice, and watches the sacristan drink the remainder. After consecration, His Holiness elevates the Host to the four quarters of the globe, amid the clang of presented arms and the thrill of silver trumpets in the dome. When the Pope is to take communion, he ascends his throne, and cardinal-deacons bring the Sacred Host and the Chalice. Thrice he breaks the Host; one Particle he himself consumes, the cardinal-deacons eat the other two. An equal ceremonial is kept with the Chalice, in order that the Supreme Pontiff may not be envenomed in the Eucharist.

HONORARIUM

When the mass is ended, the Cardinal Archpresbyter of St. Peter's offers to the Pope a white damask purse containing twenty-five gold crowns as "honorarium for a mass well sung." He deigns it to the cardinal-deacons who sang the *Gospel* in Latin and Greek; who, in turn, demit it to the *camilli* in lace and vermilion who bear the burden of their Eminences' trains.

THE TRIPLE CROWN

Borne on his lofty throne, surrounded by flabellifers beating the incense-laden air with fans of peacocks' tails, the Pope goes to the balcony of benediction. Here the Cardinal-Archdeacon crowns him with the three-fold crown, intoning the tremendous formula, "Receive this tiara, adorned with three crowns, and know thyself to be the Ruler of the World, the Father of princes and kings, and on earth Vicar of Jesus Christ our Saviour." Arising crowned, the Paparch imparts Apostolic Benediction: "May Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless you;" and he retires into the Vatican, while two cardinals publish a plenary indulgence in Latin and Italian.

THE LATERAN THRONE

As Bishop of Rome, the Pope's Holiness, either in person or by proxy, must take formal possession of, and be enthroned at, the cathedral of the Apostolic diocese. That cathedral is not the basilica of St. Peter-by-the-Vatican, as vulgarly is imagined, but St. John's in *Laterano*, *Omnium Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*, the most important church in Christendom. But this involves a resplendent progress through the streets of Rome, and no Pope has set his foot outside the Vatican since 1870 (except when Leo. XIII. was driven to the Barbarini palace and across the *Via Della Zecca* in 1890): nor will His Holiness emerge from this seclusion, so some say, as long as Italy remains United. Alas, then, the ensuing pageants will be deprived of much of their prefulgent splendour, and the obsequies of Leo. XIII., with the election and incoronation of this successor, will be celebrated in obscurity and with mutilated rites.

FRED. WILL. ROLFE.

THE BRONZE MEDALLION IN HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE magnificent examples of Florentine bronze-work which are the chief glory of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey have received an important addition during the last few weeks in the shape of a very notable portrait-bust presented to the Abbey by Sir J. Charles Robinson, C.B., formerly Keeper of the Queen's Pictures. Though it is impossible to find either the name of the sculptor or the name of his subject inscribed upon the bronze, there is good reason for believing this fine medallion to be the work of Pietro Torrigiano, and to represent Sir Thomas Lovell, K.G., Speaker of the House of Commons, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chancellor of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who died in 1524, after having been executor both to Henry VII. and to his mother, Lady Margaret Tudor, Duchess of Richmond. That the Dean and Chapter are inclined to believe the correctness of the evidence for this double attribution is clear from their admirable choice of a position for this latest of the national treasures that are stored within the historic walls they guard. The medallion is hung upon the railings just above Torrigiano's masterpiece, the tomb of the Lady Margaret; and its modern outer frame has been retained, with its decoration of Tudor roses, which is quite in the style of the period,

and adds much to the importance of the whole. The bust, and the Garter surrounding its quaintly authoritative head-dress, are all of the original and ancient handiwork; and, as may be seen from the reproduction which accompanies these pages, this strongly-moulded face is fitly cast in bronze. The broad, firm modelling of that decisive mouth and chin—a mouth which shows the authoritative smile of undisputed power—is evidently the work of a sculptor whose *technique* was as assured as his grasp of character was unfaltering. It will be worth while considering the circumstances which so beneficially brought together “Peter Torissany of the City of Florence” and the English Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Intimate commercial relations had existed between England and Florence at least from the time of Edward III. But not one of the very greatest artists of the golden age of Italy set foot in England. The only work they ever did that was destined for this country is the St. George which the Duke of Urbino commissioned Raphael to paint for Henry VII.; and this is no longer here. But at the very time that Michelangelo was beginning the Sistine Chapel, the hot-headed young student who broke his nose and disfigured him for life was at work in London on the tomb which Lord Bacon described as “the stateliest and daintiest in Europe.” It is probable that Torrigiano came to England as early as 1509, the date of Henry VII.’s death. The date of the contract for that monarch’s monument is October 26, 1512, drawn up between the Florentine and the King’s executors, of whom Sir Thomas Lovell was one. It is preserved only in the draft indenture for the proposed monument of Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine, now in the Public Record Office. Henry VII.’s tomb was finished before January 1518–19, and within the period covered by the work upon it must be placed the date of the tomb of Dr. Young, designed by Torrigiano, in the old Rolls Chapel. The shape of the cap and the treatment of the throat in the fine recumbent figure of this monument (in terra-cotta)

should particularly be compared with the bronze relievo which the Abbey owes to Sir J. C. Robinson. The former is now preserved in the museum of the Record Office, and can be examined in better light. It seems hardly likely, however, that the weakly designed Christ and cherubs above the figure came from the same hand which modelled the beautiful angels in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Young was one of the very few persons present at the laying of the foundation stone of Henry VII.'s chapel in 1503, and his duties would easily have brought him into contact with the sculptor of the King's monument later on.

In this, the old English rule limiting the size of the top of the tomb by the length of the life-sized recumbent effigy is only nominally observed, for the bold and richly decorated cavetto moulding of white marble gives a spreading form to the upper part of the tomb which unites it to a main body of magnificent dimensions; and the retention of the altar form was no doubt due to the admiration created by the monument of the Lady Margaret, of which this, her son's tomb, is essentially a glorified version. The wreaths which encircle the gilded medallions of saints upon the longer sides are not in bronze, but in black marble, or "touch." The reason may be that in the Lady Margaret's tomb, though the whole of the decorative work elsewhere is carved in marble, the blazons on the shields are thin plates of bronze inserted into a space left for them, possibly because the heraldic work was entrusted to an English workman, who executed it separately. If so, the approbation excited by the mother's tomb may well have led to a similar treatment of detail in the son's. In any case the same hand carved the wreaths on both. The large rose in very high relief, supported by a greyhound and a dragon, on the west end, are undoubtedly English work. But it is, of course, the magnificent and thoroughly Italian treatment of the royal effigies, and the four corner angels, all in gilded bronze, that gives its greatest value to Torrigiano's design. They have been wonderfully preserved, and almost the only injury

sustained is in the forearm of the south-west figure, which was originally a separate casting from the rest.

The dignity and comparative simplicity of the Lady Margaret's monument commends itself to me more than the ornate work of the royal tomb, and its scheme of decoration in black marble and gilded bronze takes nothing from the appeal made by the figure itself to the spectator.

If excuse were needed here for drawing attention to these splendid works of art, which have not only been preserved, but to a certain extent concealed by their elaborate screen, it would be found in the fact that so acute a critic as the late J. Addington Symonds, only attributed to Torrigiano "some fragments of bronze" in England. This was in a note to his admirable translation to Cellini's autobiography. Benvenuto was hardly the man to conceal his sympathies about the quarrel which drove Torrigiano out of Italy and left its mark for ever upon Michelangelo; and when the Florentine returned from England, "where he had resided many years," Cellini says of him that he

had a splendid person and a most arrogant spirit, with the air of a great soldier more than a sculptor, especially in regard to his vehement gestures and his resonant voice, together with a habit he had of knitting his brows, enough to frighten any man of courage. He kept talking every day about his gallant feats among those beasts of Englishmen.

Fortunately, it is only his artistic feats with which posterity has been concerned; and there is yet another, executed after his return to London early in 1520, which deserves mention. Only some parts of it have survived, but these were restored, as near as might be, to their original place by Dean Stanley when he erected the present Communion Table in Henry VII.'s chapel, on the site of the old altar. It is supported by two of Torrigiano's original square pillars, containing the device of the portcullis and some beautiful decorative carving. They were found and recognised by Dr. Middleton in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The high altar, with its baldacchino, was destroyed by the fanatics of the Civil War. Again we find

(from the contract preserved in the British Museum) that marble and gilt bronze were the chief materials used. The marble frieze, delicately carved with roses and fleurs-de-lis, some three feet eight inches in length, which now rests on the Communion Table, was originally the base or rest for the royal arms in marble which surmounted the old canopy. It was discovered by Dean Stanley at the entrance of Henry VII.'s vault. The angels bearing instruments of the Passion at the corners of the canopy were of terra-cotta; and in concluding this short notice of the Florentine work in England of this period, I must also mention the splendid terra-cotta panel of Cardinal Wolsey's arms at Hampton Court, and the fine series of roundels of the Caesars, by Giovanni da Maiano, at the same place.

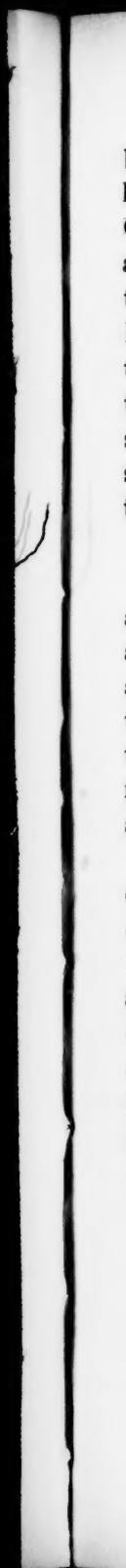
The history of the medallion, which must now be added to our examples of the Italian Renaissance in England, is not without an interest of its own, which largely testifies to the authenticity of the relievo. In January 1896, Sir J. Charles Robinson exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries "a bronze medallion with a portrait bust of an elderly man, wearing a cap, encircled by the Garter, $17\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, recently obtained at a sale of miscellaneous works of art from Weeting Hall, Norfolk, being the residue of collections made during a long series of years by Mr. Angerstein." It was recognised as the work of Torrigiano, but the subject was still uncertain. In March 1901, Mr. Lionel Cust, Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, was reminded of this bronze relievo by his inspection of a very interesting head in coloured plaster, the property of Mr. Alfred Peachey, which had been exhibited in the New Gallery as a "wax mask of Henry VIII." (Tudor Exhibition Catalogue, No. 881). It came into Mr. Peachey's possession by inheritance through the Viscountess Sundon, who was given it in October 1732 by John Wainwright, Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. To him it had passed from the family of Bishop Smalridge, a famous divine in the days of Queen Anne, who was Dean of Christchurch and Bishop of

Bristol. By the time this plaster head reached Mr. Cust, Sir J. C. Robinson had determined that all the evidence pointed to his medallion being the portrait of Sir Thomas Lovell, K.G., and Mr. Cust was therefore able to suggest that the plaster cast which had come to the public notice at almost the same time was either Lovell's death-mask, used for the effigy of the dead man at his funeral, or, more probably, a cast of the effigy carven upon his tomb.

Strongly Lancastrian in politics, the Lovell family had lived in Norfolk since the fourteenth century, and Thomas was the fifth son of Sir Ralph Lovell of Barton Bendish. Thomas entered at Lincoln's Inn, and traces of his presence there still remain in the ancient brick gateway, to the building of which he largely contributed, for on the entrance archway is his coat of arms, surrounded with the Garter, as is the Abbey relievo. He was attainted in the first Parliament of Richard III., but returned with Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Richmond, fought at Bosworth Field, and obtained the reversal of his attainder in Henry VII.'s first Parliament. Other honours and rewards soon followed. In October 1485, he was created Chancellor of the Exchequer for life, receiving various other important and remunerative offices about the Court. In the same year he represented Northamptonshire in Parliament, and for three years he was Speaker of the House of Commons. On June 9, 1487, he was knighted for further services against Lambert Simnel, becoming Treasurer of the Household and President of the Council. In 1503 he was created a Knight of the Garter. With so many opportunities, he easily amassed a considerable fortune, and married first Eleanor, daughter of Jeffrey Ratcliffe; and second, Isabel, daughter of Edward, Lord Roos of Hamlake, from whose family he inherited the house at Elsing, near Enfield, in Middlesex, where he died in 1524. In 1504, as Chancellor of both Universities, he was able to give special attention to Cambridge, for he was the executor of the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who founded St. John's College, and he himself contributed to the



Bronze Medallion Portrait of Sir Thomas Lovell, K.G. By Pietro Torrigiano
Now in Westminster Abbey



building of Caius College. Under Henry VIII. he continued his services as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was made Constable of the Tower and Steward of the Household. His appearance in Shakespeare will be remembered in this connection; for in "Henry VIII.," Act v., sc. 1, he meets Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in the Palace, and it is to him and to the King that the birth of the Princess is announced for which the "Old Lady" got the hundred marks which she considered so insufficient a reward for her important tidings. In the second Act he accompanies Buckingham to execution. In the first Act he describes

The reformation of our travelled gallants
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors,

a sentiment that you can almost hear issuing from the shrewd and slightly contemptuous lips of Torrigiano's portrait. In another scene he is addressed by Wolsey, evidently as one of the Masters of the Ceremonies in the famous masque at which the King fell in love with Anne Bullen; and after Wolsey's rise to power he seems to have withdrawn from taking any active part in politics.

The bust presented to the nation by Sir J. C. Robinson was originally placed over the entrance archway of the gatehouse of East Herling, the great country-house built by Sir Thomas Lovell for himself in Norfolk, which Gregory Lovell allowed to fall into ruins at the end of the seventeenth century. In his history of Norfolk (I. p. 219), Blomefield speaks of Sir Thomas as its builder, and says: "On the Tower his arms still remain, and a brass bust of his own likeness surrounded with the Garter." It can scarcely be doubted that this "brass bust" is the bronze relievo brought by Sir J. C. Robinson from Weeting Hall, close by its ancient home. Always a great builder, Sir Thomas followed the contemporary fashion in erecting his own monument during his lifetime, in the chapel of the nunnery of Holywell in Shoreditch, which he reconstructed and practically refounded. Like so many of the City conventual churches, this was destroyed at the dissolution

of the religious houses, and it is impossible now to admire the white marble tomb for which Torrigiano no doubt provided a design with those gilt bronze ornaments which had been so successful in the Abbey. It is true that Torrigiano left England in 1509, five years before Lovell's death ; but as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lovell had a great deal of official communication with the artist of the royal tombs, and no doubt entered into personal relations with him concerning his own monument. The bronze relievo is at any rate so full of life and energy that it is almost impossible to believe it can have been taken from any but the living model. The plaster cast compared with it by Mr. Cust is for the same reasons more probably a cast of Torrigiano's effigy on the lost Lovell monument than a death-mask from the features of the corpse ; and in any case it is likely that it was used in the effigy at the ceremonious funeral procession in which the dead man was brought from Enfield to his burial in Shoreditch.

It is interesting that at so late an hour there has come to light a memorial as worthy of the memory of a great Englishman as it is of the reputation of its Florentine sculptor ; and it may further stimulate the curiosity of those who are still interested in the few relics of the Italian Renaissance which remain in this country, to be reminded that the sarcophagus beneath which Lord Nelson lies buried in the crypt of St. Paul's was originally a part of the marble monument which Cardinal Wolsey commanded to be made for himself, and which Henry VIII. desired to adopt as his own royal tomb at Windsor. This was never completed, though Benedetto da Rovezzano and Giovanni da Maiano worked upon it between 1524 and 1536 for each of the men who disputed the glory of providing occupation for it. Their ambition has been but poorly satisfied ; nor was Charles I. any more fortunate in his intention to secure the honour of that kingly monument ; for the Parliament sold all its bronzework in 1646 : and now yet a fourth man lies beneath the marble claimed by three others. Of the great candlesticks that were fashioned to

surround it, of Italian design with the arms of Henry VIII., viz., a shield of France and England quarterly, surmounted by an Imperial crown, and supported by a winged griffin and a greyhound, four now stand in front of the high altar of the church of St. Bavon at Ghent. Considering the dispersal of these monuments of the mighty, and the loss of so many artistic treasures of the early sixteenth century, especially of his tomb in the ruined nunnery of Holywell, it is doubly satisfactory that the fine bronze of Sir Thomas Lovell has been rescued, and is now not only in the safekeeping of the Abbey authorities, but placed above the tomb of the lady for whose family Sir Thomas gave the best of his political life and work.

I must add that in the collection of the details here recorded I have been greatly indebted to Mr. Alfred Higgins' valuable pamphlet on the work of Florentine sculptors in England in the early part of the sixteenth century; to the article on Lovell in the "Dictionary of National Biography"; to Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "History of Renaissance Architecture in England"; and to contributions by Mr. Lionel Cust in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries."

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XVII

LORD RESTORMEL was still lingering over the final phrases of his poem, when two other sets of sounds mixed themselves with his slow syllables. They were the notes of a stable clock, which chimed the last quarter before midnight; and the shuffling of servants' feet, and a slight clinking of glasses. Several voices exclaimed at the unexpected lateness of the hour; and Lord Restormel, under cover of these prosaic utterances, took the opportunity of descending from his poetic pedestal, and of turning his attention to a tray on which tumblers and decanters glistened. Lady Snowdon suggested the desirability of going to bed; but it presently appeared that, the night being still warm, the idea of bed was felt to be premature by everybody. Cigarettes were lighted; beverages were drunk or sipped; there was some changing of chairs, and conversation sprung up anew. Mrs. Vernon complimented Lord Restormel on the musical charm of his composition. Miss Leighton asked if it was published; and on being informed that it was not, asked if the author would write it for her in her own copy of his poems. "I like the idea of it," she said, "and I am vain enough to fancy that I understand it. The sea and stars on a night like this bring it home to one; but perhaps in the day it would escape me like a piece of floating thistle-down."

"All new ideas," said Lord Restormel—"new general ideas more especially—drift past men's minds at first in the way you speak of. They gleam on us; they tantalise us; they elude us; but we don't catch them in our hands. We're partly too lazy to do so; and we're partly afraid to do so. But some thinker arises—I assure you I'm not alluding to myself—I had quite another person in view. Did you ever read Nietzsche?"

"No," said Miss Leighton, eagerly, "but I've heard him spoken of. Tell me about him."

Lord Restormel showed every disposition to comply with this flattering request; but a voice raised considerably higher than he cared to raise his own became at this moment audible in such close proximity to his chair, that he found it best for the time to remain mute and efface himself.

The raised voice, in question, proceeded from Mr. Brompton, who, having been disagreeing about something with Glanville and Mr. Hancock in an undertone, was suddenly roused by an enthusiasm for his own convictions to reinforce his sense by an added volume of sound. Mr. Brompton had been declaring that intellectually he was a liberal of the most intrepid kind, and shrank from no conclusion which evidence might present to him as true. It appeared, however, that Glanville's exposition of the logical conclusions of science, so far as they related to the nature of the human mind, were not altogether to his liking, and that he could only accept them with reservations. "That man's will is immortal," he said, "I believe no more than you do; but to deny that so long as it persists it's an ethical force in itself—come now, my dear Mr. Glanville,—that I maintain is a paradox. It turns life into nonsense. We mustn't push things too far."

"I gather," said Lord Restormel, turning round to the disputants, "that Mr. Brompton looks upon science as Hamlet's friends looked on the ghost of Hamlet's father. It is all very well to go with it for a little way; but Mr. Brompton is asking—and many have asked with him:

‘What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o’er his base into the sea,
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation
Without more motive into every brain.’

Mr. Brompton, you should read Nietzsche. As I was just telling Miss Leighton, he had no fear of the cliff. He stood on the very edge, and heard the sea roar beneath. You, it appears, would make science halt on the platform—the platform of our current convictions. You say to it, ‘Whither wouldst thou lead me? Speak—I’ll go no farther.’”

“I do so,” said Mr. Brompton, “at a certain point, undoubtedly; but the point where I do so is fixed not by my timidity, but by my reason. Lord Restormel—Mr. Glanville—will you listen to me for a few moments? What I have been trying to insist on is this—that man’s will is a fact—that it’s one of that chain of causes which result in human action—that the will influences the brain, just as the brain influences *it*. Look here,” continued Mr. Brompton; “take a man with relaxed muscles—a fellow who is hardly strong enough to walk two miles an hour. Deliver a telegram into that man’s hands, which tells him that a fortune is awaiting him two miles away, if only he gets to the place within the following thirty minutes—and that man will run, sir. He’ll be there within five-and-twenty. Now where, I ask you, does the force that carries him come from? It doesn’t come to him through any physical train of causes. There’s no physical connection between the pencilled marks on the telegraph paper and the sudden and new vigour that animates all his limbs. These same marks and words—such a case is quite conceivable—might stand in another language for a different piece of intelligence, which would paralyse a strong man, instead of stimulating a weak one. The only thing by which we can explain the phenomenon is that the marks speak to the will, and the will gives force to the muscles. If you can answer that objection,

Mr. Glanville, I'm perfectly willing to be convinced by you."

"We've hardly time," replied Glanville, "for another pitched battle to-night: but I can tell you in a few words what the nature of my answer would be. Let us first consider the new force which you speak of. Take a charge of gunpowder. If you've no means of igniting it, you will get from it no more force than you will from a charge of sand. But the force which lies hid in it is tremendous, as a spark, if applied to it, will show you. The same, too, is the case with our bodies. Your telegram is a spark which lights part of their gunpowder."

"Naturally," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, with a hasty lapse from veracity, "naturally. I know all that; but it wasn't that I was speaking of. My point is, that the gunpowder must, in a case like the present, be lighted by will, by intelligence. The matter of the telegram must speak to mind—to will—before it can liberate any latent power of muscle. We must have a mental fact sandwiched between the two physical facts before the first physical fact can be connected with or produce the second."

"Of course," said Glanville, "that's a familiar argument."

"Indeed!" retorted Mr. Brompton. "I confess I never heard it before, except when I have stated it myself to my congregation from my own platform."

"You'll be glad to learn," said Glanville, "that you share it with your friends, the clericals. The Bishop of Glastonbury has used it with great frequency."

This mortifying intelligence seemed to stagger Mr. Brompton considerably; and, whilst he was hesitating for an answer, Glanville took the opportunity of continuing.

"You will find," he said, "that this favourite clerical argument is really a kind of mare's-nest, hardly worthy of such a mind as yours; and yet I admit that, at moments, even men like Huxley have stumbled over it. Huxley and his school got themselves into a gratuitous difficulty by maintaining that

if mind and brain are really the same fact—as every advance in our study of them more and more clearly shows them to be—consciousness, in the mental process, is nothing more than a by-product, like the shadow of a moving train—that it's merely the hands of the clock, never one of the wheels. If consciousness, they argued, is ever more than this—if in its various manifestations, such as thought, desire, or will, it is ever an actual link in the chain of vital causes—it must be something distinct from the physical mechanism of the brain, like a link of aluminium between two links of brass."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brompton, with somewhat restored confidence; "and I maintain that it is so always."

"You mean," replied Glanville, "that motive is essentially a fact of consciousness—that without conscious motive no action with a purpose would be possible. But, my dear Mr. Brompton, even this is not always true. A hypnotised subject, when consciousness is entirely in abeyance, is told to assault somebody, and at once attempts to do so. If informed of this act afterwards, and asked to explain the reason of it, the subject will imagine a motive—will say, 'I assaulted So-and-so, because So-and-so had done me an injury.' The physical act suggests the conscious motive."

"Yes," said Mr. Brompton, "but that is hypnotism. I'm not talking of hypnotism."

"Well," rejoined Glanville, laughing, "take hachish or opium. These are physical agents, as you yourself will admit; and yet they affect the mind as powerfully as your supposed telegram. They stimulate consciousness through the brain, not the brain through consciousness. The scent of a flower, again, is another physical thing; yet how many imaginations and desires the scent of a flower may excite in us!"

"I never denied," said Mr. Brompton, "that matter could affect mind. But the scent of a flower—to take your last illustration—affects the mind as it does merely by means of associations and memories; and I don't deny—what liberal thinker can?—that the basis of memory is physical."

"The same explanation," said Glanville, "is equally applicable to your telegrams. The written marks on the paper appeal to imagination and memory—to conditions of the brain which are the result of past experience. The letters of the word '*cave*' in an English telegram to an Englishman would suggest—let us say—a rendezvous by the sea-shore. The very same letters, in Latin, if sent to an ancient Roman, would stand for *cavé*—*beware*—and might have warned Cæsar against Brutus. They would have had different effects on the two different peoples, because they would, by means of the optic nerve, have stimulated in each different sets of memories. But still you would say that the memories roused by the letters must be somehow transfigured by consciousness into conscious desire and will, before they can result in what we call intelligent action. Well—with regard to a great deal of human action, I agree with you."

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, "you do! Then you're on my side after all!"

"Far from it," replied Glanville. "All that I've been just now saying, I've said in order to simplify our difference, not to explain it away. We both admitted that matter, as it exists in the brain, has two sides—a material side and a conscious side. We may compare the brain to a series of wheels, like those of a striking clock, which are now put into gear, and now out of gear with one another: and let us suppose that the wheels are horizontal, and have each two sets of teeth, one set pointing upwards and the other set pointing downwards; and let the higher teeth stand for the mind-aspect of the brain, and the lower teeth for its matter-aspect. This is a rough symbol of the case, as science sees it. Very well—the most natural thing which we can expect to happen will be this—that the lower teeth of one wheel will sometimes catch, and actuate the lower teeth of another wheel, the higher teeth of neither doing any work at all; but that at other times the lower teeth of one wheel will actuate the higher teeth of another; and that at other times again this latter case will be reversed, and the higher

teeth of one wheel will actuate the lower teeth of another. But, in spite of these double teeth, the entire mechanism will be one; and the force that drives it will be—as I said before—not in its own mechanism, but in the mechanism of the Universe generally, whose wheels gear with its wheels, just as its wheels gear with one another. I'm not trying to show you that the scientific view is the correct view, but merely that it contains within itself none of that internal contradiction which Huxley could only get rid of by assuming that consciousness was a by-product, and which, by an unintended codicil in his intellectual will, he has bequeathed to the clerical army as one of their favourite weapons."

At the hated word "clerical" Mr. Brompton recoiled again, and whilst he was considering how best to arrange his position, Mr. Hancock claimed his not very willing attention by what seemed a conjuring trick with a couple of silver spoons.

"See," said Mr. Hancock, "it's this way. Each spoon has a convex side and a concave. I can hit the convexity of spoon one with convexity of spoon two; or I can hit convexity of spoon two with the concavity of spoon one."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, suddenly recovering his courage, "but I'll tell you what you can't do. You can't hit the concavity of the one with the concavity of the other. Give them to me, and I'll show you."

"Come, come," said Mr. Hancock, "that's riding an illustration to death." And as he tried to withdraw the spoons, whilst Mr. Brompton tried to grasp them, the philosophers managed between them to break one of the tumblers—a catastrophe which to Mr. Brompton was very far from unpleasing, as it enabled him, pending his adoption of some new mental attitude, to offer a profuse and, indeed, excessive apology for his clumsiness, in place of anything suggestive of an admission of intellectual error.

Miss Leighton meanwhile had returned to the subject of Nietzsche; and Lord Restormel, having begun by saying in a

confidential whisper, "He is a thinker who has just the courage which men like Mr. Brompton lack," was now addressing himself on the subject to a circle of several listeners. "Nietzsche," he said, "whatever his merits otherwise, is of all modern thinkers the one who has been foremost in seizing the new moral ideas which the world's new knowledge suggests to us—ideas which at present drift flickering over the heads of most of us—and in pushing them to their most startling conclusions. He alone has dared to attack Christianity not only as a system of dogmas, but as a system of democratic philanthropy—to denounce its tenderness for the weak—to deride it as the morality of slaves—to declare that the victories of the future will not be with the weak, but with the strong; and to tell us that this is the true message of science. Like all enthusiasts, he exaggerates. I confess that I myself have not the courage to accompany this 'aeronaut of the intellect'—as he calls himself—in his farthest flights; but there's a method in his wildest extravagance. So far as the morals and sentiments of practical life go, most men of science to-day—even men such as Haeckel or Huxley—are like timid sailors who hug the old lands they have abandoned, and still keep an eye on the lights of the old homesteads on the slope; but Nietzsche is the only explorer who sets his prow towards the ocean and steers his course by the light of the stars only. 'It may be that the gulfs will wash him down;' it may be that he will find some continent to which one day we shall all follow him. Take, for instance, the idea expressed in those verses of my own. The intellect can grasp it easily. I doubt if legitimately it is able to grasp any other as an alternative. I have tried myself to express it in terms of a moment's imagination; but I can't translate it into terms of life and conduct. This is the kind of enterprise to which Nietzsche deliberately sets himself. He makes himself at home in a future world of men so different from ourselves that they seem like portentous spectres. You, Rupert, have read him. You'll understand what I say, and agree with it."

"Yes," said Glanville, "I have read him, and to some extent I agree with you. Many of his utterances seem to me like nonsense; but now and then comes one like a wind that lifts one on wings, and sweeps one out to sea before one knows where one is. Do you remember, Restormel, the end of his 'Dawn of Day,' where he is speaking of those who are mastered by the desire for truth? I remember his very words, 'Whither,' he says, 'are we bound? Do we want to cross the sea? Whither does this powerful desire urge us, which we value more highly than any delight? Does it us urge—does it urge us—merely in that direction where the great suns of humanity have always perished?'"

"I'd no idea," exclaimed Mr. Hancock, "that Nietzsche was so fine a poet."

"Well," Glanville continued, "for my own part I must be content to class myself with the less courageous, or more prudent sailors, who still watch the old coast, and hope that some day they may again land on it somewhere; and Nietzsche himself suggests that it is reasonable to sail away from it, with a view to the possibility of a return. I believe in an early book of mine I said the same thing before he did."

"I'm not sure," interposed Lady Snowdon, "that I understood you."

"What Nietzsche says," replied Glanville, "is this. He says that all who have learnt in these days to be doubtful of their old faith, on grounds so profound as those in which all modern doubt originates, can never recover it in any whole-hearted and honest manner, except by leaving it for a time altogether behind them, and travelling as far away from it as modern science can lead them. Then, in the end, if science avails them nothing, let them view the old faith from the outside, and see if it can help them better. We must, he says, make between the two a 'severe comparison,' based on an experience of both; or, as I should put it myself, if the old faith, in any one of its forms, is ever again to have a hold on this human mind, it must hold men, not by retaining, but by

absolutely re-converting them. We must reach the eastward daylight again by travelling through the westward night."

"I think," said Seaton apologetically, "that I could show you a more excellent way; but the belated devotion to Hegel, which my friend Mr. Glanville imputes to me, still covers me with confusion, and makes me shrink from showing my head. But if I might be allowed to speak, I would take a text from Nietzsche himself, and would show—I confess with a little help from Hegel—that all these conclusions of science, which Mr. Glanville imagines must overwhelm me, are far less fatal to religion than Mr. Glanville thinks they are."

"My dear Alistair," said Glanville, "speak up by all means. It seems you are going to attack us from a quite unexpected quarter."

"Perhaps," said Seaton, "you will find me an unexpected ally. Well—to begin with Nietzsche—in that very book you were quoting from, he speaks of some of the greatest and most powerful men as distinguished pre-eminently by a desire to get away from themselves, and to be lost in something larger. If we are Shakespeares, he says, we long to lose ourselves in pictures of passionate life. If we are like Byron, or Cæsar, or Alexander, or Napoleon, or Mahomet, we long to lose ourselves in great activities; and if we are Christians we long to lose ourselves in fusion with God. Nietzsche regards this longing as a disease which besets genius; but if we adopt what you call the scientific conception of personality, and look on our minds as so many parts of the universal mind, which has in them emerged into consciousness of itself, this desire of each conscious part to extend itself into a consciousness of the whole, and so lose itself in its parent, becomes at once a natural and intelligible symptom; and the three methods of losing itself, to which Nietzsche alludes—namely art, great actions, and ecstasy—are seen to be merely variants of the same instinctive process."

"To these three methods," said Lord Restormel, "you ought also to add a fourth. I mean the acquisition of scien-

tific or intellectual truth. Nietzsche describes this as being his own master passion. He valued it in himself. He surrendered his whole life to it. He was wrong, therefore, in looking at its equivalents as signs of weakness in others."

"Perfectly true," said Seaton. "Our attempts at a knowledge of the universal, whether we call them science or philosophy, are merely the instinctive attempts made by the individual part to re-extend itself into, or to draw into itself, the parent whole from which the accident of its personality has divided it. Love, in its several forms—man's passion for the beauty of Nature, as you yourself, Rupert, hinted when we were going in the launch to Ballyfergus—are other forms again of this same instinctive impulse. Here, as you see, we have six forms of it, at least. We have love, which in its simplest development enlarges the personality by fusing it with another unit; and, in its higher developments, as Augustine found out at Ostia, lifts and enlarges this doubled consciousness further, till it seems to touch and embrace the Divine Essence itself. Then we have the passion for Nature, which for some men, as Wordsworth explains to us, does precisely the same thing, uniting the mind of man with the light of the setting suns. Then we have the passion for action, and the artist's passion for creation, in both of which the sense of self is lost in its own aggrandisement."

"You might almost add," said Lord Restormel, "the passion for great wealth; for wealth, when it increases beyond a certain point, can by no possibility be an increase in a man's means of indulging himself. It becomes merely an enlargement of his point of view—of his consciousness."

"So even Wall Street," said Glanville, "may be a door into the House of God."

"I know nothing of great wealth," said Seaton; "so I cannot express an opinion about it. But two more passions are left, and I want to say something about these. One is the passion, scientific or philosophic, for Truth—for some intellectual grasp of the reality that embraces all of us

Nietzsche suggests that to gratify this passion completely might perhaps be merely to shatter ourselves against the iron rocks of eternity. But this is an idea, Rupert, against which your science assuredly protests, no less than the most transcendental philosophy does. Science can explain this passion in one way only—that the mind which feels it has, in the language of physics, a molecular or chemical affinity for the reality towards which it struggles, and will finally coalesce with this, not be broken against it.”

“I think,” said Lord Restormel, “it might be rather cold comfort for some of us—especially for many exceedingly charming women—to be told that our highest felicity was to be found in this embrace of science, with the Hymen, who blest the rite, holding not a torch but a test-tube.”

Seaton took this flippant objection in surprisingly good part. He laughed, and said, “I agree with you. If our faculties as individuals stopped short with the logical intellect, an intellectual apprehension of the truth would be cold comfort for many of us. But they don’t stop short there. We have still one more passion to deal with: and this is a passion—an impulse—which, if I may venture to say so, unites in itself all the others, and explains them. It’s the religious passion pure and simple, the fulfilment of which transcends the intellect, and culminates in what is called ecstasy.”

“Excuse me,” said Mr. Hancock, dragging his chair forwards, “but will you allow me to ask you what you mean by the word ecstasy? Do you mean the queer kind of seizure which revivalists call conversion? For, let me beg leave to tell you, that and all kindred crises are purely physical disturbances—disturbances of the nerves and brain.”

“Come, Mr. Hancock,” said Seaton, “I didn’t expect that of you. You are one of those who believe that every mind-fact—not ecstasy alone—is a brain-fact; but you must not forget that every brain-fact, in that case, is also a mind-fact: and unless you deny to the mind all insight whatsoever, you do nothing to rob ecstasy of its value as a state of clairvoy-

ance by merely insisting that a brain-state of some special kind is at the bottom of it."

"I think, Hancock," said Glanville, "our philosopher had you there."

"Well, Mr. Hancock," resumed Seaton, "to go back to your question, I should certainly class conversions as one variety of ecstasy. The ecstasies of the great saints of the Roman Church, of the Indian ascetics, and the platonic philosophers of Alexandria, are other varieties of what is essentially the same thing."

"Oh," said Mr. Hancock, apparently much relieved, "then you don't adduce the contortions of an epileptic cobbler as proving the truth of the doctrines of half-educated evangelical fanatics?"

"No," said Seaton, with an impatience that was very unusual with him. "So far as doctrines go, the ecstasies of each creed equally see in their ecstasies their own doctrines glorified. If ecstasy bears witness to the truth of any particular creed it bears witness to the truth of the conflicting peculiarities of all. It therefore establishes nothing in which any religion is peculiar. But this singular experience—this mental or cerebral crisis—which occurs in all creeds, races, and ages, and in all classes of men and women, from the saint to the sinner, from the philosopher of Alexandria to the unlettered back-woodsman of America, does attest and establish—such at least is my own contention—the reality of a mysterious something which all religions presuppose, namely the affinity and the possible union of the individual mind with the universal, or of the individual man—if we like to put it so—with the Universe. I have been reading here," Seaton continued, "during the last two days a book which Mr. Glanville lent me, by the most modern of American psychologists. I mean Professor James's 'Varieties of Religious Experience.' This book is really a scientific study of ecstasy; and it shows how, under all the disguises of different faiths and philosophies, the experience of all the ecstasies—all the so-called converted

—is the same. What they experience is a sense of the fusion of the personal soul with the world-soul: and the amplest evidence assures us that in point of exaltation, rapture, and intensity, no other experiences approach it. Ecstasy I should say is the culminating religious act, revealing the world-soul in a form which may properly be called God—a God which in the end will become one with each of us, without our parting its garments, or casting lots for the seamless vesture.”

“According to you then,” said Mr. Hancock, whose spirit was still unsubdued, “we ought, instead of going about our practical business, or giving ourselves up to laborious thought and study, to devote all the time we can to frequenting revival meetings, or to acquiring the art of self-hypnotism. We ought to lie in consecrated dens smoking religious opium. If we’d all of us done that always, we should be naked savages still.”

“No,” replied Seaton. “I didn’t mean that any more than a Christian would mean that everybody should devote himself to the care of the poor. If everybody did that, we should make poverty universal. But the experience of ecstasy, though suitable for the few only, represents the mental or spiritual fruition, to which all the higher affections and higher activities tend, such as love, poetry, great action, and the passion for nature. It’s the open top to the chimney which always makes a draught possible. And, if,” Seaton continued, “men would only realise this—if they would only realise that all their higher actions and aspirations do actually carry them, as a hard scientific fact, to the deepest and highest pleasures of which their natures are capable—the whole of the old difficulty as to freedom of the will disappears. If a man dying of thirst has a tumbler of water offered him we may safely say that he can’t help willing to drink it. His will to drink it is determined for him by the constitution of his tongue. Is that so, Mr. Hancock?”

“It is,” replied Mr. Hancock drily, “as much determined

by the constitution of his tongue as the fall of an apple is determined by the law of gravitation."

"And yet," said Seaton, "the man's pleasure in drinking is no less keen than it would have been had his will been free. Well, my contention is, that the object of religious teaching should be so to stimulate men's thirst for the higher activities and experiences which are stages on the way to ecstasy, that their wills shall be determined by their brains towards the drinking of these living waters, just as the will of a man whom common thirst parches is determined by his tongue towards the drinking of the water in a common tumbler."

"But, my dear Mr. Seaton," exclaimed Mr. Hancock, in a voice which showed that the prospect of ecstasies had very little charm for himself, "are you at all aware that these crises to which you, and—much to my surprise—Professor James also, attach so much importance, are capable of being produced by purely mechanical means? The revivalist produces them by dwelling on the terrors of the day of Judgment, the heat of the eternal fire-place, the sinfulness of sin, and so on; but all the phenomena of conversion can be produced as completely and far more easily by making the patient inhale a certain gas. If you can give us salvation by gas no doubt we shall be all your debtors; but I think I should protest against calling gas a religion."

"Mr. Hancock," said Seaton, "will you let me tell you this? You've fallen again into a sin from which Mr. Glanville rescued you. You've forgotten that this gas, of which you speak so lightly, is, according to your own creed, a mode of the unknowable mind-power, and is, when it affects the brain, merely a delicate food by which the mind of the Universe stimulates the mind of the individual. A mathematician is stupid for want of nourishment. His brain won't act. His figures swim before him. He drinks a cup of beef-tea and solves some intricate problem. Do you doubt the accuracy of his restored mathematical insight because what restored it was a soup instead of a sermon?"

"Bravo, Alistair!" exclaimed Glanville. "Hancock, you must walk warily. Philosophy, like a lion, is waking up with the midnight."

"I'm beginning to think," resumed Lord Restormel to Glanville, "that I wasn't quite right in my views as to love-making and free-will. I think that the doctrine of love as a self-surrender to ecstasy, which becomes a cosmic event because we are not able to help it, would be far from wanting in power over many very charming hearts. Faust might have silenced most of Marguerite's scruples by telling her that if she kissed him she would be the Universe kissing the Universe."

"If," said Glanville, "we were to look on this world-soul as feminine, the argument no doubt might commend itself to the human male. But a woman wants to be loved, not as the Universe, but as herself—not as a milliner's pattern of a muslin that is manufactured wholesale, but as a piece of the rarest lace, which has no counterpart anywhere."

"I believe," said Lord Restormel, "that you're right. I remember one night at Delhi, when I was talking to a beautiful Julia, I forgot myself at a critical moment into calling her by the name of a Violet who happened to have been blossoming at Calcutta with eyes very much like hers. The mistake was fatal. It gave her back to her husband. And yet, after all, as you and I both know, much of the charm of a woman lies not in herself as an individual, but in herself as a capturable form of that mysterious feminine principle which also breathes through the Spring, and is concentrated in the petals of the rose-bud. Look at Miss Leighton—and the baffling melancholy in her eyes. I have seen the same light in a hundred eyes elsewhere. I see it at this moment, in the moonlight that is rocking on the wave."

"I confess," said Mrs. Vernon, "for my own narrow humdrum part, if science can give us nothing but Mr. Seaton's religion of ecstasy, I'd much sooner fall back on the religion of the Ten Commandments."

"Alistair," said Glanville, "where are you? I hope you are

busy converting Mr. Hancock ; for we've all of us been agreeing that you have not converted *us*. That we all of us can, merely by inhaling a gas, find a short cut to super-sacred ecstasy which makes the saint and the penitent feel themselves at one with the world-soul, may prove that we are really a part of it, whether we feel this ourselves or no ; but it wipes out the special value of sanctity and of penitence alike. It may take away the terrors of death, but it gives no meaning to life. What was the life of the man who saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open ? He neither lived the life of the righteous, nor did he even die his death."

"Ha ! Mr. Glanville," exclaimed Mr. Brompton triumphantly, "you'll find, I think, that I'm not so far wrong after all. Action—ethical action—that's what religion means for me ; and I'm happy to see that really it means the same thing for you. Science and reason for our intellectual basis—ethical actions for our basis in practice—that's my platform, as I hope to have an opportunity of explaining to you."

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon, "I must confess, Mr. Glanville, that you're rather a bewildering person. One can't quite tell where you are leading one. You start with insisting that science is our only guide ; and I'm bound to admit that so far you seem to me to be right. We follow you in your interpretation of science as Hamlet followed the Ghost ; and now you end with denouncing the best which it can tell us as nonsense."

"My dear Lady Snowdon," replied Glanville, "you express my meaning most accurately. Science, which at last has become one with philosophy, and extends its methods into all regions of knowledge, from our knowledge of the earth and the stars to our knowledge of man and his history, offers us in outline, at all events, an explanation of the sum of existence, which, except to superstition and ignorance, leaves no room for any other. It is, however, a Saturn which devours its own children. We none of us doubt that it resolves water into

two gases. In the same way, and with just the same certainty, it resolves the brain into a product of impersonal protoplasm; and personality, which is a function of the brain, with its intellect, its desires, its conscience, dissolves, along with the brain, into a host of simpler elements, and becomes part of a whole to which science can attach no meaning. Mr. Seaton's ecstasy is not meaning. It is merely the euthanasia of meaning. Everything which humanity has hitherto held most valuable, if Mr. Hancock will allow me to borrow an excellent phrase of his own, melts in this new knowledge like sugar in a cup of tea—I may add without sweetening it. In a word, science answers all questions, but it does so at the expense of leaving no question worth answering. We, with our good and evil, our progress, our successes or failures, evaporate from the earth's surface, like morning dews, in vapour, and give no more meaning, so far as we can see, to the Universe, than a corpse gives to the gravel or the mould of a grave. The practical question then for the thinking world is this: How in the universal vapour of the dissolving and the disappearing, shall our minds provide themselves with a rock in the shape of some firm assertion, from which they may challenge this drift of disappearing appearances, and on which they may raise a watch-tower amidst and above the quicksands? By what mental process is the required assertion to be made? I have an answer of my own which I hope by-and-by to suggest; but before I presume to do so, we will listen to some others which are awaiting us. One is Mr. Brompton's answer, one is Mr. Hancock's, and a third shall be given us by a very distinguished gentleman, whom Mr. Brompton and Mr. Hancock will both listen to with respect. I mean Mr. Cosmo Brook, who to-morrow will condescend to visit us."

"And now," said Lady Snowdon rising, "whatever Mr. Glanville may maintain, the Universe does sometimes tell us one thing which is practical, I mean that we must go to bed."

XVIII

"I HAD such bad dreams last night," said Mrs. Vernon next morning to her host. She was standing with him by a side-table in the dining-room, and was debating, as he lifted some dish-covers, whether she should begin her breakfast with grilled sole or with omelette. "I seemed three times," she continued, "to be falling over the edge of the universe; and between these catastrophes, as I lay only half awake, I felt that I was melting into the bed-clothes like Mr. Hancock's lump of sugar. And yet here the sun is, just where it was yesterday; here am I, though science does dissolve personality; and here is my healthy appetite, which says, 'If you please, a little fish.'"

Lord Restormel had begun his repast already. It consisted of a slice of toast, a tumbler of hock, and grapes. The peculiarity of this diet was to him only one of its recommendations. It was endeared to him both by its picturesqueness, which was eminently suitable to a poet; and by its lightness, which was grateful to a student who generally got up with a headache.

"Come, my dear lady," he said, "and sit by a fellow dreamer. I dreamed a poem once in India, after a night spent in philosophy. It astonished me by its magnificence. On waking I wrote it down. It was a terrible chastisement to my vanity. I described myself as being turned into the elephant which holds up the world—or rather, I think, into one of its legs; and then into the shell of the tortoise that holds up the elephant. The markings on the shell I said were my thoughts and feelings, 'patterned with gold and dark.' That phrase, in my dream, seemed to me a revelation. Do you think, my dear Rupert, that all our last night's wisdom will vanish into nonsense, like my poem, when we look over it again in the daylight? What are you doing over there in the corner?"

"I am looking," said Glanville, "at the thermometer. Do you call this room hot or cold?"

Unwilling to complain of even the temperature in her friend's house, Mrs. Vernon replied, "Oh, it seems very nice and pleasant;" whilst Lord Restormel came nearer to what was in the minds of both, by observing that he thought "it must be exceedingly hot outside."

"It's actually," said Glanville, "seventy-eight in the shade already."

"I was right then," said Mrs. Vernon. "I thought that the heat was stifling. Perhaps that accounts for my dream. Ah!—what's this? A telegram," she exclaimed as a servant entered, and came towards her with a brown envelope on a tray. "It's from Robert, I know. Yes—it's all right. No answer. He promised, Mr. Glanville, to telegraph as soon as he got to New York. In spite of the heat I am quite contented now."

"Well, Restormel," said Glanville, when he sat down at the breakfast-table, "you were asking me an important question when these practical trifles interrupted us."

"He was asking," said Mrs. Vernon, "how far we seriously believe all the extraordinary conclusions which were made last night to look so certain."

"Good morning!" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Hancock, who had meanwhile entered, with teeth and smiling cheeks radiant from tub and tooth-brush. "Good morning—good morning! Are you at the old question again? Believe! Of course we believe—thank you, I'll have coffee. I assure you, Mrs. Vernon, there was nothing said last night which is not common knowledge amongst all students and thinkers throughout the civilised world who are really wide-awake and instructed."

"Then if that's the case," said Mrs. Vernon, "what I want to ask you is this. If scientific facts, which make Christian beliefs ridiculous, are really, as Mr. Hancock says, matters of common knowledge, how is it that men, like, say, the Bishop

of Glastonbury, are able still to believe that they have immortal souls, though they're no longer able to believe that the sun goes round the earth?"

"Their ability," said Glanville, "to believe certain parts of what science tells them, and utterly to neglect other parts, or utterly to miss their meaning, is to be accounted for in three ways. In so far as you refer to the clergy, it is largely to be explained by the fact that their acquaintance with science is really very imperfect. They are as ignorant in their adoption of scientific doctrines as they are in their opposition to them."

"I think," said Mrs. Vernon, "you're a little hard on the clergy. Many of them, no doubt, may be as ignorant of science as you say they are; but for every ignorant man in the pulpit, you're certain to find any number who are equally ignorant in their congregations."

"But you'll generally find," said Glanville, "that the ignorant men in their congregations would not pose, like the preacher, as scientific authorities. Let me now go on to the second of my three reasons why many people still can elude the true consequences of scientific discovery. This is the force of habit—of habitual association and affection. Such a habit of belief—such a clinging of affection to habit, is a species of rust on the axis of the wheel of reason, which enables a mechanism of arguments, however structurally perfect, to resist a force which would otherwise set it motion, and effectively prevents it from grinding out new conclusions."

"Ah," exclaimed a voice, "how true that is! How lamentably, how profoundly true! There you have the strength of clericalism all the wide world over."

The speaker was Mr. Brompton, who had entered while Glanville was speaking, and had also, with an elaborate bow, held open the door for Miss Leighton.

"Don't move, Mr. Glanville," she said, with an air of laughing authority. "Go on. I will get whatever I want myself."

"Or again," said Glanville, looking up at her, "we can

express what I've just said in a somewhat different way. The imagination is always ready to put itself at the service of habit, and as fast as knowledge destroys some old belief, begins with fresh industry to build up a new imitation of it, which makes us fancy that the old has never been destroyed after all. We must all of us, more or less, know this by experience. Many a phantom minster re-arises in my own mind sometimes, on sites which the crowbars of knowledge have piled with a heap of ruins."

"I," said Lord Restormel, "will give you another illustration. Often, when I read Homer, the romance of Troy still seems to me history; and no unbeliever who has been brought up as a Christian can read the Gospels without being liable to an illusion of the same kind, and one which is probably much more vivid. The Gospels for us have still that magical quality which Macaulay said was the secret of Milton's poetry. They are incantations. As they touch our minds, 'all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead.' Angels sing to the shepherds again; and in spite of Canon Morgan, and other enlightened exponents of the mind of the Church of England, angels point again to the body of Christ ascending."

"But I've still," said Glanville, "my third reason to mention; and this I believe to be far the most important of the three. Ignorance does much to protect religion from knowledge: habit and imagination do more; but what does more—what affects a far larger number of people—is neither imagination nor habit, nor an ignorance of scientific facts, but a want of power to piece properly together the various facts with which separately these people are quite familiar. You know the child's puzzle, consisting of a number of cubes, each of which on each of its sides has a little square piece of a picture. As each cube has six sides, six pictures can be made by putting the lot together in six different orders; but for many a child, indeed for many grown-up people, it is hard to discover what any one of the proper orders is: and the cubes remain for them fragments, having no collective meaning. Well—that's

the way in which modern scientific knowledge lies littered about the minds of numbers of educated people—especially about the minds of such of the Christian clergy as can be said to possess any knowledge of science at all. Many of them do know something of it. Yes, Mrs. Vernon, I'll give the clergy their due. Many of them are quite familiar with a large number of fragments of it; but what they can't do, or what they dare not do, is to put the fragments together, and face the coherent pictures which the fragments combine to make: and the educated laity who are still really Christian are enabled to remain Christian mainly for the same reason. And now, Miss Leighton," said Glanville, "I owe you some explanation of what this serious argument at this very early hour means. Lord Restormel and Mrs. Vernon both began breakfast with asking whether the conclusions at which we arrived last night were really based on reason and on facts which will stand the daylight. Mrs. Vernon was inclined to maintain that they could not be; because if they were, she seemed to think it inexplicable that there could be any educated clergy and any Christian laity left. I was accounting to her for the existence of these extensive, but, in my view, dwindling survivals; and she herself, little as she is aware of the fact, has expressed her own unabated faith in science twice since she began her breakfast."

"I have?" exclaimed Mrs. Vernon in surprise.

"Yes," said Glanville. "When I told you that the quicksilver in the thermometer stood at a certain height, you were perfectly convinced that it was an accurate indication of the temperature. When you got your husband's telegram you were equally convinced also that the cable from America had transmitted an accurate message. Your confidence in both cases was nothing else than an admission that your confidence in the uniformity of nature, as interpreted and used by science, is just as firm at the prosaic hour of breakfast as it possibly could be under the witchery of the moon at midnight."

"But," said Mrs. Vernon, with a not ungraceful obstinacy, which was an ornament of her sex rather than a result of her

intellect, "but conclusions, such as those at which we all of us jumped last night, are not always quite the same things as facts."

"Our conclusions of last night," said Glanville, "however strange they may seem to you, bear the same relation to the facts which you admit this morning, that a long sum bears to the primary rules of arithmetic. The conclusion that the sun is nearly a hundred million miles from the earth, and that without the continued burning of that unimaginably distant body, neither you nor I, nor the tea which you are drinking, would have existed, is just as much a fact—though you don't very often think of it—as the fact that that window is eight yards from where you are sitting, and that we all of us should be dead if it were not for the air in this dining-room. The light of each star that reaches us is a fine, but an unbreakable thread, which visibly binds us to the farthest abysses of the Universe—abysses which we often relegate to the region of unrealities, simply because our imaginations are too feeble to grasp them."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Hancock. "I wish, Mr. Glanville, some philosophical writer like you—you who could do the thing so well—would insist on the fact that our certainty of the continued uniformity of nature, though it can't be logically or experimentally determined, is really the strongest certainty of which human nature is practically capable. Sceptical philosophers and religious mystics try to explain this fact away. Whenever I read this rubbish, I say to myself, Bosh! God bless my soul, do you suppose that any one of these gentlemen was ever more sure that a sinner will go to hell, than he would be that the same sinner, if he started from King's Cross for Edinburgh in the Scotch express would, apart from accidents, get to the Waverley Station? Why, if it wasn't for this primary belief in the continued uniformity of Nature, miracles would have had no meaning. They wouldn't have been miracles at all. Uniformity is the blackboard; and miracles are drawings in chalk on it.

We've wiped out the chalk drawings, and the blackboard still remains."

"Yes," muttered Glanville to himself, "and a very black board it is."

"Mr. Glanville," said Lady Snowdon, in her clear silvery voice, as she entered the room slowly, "you must not forget that this morning you're going to show us your museum. No—no—don't trouble about my breakfast. I had my breakfast upstairs, two hours ago, and had written ten letters before any of you were out of bed."

"Very well," said Glanville; "when we, the inferior creatures, have finished our belated repast, I'll show you whatever I've got to show. I may also add that, though we haven't written ten letters, as you have, we've already discussed ten points of philosophy."

(To be continued.)

THE PASSIONS

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY WILLIAM BLAKE

[A manuscript occupying six pages of full-sized note-paper was given to me several years ago as being in the handwriting of William Blake; and I know enough of his manuscript to say for certain that his it is. The quality of the handwriting seems to me to belong to a rather early date in his career—say 1785, when he was twenty-eight years of age, or even before that. The friend who gave me this fragmentary poem must certainly have been (though the details are not very clearly defined in my memory) the late Mr. John Deffett Francis, to whom I was from time to time indebted for several valuable good offices.]

The date when this poem came into my hands may have been towards 1876: I do not at all think that I knew of it in 1873, when I was compiling the Aldine edition of "Blake's Poems," and consequently the question as to publishing it or not in that volume did not arise. I should hardly have been minded to exclude it; for, apart from the question of absolute merit, the work is curious, and (in relation to Blake's range of ideas) even important, and it has a fair share of his wonted energy of tone.

The composition, I should explain, is, so far as the form of handwriting goes, written in the shape of prose: but it is indisputably verse—lines in correct decasyllabic and other metre, intermixed with a few which cannot be reduced to regular scansion. If any confirmation were needed of the fact that Blake would not revolt from the writing of verse under the guise of prose, this is supplied by another half-sheet of his MS., which reached me at the same time: for here he has written out, as prose, the six lines of Shakespearean rhymed verse which begin, "Orpheus with his lute made trees."

It will be observed that the Deity, or Impersonation, mentioned at

the beginning of the fragment, figures simply as "She" (showing that there must have been some lines preceding, now lost); this "She" is soon afterwards identified as "Fear." There is also a "Father," who is not here defined; I presume he represents Human Will, or something analogous.—WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.]

[Mr. Rossetti's opinion as to the authenticity of this fragment is confirmed by Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. John Sampson, two authorities whose united judgment on a question concerning Blake may be considered final.—EDITOR.]

* * * *

THEN she bore pale Desire,
 Father of Curiosity, a virgin ever young;
 And after leaden Sloth,
 From whom came Ignorance, who brought forth Wonder.
 These are the Gods which come from Fear
 (For Gods like these nor male nor female are,
 But single pregnate, or, if they list,
 Together mingling bring forth mighty Powers).
 She knew them not; yet they all war with Shame,
 And strengthen her weak arm.

But Pride awoke, nor knew that Joy was born,
 And, taking poisonous seed from her own bowels,
 In the monster Shame infused,
 Forth came Ambition, crawling like a toad:
 Pride bears it in her bosom, and the Gods
 All bow to it. So great its power
 That Pride, inspired by it, prophetic saw
 The Kingdoms of the world and all their glory:
 Giants of mighty arm before the Flood,
 Cain's city built with murder.
 Then Babel mighty reared him to the skies—
 Babel with a thousand tongues.
 Confusion it was called, and given to Shame.
 This Pride observing ñly grieved;
 But knew not that the rest was given to Shame,
 As well as this,

Then Nineveh and Babylon and costly Tyre,
And even Jerusalem was shown, the Holy City ;

Then Athens' learning and the pride of Greece ;

And further from the rising sun was Rome,

Seated on seven hills,

The Mistress of the World, emblem of Pride.

She saw the Arts their treasures bring,

And Luxury his bounteous table spread.

But now a cloud o'ercasts, and back to the East,

To Constantine's great city, Empire fled—

Ere long to bleed and die,

A sacrifice done by a priestly hand.

So once the Sun his chariot drew back

To prolong a good King's life.

The cloud o'erpassed, and Rome now shone again,

Mitred, and crowned with triple crown. Then Pride

Was better pleased : she saw the world fall down

In adoration.

But now, full to the setting Sun, a Sun

Arose out of the Sea :

It rose, and shed sweet influence o'er the earth.

Pride feared for her City—but not long ;

For, looking steadfastly, she saw that Pride

Reigned here.

Now direful pains accost her, and still pregnant ;

And Envy came, and Hate, twin progeny.

Envy hath a serpent's head of fearful bulk,

Hissing with hundred tongues. Her poisonous breath

Breeds Satire, foul contagion, from which none

Are free : o'erwhelmed by ever-during thirst,

She swalloweth her own poison, which consumes

Her nether parts, from whence a river springs.

Most black and loathsome thro' the land it runs,

Rolling with furious noise : but at the last

It settles in a lake called Oblivion.

'Tis at this river's fount,
 Where every mortal's cup is mixed,
My cup is filled with Envy's rankest draught.
 A miracle—no less—can set me right.
 Desire still pines but for one cooling drop—
 And 'tis denied—
 While others in contentment's downy nest do sleep.
 It is the cursed thorn wounding my breast
 That makes me sing :
 However sweet, 'tis Envy that inspires my song.
 Prickt by the fame of others, how I mount,
 And my complaints are sweeter than their joys !
 But oh could I at Envy shake my hands,
 My notes should rise to meet the newborn day !
 Hate, meagre hag, sets Envy on,
 Unable to do aught herself,
 But worn away, a bloodless demon.
 The Gods all serve her at her will,
 So great her power is :
 Like fabled Hecate, she doth bind them to her law.
 Far in a direful cave she lives unseen,
 Closed from the eye of Day, to the hard rock
 Transfixt by Fate, and here she works her witcheries—
 That, when she groans, she shakes the solid ground.
 Now Envy she controls with numbing trance,
 And Melancholy sprang from her dark womb.

 There is a Melancholy, oh how lovely 'tis !
 When heaven is in the heavenly mind :
 For she from heaven came, and where she goes
 Heaven still doth follow her.
 She brings true Joy, once fled,
 And Contemplation is her daughter—
 Sweet Contemplation.
 She brings Humility to man.

"Take her," she says, "and wear her in thine heart :
Lord of thyself, thou then art lord of all."

"Tis Contemplation teacheth knowledge truly how to know,
And reinstates him on his throne once lost—
How lost I'll tell. But stop the motley song—
I'll show how Conscience came from heaven :
But oh who listens to his voice ?

'Twas Conscience who brought Melancholy down :
Conscience was sent a guard to Reason—
Reason once fairer than the light,
Till fouled in Knowledge's dark prison-house,
For Knowledge drove sweet Innocence away,
And Reason would have followed, but Fate suffered not,
Then down came Conscience with his lovely band.

The song goes on telling how Pride
Against her Father warred, and overcame.
Down his white beard the silver torrents roll,
And swelling sighs burst forth : his children all
In arms appear, to tear him from his throne.

Black was the deed—most black !
Shame in a mist sat round his troubled head,
And filled him with confusion.
Fear as a torrent wild roared round his throne :

The mighty pillars shake.
Now all the Gods in blackening ranks appear,
Like a tempestuous thunder-cloud :

Pride leads them on.
Now they surround the God, and bind him fast.
Pride bound him—then usurped o'er all the Gods.
She rode upon the swelling wind,
And scattered all who durst oppose.

But, Shame opposing fierce,
And hovering over her in the darkening storm.

She brought forth Rage.
And Shame bore Honour, and made league with Pride.

Meanwhile Strife, mighty Prince, was born :
Envy in direful pains him bore.
Then Envy brought forth Care :
Care sitteth on the wrinkled brow.
Strife shapeless sitteth under thrones of Kings
Like smouldering fire,
Or in the buzz of cities flies abroad.

Care brought forth Covet, eyeless and prone to the earth ;
And Strife brought forth Revenge.

Hate, brooding in her dismal den, grew pregnant,
And bore Scorn and Slander.
Scorn waits on Pride : but Slander flies around
The world to do the work of Hate—
Her drudge and elf.

But Policy doth drudge for Hate,
As well as Slander, and oft makes use of her,—
Policy, son of Shame.
Indeed, Hate controls all the Gods at will.
Policy brought forth Guile and Fraud.
These Gods last-named live in the smoke of cities,
On dusky wing
Breathing forth clamour and destruction.
Alas in cities where's the man
Whose face is not a mask unto his heart ?

Pride made a Goddess fair—or image rather,
Till Knowledge animated it : 'twas called Self-love.
The Gods admiring loaded her with gifts,
As once Pandora. She 'mongst men was sent,
And worser ills attended her by far.

Conceit and Policy do dwell with her,
By whom she had Mistrust and Suspicion :
Then bore a daughter called Emulation,

Who married Honour :
These follow her around the world.

Go see the city—friends joined hand in hand—
Go see—the natural tie of flesh and blood—
Go see—more strong, the ties of marriage-love ;
Thou scarce shalt find but Self-love stands between.

DUCCIO

AND THE EARLY HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING

IT is still too much the fashion to regard the revival of art and letters which took place in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as a unique and isolated event. In truth, it was but one great wave of a tide which had long before begun to flow; and it differed in no essential particular from less important movements which had preceded it. Several times at Byzantium, as at Rome, a return to antiquity had led to a return to nature. Moreover, "within the limits of the Middle Age itself" there had been, as Mr. Pater reminded us, one great "outbreak which may rightly be called a renaissance, a revival." Just as in our cold English February there come sometimes a few golden days bright with presages of the spring, so, in the winter time of the Middle Ages, there was a brief period of sunshine, when a few flowers sprang up here and there from the old seemingly dead roots of antique culture.

But whilst Pater noted this early revival in one of its manifestations, he failed to appreciate its extent. Following certain French writers, he was too prone to regard the proto-renaissance as a purely Gallic movement. He does not seem to have realised that it was part of a revival which manifested itself in all the countries of southern Europe. Its earliest

home was not in the Ile de France but at Constantinople. Arrested for a time, it showed new and abundant life in the latter half of the tenth century. In the ivory carvings, in the bronze reliefs, in the mosaics, and especially in the miniatures produced by Byzantine artists in that age, we find artistic imitation of antiquity, and, here and there, genuine attempts to reproduce natural forms.

In Spain the movement revealed itself in literature and science; under the patronage of the Archbishop of Toledo, scholars devoted themselves to the study of the Arabic commentaries on Aristotle. In Provence and in the Ile de France the proto-renaissance bore fruit in architecture and sculpture as well as in letters; in Rome in the mosaics of the Cosmati, and, ultimately, in the paintings of Cavallini. The movement reached its climax in Sicily and Apulia under Frederick II. There, for one brief period, the revival manifested itself in many departments of human effort—in architecture, in sculpture, in mosaic, in literature. Its chief source of inspiration was the art of ancient Rome; but to it flowed, too, streams of vitality from other centres of the new life. Artists from Byzantium made coins for Frederick and decorated the churches and palaces of Sicily with mosaics. Sculptors, who imitated the antique, the half-forgotten forerunners of Niccola Pisano, carved busts for him. Northern architects were summoned to build his fortresses. Michael Scot, his tutor, brought to Palermo from Toledo the lore of Aristotle. Troubadours chanted their new measures in the shade of the ilex groves of Sicily. And the northern singers taught their hosts to sing. Princes and statesmen, in Provençal measures, described the joys and pains of lovers. Frederick's court became a nest of singing birds.

In Tuscany the proto-renaissance had a quite natural and orderly development. "Architecture," it has been said, "was the first of the arts to emerge from barbarism." A temple must be built for the god, a house for the man, before it can be adorned with carved stone or with colour. In

Tuscany the movement first bore fruit in architecture in the beautiful churches the Pisan architects built under classical inspiration in the course of the twelfth century. In the middle of the following century, it began to reveal itself in sculpture, in the works of Niccola Pisano. Finally, at Siena, there was a genuine revival of the art of painting under Duccio of Buoninsegna, who already, in the year 1278, was employed as an artist by the government of his native city.

In the days when Giotto was growing to manhood there were three great schools of painting in Central Italy. First of all there was the old Tuscan school whose chief masters were Giunta Pisano, Margaritone of Arezzo, and Coppo di Marcovaldo. Of the works of these rude painters there are left to us innumerable crucifixes, painted on wood, a smaller number of altar-pieces, some representations of St. Francis and other saints, and a few mural paintings. Originally, no doubt, a provincial offshoot of the Roman school, it had important centres at Pisa and Arezzo. In the course of time it was much affected by North Italian influences, through the medium of the works of the Lombard sculptors. Sometimes sculptors and painters worked in direct co-operation. This connection, whilst it led the painters to attempt to free themselves from convention and to give violent expression to emotion, did not in any way diminish the Boeotian rudeness of their works. Its only result was that in place of a crude repetition at tenth hand of traditional types they give the world such hideous grimacing representations of deep feelings as come from half-barbarian artists whose sincerity and depth of feeling is greater than their command of their means of expression.

Secondly, there was the old Roman school of painting. This, in reality, had never entirely died out. From time to time the moribund school of the western metropolis had been vivified by direct contact with the representatives of living art movements in the eastern empire. Such a renaissance began

in Rome at the close of the twelfth century.¹ It is not difficult to account for its origin. Greek artists, worthy representatives of the Byzantine proto-renaissance, masters of the second golden age of Byzantine art, had in the eleventh century exercised their art in Rome, and had painted there such frescoes as those we are now enabled to study in the Church of S. Maria Antiqua in the Forum. The Roman painters, too, had had opportunities of studying some of the best Byzantine miniatures of that age, works of rare and exquisite beauty, to which art critics and art historians are only now beginning to do justice.

Under the Cosmati this movement developed rapidly. It was indeed a genuine renaissance. The Roman artists were not content to copy their Byzantine models. In the rediscovered works of Cavallini at S. Cecilia-in-Trastevere, in the mosaics of Jacopo Torriti, in the frescoes representing scenes from the book of Genesis in the Upper Church at Assisi, we see the results of the direct, intelligent study of the antique. The school preserved its existence until the Babylonish captivity; which began, as you will remember, in the year 1309. At that time poverty and violence came to dwell in the deserted city of the Popes; and art, who, like love, is a fair-weather guest, took her flight from the desolate metropolis. But the school of Rome did not die without offspring. Rome was the true parent of the great school of Florence.²

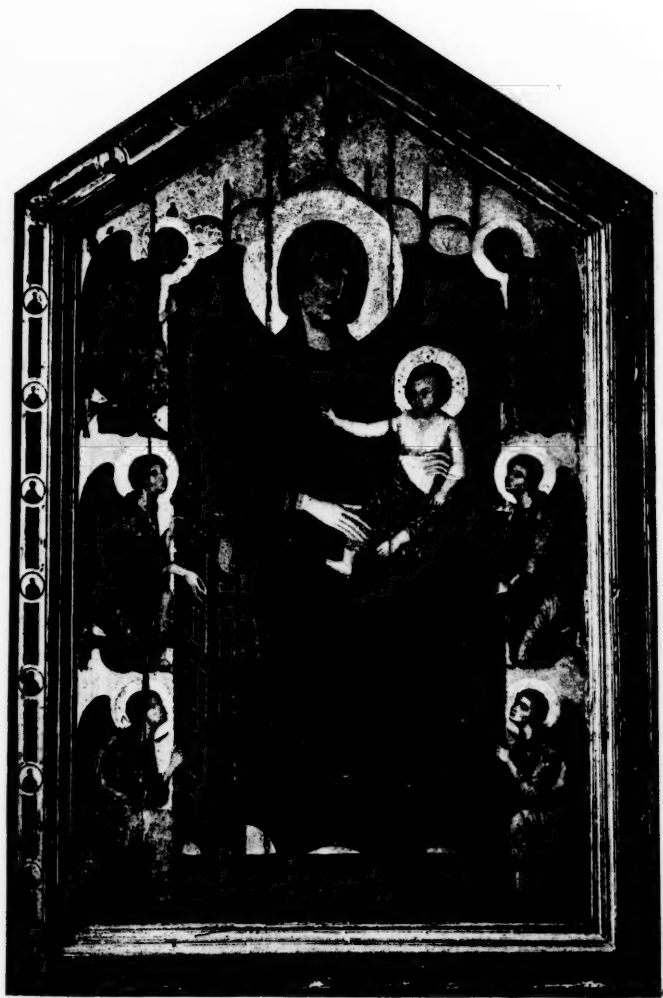
Critics of the old school lament the destruction of the

¹ The early history of this revival may be traced in the frescoes of S. Urbano alla Caffarella, Castel S. Elia, S. Silvestro di Tivoli, Rignano Flaminio, Magliano Pecoraccio, the crypt of Anagni, and the Sacro Speco at Subiaco. The part of the Benedictines in this revival is still a subject of controversy.

² There exists no certain reference to Cenno di Pepi, called Cimabue, of an earlier date than the year 1302. There is, however, a mention of "Cimabue pictor de Florentia" in a notarial deed, dated June 18, 1272, which was found by Dr. Strykowski, at Rome. If—which is more than doubtful—this Cimabue is identical with Cenno di Pepi, the document tends to confirm the view that Giotto's first master was himself a follower of the Roman school. (See Strykowski, *Cimabue und Rom*, Vienna, 1888, p. 158.)

legends in regard to Cimabue. They tell us that if it is admitted that the Rucellai Madonna and the works allied to it are not by Cenzo di Pepi "the principal link in the history of early Italian painting is lost," and Giotto's greatness is difficult to understand. But putting weightier arguments on one side, on *a priori* grounds alone the new theory of the origin of Florentine painting is more credible than the old traditional narrative which owed its origin to the *campanilismo* of Renaissance Florentines. Vasari's story of the sudden, almost miraculous, advent of the art of Cimabue and Giotto in Tuscany is as baseless and difficult of belief as the old theory of the Pisan origin of Niccola Pisano. In the field of thirteenth-century art history the work of modern art criticism has by no means been entirely or even chiefly destructive. Much that was obscure is made clearer by recent discoveries. The art of Giotto, like that of Niccola Pisano, now stands out as the final outcome of a long process of artistic evolution. We realise that whilst he owed much to the Pisani, he was artistically a scion of Rome. For him throughout three centuries a succession of masters, many of them known only by their works, had prepared the way. He is the final product of the Roman revival of the thirteenth century. The robust young provincial, having learnt all that could be learnt from brilliant artists of the neo-classical school, set to work in the great Giottesque laboratory, the Upper Church at Assisi, to solve new problems of composition and technique. His true masters were Pietro Cavallini and Giovanni Pisano: and it was not until he reached maturity that Florence became the centre of the new art movement.

The renaissance, then, of the art of mural decoration began in Rome. At Siena there arose the last born, and for some time the smallest, of the three great schools of Italian painting that flourished in the last quarter of the thirteenth century. Here the art of tempera painting was revived by Duccio di Buoninsegna, in whose hands it attained an extraordinary perfection of technique. Long before the rise of Duccio there



The Rucellai Madonna. By Duccio—*From an Altar-Piece in*
S. Maria Novella, Florence



had been manifest signs of an art revival in Siena. Already in the third decade of the thirteenth century the Sienese were at work on the existing cathedral.¹ In the next generation Niccola Pisano carved the pulpit of the Duomo and founded the Sienese school of sculpture. Siena, too, had taken a prominent part in the literary revival of the *Dugento*. Her poets had adapted the measures of the troubadours and the *trouvères*. Her prose authors had imitated the biographies and tales of the North-French writers. Before Duccio came, too, there had been signs of a revival of the art of painting: throughout the thirteenth century the school of Siena had been growing. The works of many of these masters differ, it is true, in nothing from the productions of the old Italian school. But in a few pictures of this school we find evident traces of the direct influence of Byzantine models.

By what channels this influence reached the Tuscan town I have endeavoured to show in my "History of Siena." Between Ghibelline Pisa and Ghibelline Siena there was constant intercourse. And Pisa was in direct communication with the East and with Southern Italy. Her ships were on every sea. She had colonies in Greece and in Asia Minor, in Jerusalem and in Constantinople itself. Just as traders brought figured silks from Palermo and lusted ware from the island they called "Maiolicha," so, no doubt, they bore from Byzantium some of the work of the great masters of the second golden age of Byzantine art. There is some ground, too, for the belief that Greek artists found their way to Pisa after the fall of Constantinople, and that a school of miniature-painting was established there in the thirteenth century.

"Again, Ghibelline Siena was in constant communication

¹ I have had for some time in my possession documentary evidence showing that the work upon the new cathedral was being carried on in the years 1227, 1228, 1229. Since I first wrote of these discoveries, one of the "Books of the Biccherna," containing some of these references, has been printed. I have, however, transcribed some important entries which have not yet seen the light. These point to the conclusion that the existing cathedral was begun between the years 1220 and 1226.

with Sicily and Apulia, where many Greek artists had found a home. Frederick II. himself, the great patron of Eastern art, held court at the Orgia, near Siena, in the year 1226. Both in his reign, and in the reign of Manfred, there was frequent intercourse between Siena and the cities of Southern Italy.

"The Sienese, too, had direct communication with Byzantium. Already in the early half of the thirteenth century these merchants went everywhere; and some of them, no doubt, brought back to Siena rich oriental stuffs and eastern spices, and also such portable works of art as ivories and illuminated books. Moreover, at least one distinguished emigrant from Greece, a nobleman wealthy and powerful, came and settled in the neighbourhood of Siena. Malavolti tells us—and his assertions are proved to be true by contemporary documents—that Ranieri, a nobleman of the suite of the Emperor, Peter de Courtenay, on being maltreated by Theodoric of Durazzo, sold his possessions in the eastern empire, and, after buying four castles in the neighbourhood of Siena, sought and obtained citizenship. As a citizen of Siena, Ranieri da Traviale commended his castles to the Republic, when, on September 26, 1222, he left his territory to pay a visit to the East.¹

"It is possible that Byzantine artists found their way to Siena in the train of Frederick or with his representatives. It is possible that they came to the city from Pisa. It is possible that they accompanied the great lord Ranieri da Traviale in one of his journeyings from Greece. There are no grounds for the hypothesis that Duccio himself ever visited Byzantium. Probably he studied under a Greek master; but even this is not certain. All that is certain is that he copied Byzantine miniatures, and that he used some Byzantine manual of painting like the 'Hermeneia,' a manual which not only gave full

¹ Since I found this link between Siena and the East, I have discovered a large number of references proving the important part Ranieri played in the history of the city. See for example, Arch. di Stato, Siena, Libro della Biccherna, C. 22, C. 23, C. 24, C. 27 t., or, according to the new numbering of the pages of the MS., C. 14, 15, 16, 19 t.; also the *Caleffo dell' Assunta*, C. 525 t.



The Crucifixion. By Duccio—From a portion of the great Altar-Piece in the
Opera del Duomo, Siena

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instructions as to the preparation of colours, varnishes, and panels, but also information as to the traditional mode of representing Scriptural episodes, events in the life of the Virgin, and scenes from the legends of the Saints."¹

Duccio was born in or about the year 1255, about the same time, perhaps, as the half-legendary Cimabue. In the year 1278, two years after the date Vasari gives as the year of Giotto's birth, he was already employed as a painter by the government to decorate some of the *cassoni*, in which public documents were kept.² Several times in the last quarter of the century he received employment from the authorities of his native city. On at least four occasions he was employed to decorate with painting the cover of the annual account-book of the Biccherna, the Sienese Exchequer, a task which was annually allotted to some representative artist of the city.

In the year 1285, the year in which he was first commissioned to paint one of the book-covers of the Biccherna, Duccio entered into an agreement to execute a large Madonna for the Confraternity of S. Maria at Florence, to be placed in their chapel at S. Maria Novella; which picture I hold to be identical with the Rucellai Madonna long believed to be a work of Cimabue. In the years that followed Duccio executed several works in his native city, some of which are now to be seen in the Siena Gallery. Nor was he employed only as a painter by the government of the day. He was summoned by the authorities to give expert evidence as to the best site for the Fonte Nuova, a Gothic fountain still standing on the hillside near the Ovile Gate.³

¹ "History of Siena," pp. 331, 332. Murray, 1903.

² Archivio di Stato, Siena. Biccherna, "Libro d'entrata e uscita, ad annum," c. 34, quoted by Lisini, "Notizie di Duccio, pittore." In the "Bullettino Sienese," fasc. i. p. 42. 1898.

³ Several modern writers, following Ciampi and Morrona have asserted that Duccio worked at Pisa in 1302 on the mosaic of the Duomo. Some years ago I examined all the references of that period in the "Libri d'entrata e uscita" of the Duomo of Pisa. I could find nowhere the name of Duccio. I am convinced that Morrona, who originated the story, misread "Puccius" as "Duccius."

But though his abilities were recognised by his fellow townsmen, Duccio did not live in prosperity. He had a habit of getting into debt, and in other respects he did not prove himself to be an orderly citizen. We know from account-books still existing in the well-preserved archives of Siena that in the year 1280 he incurred a heavy penalty for some offence, the nature of which is not recorded. And throughout the last twenty years of his life, notwithstanding his fame as an artist, he was repeatedly summoned for debt at the instance of one or other of his fellow citizens.

He seems, too, to have involved himself in political troubles. Although he had sprung from the people, he was not in sympathy with the democratic party of his day, and he demonstrated the sincerity of his convictions by passive resistance to their authority. He declined to swear to the ordinances of his own class, thereby incurring a fine. And in the year 1302, he refused to accompany the civic forces when they went to fight against the feudal lords of the Maremma.

But Duccio's improvidence, and his unpopular political views, did not prevent the proper recognition of his pre-eminence as an artist. In the year 1308 the Master of the Board of Works of the Cathedral, a member of the Marescotti family, whose palace, now called the Palazzo Saraceni, still stands in the Via di Città, commissioned Duccio to paint a great altar-piece for the Duomo of Siena. It was to be entirely by the artist's own hand, and he was to undertake no other work until it was finished. No expense was to be spared. The picture was to be as beautiful as the artist could make it.

The Sienese were not disappointed in their great ancona. The local chronicler, Agnolo di Tura, tells us that it was the most beautiful work that ever was seen or made, and a century later Lorenzo Ghiberti spoke of it in terms of enthusiastic eulogy. Great was the joy of the citizens when in the year 1311 they heard that the altar-piece was finished. On June 11 of that year a public holiday was declared in Siena. Early in the morning, from Siena's hundred towers, the bells began to



Madonna and Child. By Duccio—From a Picture in the Siena Gallery (N. 20)

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ring joyously. The trumpeters and drummers of the commune paraded the streets. The shops were closed, and all traffic was suspended in the city. The clergy, the members of the government, and a vast crowd of citizens flocked to Duccio's house, which still stands by the Stalloreggi gate. From there the picture was borne in solemn procession with torches and waving banners to its resting-place above the high altar of the Duomo. "All that day," says the chronicler, "the people continued in prayer and gave much alms to the poor, praying God and His Mother, who is our advocate, to defend them in their infinite pity from every adversity and every ill, and to succour them from the hands of traitors and enemies of Siena."¹

Duccio survived eight years the completion of his great masterpiece. Dying in August 1319, he left behind him a large school of painters, amongst whom was Segna di Tura di Buoninsegna, perhaps a nephew of his, who closely imitated his manner.

The master's artistic career may be divided into two periods. The works of his first period are, as we shall see, very closely allied to the works of the miniaturists of the second golden age of Byzantine painting. A typical painting of this period is the little Madonna (No. 20) in the Siena gallery. In this picture we find all the characteristics of Duccio's earlier manner, both in colour, in technique, and in form. In colour and in technique it has all the virtues of the miniaturist. It is most beautifully wrought. It has all that refinement of detail, that feeling for sumptuousness which is characteristic of the works of the best miniaturists of the preceding age. In the treatment of form, too, we find manifestations of the same influence. We see it in the angels who have their counterparts in many Byzantine paintings. We see it in the face of the Virgin, in the eye with

¹ "Cronica d' Anonimo," an early manuscript chronicle of which there are copies in the Archivio di Stato and the Communal Library at Siena. This account is abundantly confirmed by contemporary evidence. See Arch. di Stato, Siena, "Libro del Camarlingo del Comune," June 1311, c. 261,

its large iris, in the long aquiline nose, in the mouth turned down at the corners. We see it in the wooden throne with its high footstool. This throne merits the closest attention. It has a distinctly oriental origin. Its posts are of a pattern which is still to be found in eastern carved work. We find a similar throne in other early Siennese pictures, as, for example, in the *St. Peter Enthroned* in the same gallery.

But the most important work of this, Duccio's first period, is the Madonna he executed for S. Maria Novella. In a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* I have discussed this work at length, and shown how it came to pass that it was long attributed to Cimabue. It possesses all the characteristics that we have noted in the small panel by Duccio in the Siena Gallery. The child is of exactly the same type, and has the same posture. We find, too, the same peculiarities in the Virgin. Moreover, the semi-oriental throne in the Rucellai Madonna is closely related to the throne in the little picture at Siena.

There are critics who, while admitting that the Rucellai Madonna is a Siennese picture of the school of Duccio, deny that it is by the master himself. They hold that it has not the quality of Duccio's authentic work. They forget that when Duccio undertook to paint this picture for S. Maria Novella, he was still a young artist, and that this is, as far as we know, the first great work he attempted after he had emerged from the chrysalis stage of the miniaturist. They have in their minds the great *Majestas* of Siena which was executed twenty-five years later in an age of accelerated transition, in an age when the art of painting was progressing at a greater rate than at any other period in modern history. They forget that, during the twenty-five years that elapsed between the painting of the Florence altar-piece and the Siena ancona, Duccio was living in the town which Giovanni Pisano, the great leader of the new movement in art, had made his home. It is obvious that the Rucellai Madonna is the work of a master who was just beginning to free himself from Byzantine convention, and who had not cast off the manner of the miniature-painter.



St. Peter Enthroned. From a Picture in the Siena Gallery

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The wooden throne, the type of the Virgin, the design of the drapery of the principal figure—all support the view that it belongs to the thirteenth century, and was painted about the year 1285, in which year, as existing documents prove, Duccio was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for S. Maria Novella. The picture since that date has, as Mr. Wood Brown has shown, a fairly clear and connected history. At first in the Bardi chapel in the right transept of S. Maria Novella, it was afterwards placed on the wall between that chapel and the chapel in the same transept where now it rests. Finally, in the sixteenth century, it was removed from the wall between the two chapels to its present position.

Duccio was commissioned to paint this Madonna by an important confraternity, whose members were citizens of Siena's chief political, commercial and artistic rival. To have been given such a commission was a signal testimony to the genius of the young Sienese artist. Is it conceivable that he employed a pupil to execute it? Segna was the follower of Duccio, who most nearly imitated his master's style. But no critic who had a seeing eye and possessed a competent knowledge of Segna's achievement could for a moment admit that this picture is his workmanship. The Rucellai Madonna is the earliest important work of Duccio. It is in every respect characteristic of his first manner. It is the first great picture in the history of modern art.

We have in London one example of Duccio's earlier manner. I refer to the little triptych in the National Gallery. This is the only picture of Duccio's first period that is to be found outside Siena. In the works also of Duccio's second period, London, as we shall presently see, is far richer than any other city save that which gave Duccio birth. In fact the only works of Duccio existing outside Siena and London are the *Nativity* at Berlin, a book-cover in the same city, and the *St. John Baptist* at Buda-Pesth. Of course there are pictures in many galleries wrongly assigned to Duccio. The most ludicrous of these attributions is to be found at Christ

Church, Oxford, where a picture, in which is represented San Bernardino, bears the name of the master.¹ It is scarcely necessary to remind my readers that San Bernardino did not see the light until sixty years after the death of the painter.

The most important work of Duccio's second period, his great masterpiece, the *Majestas* of Siena, was painted, as we have seen, between the years 1308 and 1311. Duccio was then in the full maturity of his powers. He was liberally paid for his work, and was given a free hand by his employers. To all who love Sienese art it is a continual cause of regret that they cannot now see this work in its entirety; and that they can only look upon it in a mutilated state amidst incongruous surroundings in the Opera del Duomo at Siena. In the age of St. Catherine it was the most splendid altar-piece in Italy.

This work represents, as regards its form, a new development in art. It is one of the first, if not the first, of the great altar-pieces made in tiers and compartments which became so much the vogue before the close of the fourteenth century. Let me briefly describe it. This ancona was painted both sides, and adorned a double altar like that in the Lower Church at Assisi. On the side facing the nave was a large representation of the Virgin and Child surrounded by a great company of saints and angels. Above this picture in small painted niches were half-figures of ten apostles, five on either side. Above these figures, in small compartments with angular heads, were eight scenes from the life of the Virgin, six of which are still at Siena. On the gradine were seven scenes from the early life of Christ, beginning with the Nativity now at Berlin. Between each of these scenes was a single figure of a saint.

On the other side of the altar-piece facing the east end of the church were thirty-four pictures in rows representing scenes from the last days of Christ's earthly life. The series began at

¹ The present librarian of Christ Church, who is a connoisseur as well as a scholar, is, of course, in no way responsible for this attribution.



Madonna and Child. By Duccio.—From a portion of the great Altar-Piece in the Opera del Duomo, Siena

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the bottom of the altar-piece and finished with the six scenes in the architectural framework above. It will be noticed that in the picture as I have described it so far, and as it is described by my learned friend the Cav. Alessandro Lisini, there is a gap in the gospel story. The last event depicted in the gradine on the side facing the nave was the miracle of Cana. The first on the main panel of the altar-piece on the other side was Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Some years ago I arrived at the conclusion that the panels belonging to Mr. Benson and two of the panels in the National Gallery formed part of the great *Majestas*, being some of the scenes in the large predella on the east side of the double altar. This predella consisted of seven pictures in which were depicted some of the most important events of the public ministry of Christ previous to the days of His Passion.

We will now examine the most important picture in the great gallery of panels that compose Duccio's masterpiece, as well as a few of those of the smaller pictures that are now in London. We will endeavour to find in them the chief qualities in Duccio's art in this his second period. First of all let us look at the Madonna and Saints. In this scene we find the results of three distinct influences upon the artist. In the angels that surround the throne and the countenances of the old men, in the types of most of the angels and in a measure in the Virgin herself, we see that the artist was still in a measure under the influence of the Byzantine miniaturists. But we see also that in the meantime he has come under other influences which have powerfully affected his art. He has fallen under the spell of the sculptors and painters of the neo-classical, neo-Roman school. Living, too, in the city which was peculiarly the home of the Italian Gothic movement, the city which Giovanni Pisano made his home, the city of Lorenzo del Maitano and Lando di Pietro, he has also absorbed Gothic influences. The neo-classical, Cosmatesque influence reveals itself in the Virgin's throne, and, in a measure, in some of the drapery of the principal figures; the Gothic

influence quite unmistakably in the robes of the two female saints, the St. Agnes and the St. Catherine of Alexandria, the one at the extreme right, the other at the extreme left of the picture, as well as in the kneeling figure of the bishop

The confluence of these streams of influence is still more clearly seen in some of Duccio's panels in England. Take, for example, the *Annunciation* of the National Gallery. Here we find Gothic and neo-Classical influences side by side. The Virgin is a Roman woman. Her robe, with its web of gold lines, is Byzantine with a difference. And yet even in this figure, in the natural pose of the right arm and hand and in the expression of the face, there are indications of the influence of Gothic art. This influence clearly reveals itself in the architectural background, but no less clearly in the romantic treatment of the angel's hair.

The same confluence of influence is to be found in the *Christ Healing the Blind Man* in the National Gallery. In this little picture Duccio introduces one of the Gothic palaces, with windows *a colonnelli*, which, in his day, were rising up on all hands in Siena. Near one of the angles of the building are two beautiful ogival windows closely resembling those on the then newly erected Palazzo Squarcialupi, a palace which Duccio must have passed continually on his way from his own house to the Duomo.

It has been contended that the Gothic elements of Duccio's art only reveal themselves in the backgrounds of his later pictures. To say this is to show either a complete misunderstanding of the nature of the Gothic movement or defective powers of vision. These small panels which form a part of the great Siena altar-piece are full of Gothic sentiment of romantic northern feeling. We find in them the same kind of emotionalism, of expressiveness, of dramatic sensationalism that we see in the work of Giovanni Pisano. Over and over again, as in the panel of *Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet*, in the *Judas Bargaining with the Jews*, and even in pictures so



The Healing of the Blind Man. By Duccio—From a Picture in the National Gallery, London

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conventional in design as the *Entry into Jerusalem*, Duccio breaks away here and there from the Byzantine convention, in order to give utterance to some of those emotions to which, under the influence of Gothic art, both sculptors and painters were seeking to give artistic expression.

There are few early Sienese pictures more Gothic in feeling than Mr. Benson's *Temptation*. It has just the same marvellous qualities that we find a century later in Lorenzo Monaco's drawings of the *Journey of the Magi* and the *Visitation*. In its eerie mysticism, in its exuberent imaginative power, it recalls to us the reliefs executed by the nameless Gothic sculptors of the great French and German cathedrals. The figure of the Christ is only superficially neo-classical. And northern and Gothic as is the architecture in "the cities of the world," it is not more Gothic or northern than the sentiment of the whole picture, or than that near relative of the devils of the northern sculptors, Duccio's "Satan."

A picture of the same period as the great *Majestas* is Duccio's masterly *Crucifixion* now in the possession of Lord Crawford. Here Duccio's dramatic ability, his power of communicating to us the deep and tragic emotions with which the contemplation of the great world-tragedy inspired him, is consummately illustrated. In his rendering of the nude he shows a knowledge of the human body more accurate than that of Giotto. And whilst he has not Giotto's power of rendering form, such figures as that of the centurion are, nevertheless, almost as real to us as those of the Florentine master and they stand better on their feet.

I can only refer briefly to two other particulars in which Duccio reveals in a striking manner his independent observation of nature. In the first place we find him an innovator in the matter of landscape. In his *Miraculous Draught of Fishes* at Siena, we find the artist adopting a low horizon. In making this innovation he was not only in advance of all his contemporaries, but of all other painters of the Trecento. Again, whilst the animals he paints are scarcely less natural than

those of Giotto, his trees show stronger evidences of direct study than any of those painted by the great Florentine.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too much on the historical importance of Duccio as a link between the old world and the new. In my anxiety to show that he was not merely the last great master of the neo-Byzantine school, but that he was also one of the leaders of the new movement in painting, I have followed the popular fashion and have neglected the chief part of the critic's function. I have failed properly to define, to analyse, the æsthetic qualities of the achievement of the Sienese master, to show why it is that they give us a certain kind of pleasure. What is then the general impression that the contemplation of Duccio's pictures gives us, and what are the elements that go to make up that impression? It seems to me, as I have stated elsewhere, that Duccio seeks to create a general effect of hieratic sumptuousness. But his sumptuousness is not cold, dignified, impassive, like that of Byzantium. He makes us feel that underneath the rich vestment of his art there is a throbbing, passionate, human heart. We find in his works a decorative oriental splendour, but it is a splendour tinged with emotion. Fascinated at first glance by the rich beauty of his colour schemes, by the glow of his gold backgrounds, by the exquisite technical qualities of his tempera painting, we come to find a power of expressing deep feeling such as we search for in vain through whole galleries of so-called religious pictures. And inasmuch as art's function is the harmonic expression of emotion, deep, personal emotion, this quality is eminently æsthetic. An art critic who disparages this quality has mistaken his vocation.

Rich, harmonious colour, a consummate technique, a hieratic sumptuousness—these were the chief qualities of Duccio's art. His own decorative aim and the decorative aim of his great followers at Siena requires no justification. To disparage it because it was not identical with that of the



The Temptation. By Duccio From a Picture in the possession of Mr. R. H. Benson

Florentines is to show that artistic sectarianism which is one of the greatest curses of art criticism.

Duccio was the earliest of the great masters of tempera painting in Italy, as he was the first great painter of Tuscany, whose personality is known to us. Cavallini of Rome, decorator of walls, and Duccio of Siena, maker of altar-pieces, were the true fathers of the Italian schools. Like other great artists, the Sienese master gave consummate expression to the emotional temperament of the people amongst whom he lived. In his works, as in the letters of St. Catherine, we find mysticism wedded to a refined and subtle sensuousness, high idealism in combination with a clear-sighted realism. We find in them, too, that dramatic quality which has always been an important element in the character of a people whose city was one of the earliest homes of the popular drama.

LANGTON DOUGLAS.

A FESTA ON MOUNT ERYX

THREE or four miles inland from Trapani, at the north-west corner of Sicily, rises a precipitous solitary mountain, 2485 feet high, with a town on the top. The view from the town is magnificent and uninterrupted in all directions, for the country lying round the base of the mountain on three sides is low and undulating, covered with villages, roads, vineyards, fields and villas, and bounded by a distant amphitheatre of mountains, while on the fourth side is the Mediterranean with three of the Ægæan islands right in front, Marettimo, the most distant of them, lying on the horizon, all highest up in the sea towards the West, as Ithaca is described in the *Odyssey*.¹ Almost immediately underneath the mountain, jutting out into the sea as a land's end, is scythe-like Trapani with its salt-pans and its many windmills; to the right and left the sea extends till it is lost in the haze which so commonly obscures a Sicilian horizon; but on clear days another island, Ustica, can be seen far away to the right, floating over Cofano and Cape San Vito; to the extreme left the island of Pantellaria is also sometimes visible over the projecting land where Marsala stands, and on exceptional days even Cap Bon on the Coast of Africa can be discerned. From Marsala, in the South, the eye travels inland over the country through which, in 1860, Garibaldi with his 1000 men marched

¹ See "The Authoress of the *Odyssey*." By Samuel Butler. Longmans, 1897.

to Calatafimi. This town, situated south-east from the mountain, is hidden from view, but the heights of Segesta, some three or four miles west of it, can be distinctly seen, and thence the distant amphitheatre sweeps along past Monte Inice and round to the North where it meets the sea again at Cape San Vito.

The mountain commanding this extensive view, formerly world-renowned as Mount Eryx, and still often called Monte Erice, is now Monte San Giuliano, and gives its name both to the town on the top and to the comune of which that town is the chief place. The highest part of the summit is towards the east, and here are several towers, some belonging to the Castello, a Norman fortress, and the others to Le Torri, the summer residence of Count Pepoli. On the north, east and south sides of the summit the mountain is precipitous, but towards the west it slopes gradually through a public garden, called the Balio, and then through a maze of narrow, winding streets, down to the Trapani Gate, the lowest part of the town. From here two roads descend in zigzags, one towards the south and the other to the north. The normal population of the town is about 4000, but in the summer and autumn this is largely increased, inasmuch as the great heat of Trapani and the low country drives as many as can afford it to live on the summit where it is seldom too hot.

The rest of the comune lies dotted about on the plain at the foot of the mountain, and consists of a dozen small villages, all visible from the top. These have mostly grown up within the last hundred years or so as colonies from the chief town. In the days when the country was less secure the women and children remained within the town walls, while the men went down to the fields, returning for Sundays and Festas; then settlements were formed below to which the women and children could safely be moved; but Custonaci, one of the villages of the comune, did not spring up in this way and is of older date than the others.

Mount Eryx was in classical times famous for the worship

of Venus; here stood perhaps the most celebrated of all her temples—the one with which her name is most familiarly associated, and here long before Horace wrote of “*Erycina ridens*” she was worshipped as Aphrodite by the Greeks and as Astarte by the Phœnicians. Hardly a vestige of any temple can now be made out, but the remains of the pelagic walls that protected the city in pre-historic ages are still to be seen near the Trapani Gate. These walls were originally built by the Sicans long before the influx of colonists after the fall of Troy as recorded in Thucydides VI. 2; they were afterwards restored by the Phœnicians, and on many of the stones the quarryman’s marks in Phœnician characters are still visible.

It was believed that at certain seasons of the year the goddess left her shrine on the mountain and went over into Africa accompanied by all the pigeons of the neighbourhood, and this was the occasion for a festival of *anagogia*.¹ A little later, when the pigeons returned, the goddess was believed to come back with them, and then there was another festival of *catagogia*.² Seeing that she would have had little more than a hundred and twenty miles to go in order to reach what is now Cap Bon and then only to cross the Gulf of Tunis to arrive at the Phœnician Colony of Carthage, it is difficult not to suppose that these flittings began in the days when Astarte was in power—but it is not certain whether the cult of the goddess on Mount Eryx owes its inception to the Greeks or to the Phœnicians.

In our own time Monte San Giuliano is famous for the worship of the Madonna di Custonaci, the Protectress of the whole comune. Her sacred picture is normally in her sanctuary down at Custonaci, about fifteen kilometres distant, but when any general calamity afflicts the district it is brought up to the Matrice or Mother Church on Mount Eryx. On these occasions three days of humiliation are proclaimed,

¹ *Avayōyia* (sc. *iepá*), offerings made at departure, a feast of Aphrodite at Eryx.

² *Karayōyia*, the festival of the return, opp. to *avayōyia* (Liddell and Scott’s *Lexicon*).

priests and men, their heads crowned with thorns, their necks encircled with cords, go about the town flagellating themselves; in the evening fires are lighted on the Balio and all the villages below answer by lighting fires too to show that they are taking part in the general tribulation. A document is signed by the Sindaco and then the picture is brought from Custonaci and placed over the great altar in the Matrice. When it has become quite clear that the anger of Heaven has been appeased the picture is taken back to Custonaci.

It was my good fortune to be upon the mountain in August 1901 when this procession took place, and when, furthermore, the sacred picture was transported back to Custonaci from the mountain where it had been since 1773, an unusually long time. These two events synchronising constituted a kind of double Festa lasting four days on the mountain and four days more at Custonaci.

The calamity that most usually befalls the comune is a drought, or the fear of a drought. The fact that there is practically no rain during the summer enables the people to carry on one of their chief industries—the manufacture of salt, the source of much of the wealth of Trapani. The sea water is collected in open salt-pans, being raised by means of the screw which has been in use all over the island ever since Archimedes invented it to remove the water from the hold of one of Hiero's ships at Syracuse. All through the summer the heat of the sun evaporates the moisture leaving the salt, which is afterwards exported to many distant countries; as soon as the salt is all under cover it is time for the rain to begin, otherwise the land would not get enough for the crops. In 1893 the rain was delayed until matters began to look so serious that it was determined to bring the picture up. The proper formalities having been observed, the people all went out in crowds to welcome it, crying, "Acqua, Maria, acqua!" ("Rain, Maria, Rain!") Meanwhile the clouds were gathering and presently a tremendous thunderstorm came on so that they arrived at the

mountain drenched and shouting "Basta, Maria, basta!" ("Leave off, Maria, leave off!") The lightning struck the church and injured four persons who were standing near the altar: but the Madonna was already in her place and owing to her presence they recovered.

The picture, like many of the thaumaturgic representations of the Madonna, is the work of St. Luke the Evangelist—all except the head which was done by an angel who descended from Heaven expressly for the purpose. This being so, one would expect to find its home on the top of the very mountain itself and not down at an insignificant little village like Custonaci. Some have thought that to allow the Sanctuary of a Madonna Ericina to take the place of the temple of Venus Ericina would have been to insist on a parallelism about which it was desirable to say as little as possible. Others believe the real reason why we have a Madonna di Custonaci to be preserved in the following legend:

A French vessel laden with precious merchandise and also with this still more precious picture was returning home to Marseilles from Alexandria in Egypt and while sailing the Sicilian seas encountered a furious tempest. The more the unhappy mariners laboured to govern their craft the less they succeeded, and at last, despairing of earthly help, they turned their thoughts to the Madonna. With streaming eyes they knelt before the painting and prayed the Queen of Heaven to conduct them safely home. For a long time they met with no response, but when they were nearing Cofano every sailor heard a voice as though coming from the picture and declaring that the Madonna desired to be landed on the neighbouring coast. Whereupon they bound themselves by a vow that if they reached land in safety they would build her a sanctuary then and there. No sooner was the vow uttered than the wind fell, the storm ceased and the surface of the waters became as polished glass over which the fortunate bark glided without guidance into harbour—and this to the great astonishment of the crew, for her course lay among dangerous shoals and sunken

rocks. The joyful mariners returned thanks to their Blessed Protectress, but while disembarking to perform their vow they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of armed peasants who, taking them for Turkish Pirates, ran to the spot with the intention of frustrating their supposed nefarious designs. Mutual explanations averted bloodshed and then the peasants began to dissuade the sailors from carrying out their vow in so literal a manner, explaining that they would be abandoning their precious charge to the risk, if not the certainty, of sacrilegious theft at the hands of the corsairs who infested that harbour. In the end the simple mariners yielding to the arguments of the peasants with many tears consigned the picture to their care. It was put on to a cart harnessed to two oxen who started to draw it inland, but would only go in a direction chosen by themselves. After proceeding two or three kilometres the oxen lay down and by no means could be persuaded to go a step further. This indicated the Madonna's desire that her church should be erected there, and on that spot now stands the sanctuary of Custonaci. The poor sailors, grieving bitterly for the loss of their treasure, returned to the ship and resumed their interrupted voyage, reaching Marseilles in safety.

Owing to the culpable negligence of those who ought to have considered it a privilege to be permitted to chronicle the many miracles which the Madonna performed in honour of the arrival of her picture, we have particulars of only two cures wrought in those times, one on a cripple and the other on a mute. Any one, however, who is disposed to doubt that there were many more has only to visit the sanctuary and take note of the large number of votive pictures there exhibited. Besides, how else could the fame of this wonder-working image have travelled abroad so extensively unless the wonders had been not less numerous than undoubted?

There is much uncertainty as to the exact date of these events; some give the year 1570; others consider this too late, if only because there exist wills dated as far back as 1422

bequeathing gifts to Santa Maria di Custonaci; others say that this need not have anything to do with our famous Madonna because there has been a church or chapel at Custonaci dedicated to the Virgin from very early times, and there is nothing to show that these wills do not refer to the earlier Madonna. Others believe 1370, not 1570, to be the true date. We should have something to guide us if we could ascertain how often the picture has been transported to the mountain in times of calamity, but here again the culpable negligence of the chroniclers has left us with records of only fifty-one such occasions from the beginning of the sixteenth century to 1794, viz., five when the pestilence walked by mid-day, four when the mountains trembled and the earth opened, two when the locusts came without number and devoured the fruits of the ground, four when war-clouds gathered in the sky, and thirty-six when the autumn rains were delayed.

The disputes extend also to the date of the painting—some even denying that it was painted by St. Luke: but to do this they are obliged to ignore all the considerations which support the orthodox view, viz., the place from which the sailors brought it, the many wonders performed by it, the miraculous preservation of the colouring during all the years that have elapsed since St. Luke's time, the widespread belief in the efficacy of its powers, and lastly, the fact that though many have made the attempt no artist has yet succeeded in producing a perfect copy of the original.

I asked several people what St. Luke had to do with Alexandria and was always told that St. Mark's body was brought from there to Venice in 828, why then should not another of the Evangelists have been there also? This reply satisfied me no more than did those with which pre-occupied age used to endeavour to silence my inquisitive childhood and produced much the same sort of result, spurring me on to further investigations.

A musician who desires to compose a tune that shall become popular, must contrive to produce something apparently

original, and yet not so original as to demand study—it must also contain echoes of other tunes previously popular, and yet they must be so indefinite that no one can tell for certain where they come from, which is what we mean when we say it is a wise tune that knows its own father. Similarly the framers of the foregoing legend had to compose an entirely Christian story as original as was compatible with the use of the accepted Christian forms, and yet they could not neglect all the pagan traditions with which their public had been impregnated for generations. The picture must come over the sea—everything that arrives in an island does so, and one of the most effective of the legendary forms is the arrival of a boat with a precious cargo from a distant land. Tunis would never do for the point of departure, not only because it is where Astarte came from when she arrived in Sicily, but also because it had been Moslem since the seventh century and could not have been accepted by the people as a Christian seaport. It is quite likely that the popularity of the St. Mark legend determined the selection of Alexandria. The storm, the vow, and the oxen are as much common form as the ship. Then comes the curious similarity between the alternate domiciles of the Madonna on the mountain and at Custonaci and the flittings of Venus Erycina to and fro between the mountain and Carthage. If we look upon the arrival of the picture as involving the transplanting of a piece of Africa into Sicily, as an Ambassador's house is regarded as being part of his own country, we may then consider that the Madonna still travels between the mountain and Africa, only she now has an easier journey and avoids actually dwelling among heretics. In this view her journeyings should be looked upon as modern versions of the feasts of anagogia and catagogia.

It is admitted that the picture has, more than once, been placed in the hands of skilful modern painters, whose services have been called in merely to repair any damage it may have sustained during transport—they have had nothing

to do therefore with the miraculous preservation of the colouring. What these experts thought about the date of the original painting is known only to themselves. We need not suppose that they agreed—that would have been indeed a miracle and quite a fresh departure for a picture with a reputation earned in a different branch of thaumaturgy. It is, however, an unimportant matter, for art experts are the victims of such cast-iron prejudices that if once they fancy they see the influence of Leonardo da Vinci in a picture and take it into their heads that it comes from Piedmont, it will be found the most difficult thing in the world to persuade them that it really was painted in Egypt more than a thousand years before Giotto.

Processions resembling that of the Personaggi were formerly more common in Italy than they are now. This one is said to be unique. It has been usual in other places to tell the same story over and over again year after year—in one place at Easter it would be always the story of the Passion, in another at Christmas that of the Nativity, and so on. Here they do not have the procession regularly every year. When they do have it, it invariably takes place by night and the same story is never told twice, though the subject is generally taken from the Bible and always symbolises the Madonna di Custonaci. In 1897 it was Jael who by delivering Israel became a type of the Madonna; in 1894 it was the Dawn of the True Faith which occurred soon after the death of Julius Cæsar, a prominent figure in the procession. It will be remembered that he was worshipped as a god and false religion never went further astray than when it deified man.

There appears to be no legend or tradition about the origin of the personaggi, the earliest record states that in 1750 the figures appeared for the first time on horseback. No doubt previously they had appeared on foot. In 1897 three of them, and in 1901 all of them were in cars. We shall perhaps not be far wrong if we suppose that some procession, involving the display of the most beautiful men and women that could be

found, took place on the mountain in heathen times as part of the cult of the goddess, and that as a compromise this was not abolished but accommodated to Christian usages.

A nocturnal procession, whether the figures go on foot, on horseback, or on cars, does not strike one as being a particularly favourable medium for the telling of a story. Nevertheless, by choosing a subject with which the people are more or less familiar, by emphasising the climax and providing an explanatory pamphlet for twopence the result is far more satisfactory than one would have supposed at all probable.

It takes a month or six weeks to get everything ready. First the Arciprete of the Matrice determines what the story shall be and how it is to be told. The designing of each personaggio or of each group is then confided to one of the inhabitants who, provided he bears in mind the general scheme, is free to follow his natural artistic instincts. The dresses are hired from Palermo and an astonishing quantity of jewellery is lent by the families of the comune. This jewellery is one of the principal features of the Personaggi; it is all gold and precious stones, no silver is to be seen and nothing is ever lost, stolen or mislaid, even the thieves becoming honest. It is sewn on to the dresses in various designs and makes them look very rich, so that what is hired from Palermo is only the costumes in the rough, so to speak. In 1897 the Personaggi carried 85lb. weight of gold and precious stones, and this was only part of what was lent.

In 1901 it was known that the procession was to represent the Universal Deluge and that all the Personaggi were to be in cars and none of them on horseback. How a subject apparently so intractable was to be treated and how the Madonna di Custonaci was to be got in were questions that gave rise to much discussion in the comune before the eventful night solved them.

On the morning of Sunday, August 25, at 7.30, a brass band began to perambulate the town to announce that the Festa had begun. At 8.30 the band entered the Matrice and

the sacred picture was unveiled, the band saluting it with a burst of music. Much may be done in music by illusion and suggestion. The service concluded with an extremely graceful movement in six-eight time that drove all thoughts of the Madonna out of the mind of at least one listener and substituted a vision of laughing girls, swaying lightly to the rhythm and singing of the dancing waves whose foam gave birth to Venus.

When the church emptied we got a better view of the picture. It is about 6ft. high by 3 broad, painted in oils on wood prepared with gesso and represents a smiling Madonna with the Child at her breast. She is seated on a throne in a landscape; two angels hold over her head a massive golden crown; the Child is crowned, and in His hand are three ears of corn and the keys. The crowns are really only half-crowns, but they are gold or silver-gilt and are fastened into the wood of the picture. All round the Madonna's nimbus is a raised band of gold set with twelve diamond stars valued at 14,000 lire. A large diamond earring is suspended from her right ear, the only one that is visible; three large diamond rings are on the fingers of her right hand, and one on a finger of her left, which supports the Child, and suspended all over her skirts is an immense quantity of jewellery. The frame is of wood, entirely coated with silver, in the form of a broken pediment over the top. It is almost concealed by the jewellery hung about it, earrings, chains, necklaces, rings, watches, &c. &c. These are offerings from the faithful, but what is shown is nothing like all. There is a large chest containing much more, but what has been given this year is exposed in a separate case. These valuables constitute the Madonna's dowry, and she carries it with her on her journeys; but some of the more important articles never leave the mountain, her diamond stars, for instance, are removed from the picture when it goes down and their place is taken by less valuable stars of gold.

In the afternoon there were horse-races outside the Trapani Gate and a concert and illumination in the Balio in the evening.

In wandering about the town next day I came upon four or five of the cars lurking in obscure churches where they had been prepared. It was not easy to make much of them. There were a few canvas rocks and banks and some *papier maché* clouds, also the waters of the deluge, all painted to appear real, and in among the rocks and banks were real plants, mostly the dwarf palm, which grows very plentifully on the mountain. There were wooden supports to help the figures to stand firm and a concealed apparatus to supply acetylene gas, used now for the first time.

All day long people kept on coming up the mountain and pouring into the town. Those who did not come on foot left their carts and horses outside, and they all swarmed up through the narrow, irregular, roughly paved streets from the Trapani Gate to the Balio, till by night-fall the Piazza was as crowded as London on Mafeking night. Every one who has been at an Italian Festa knows what it is like—men shouting and elbowing their way through the people with flaming lamps fitted to their baskets, selling water and syrups, cakes and confectionery, melon-seeds and pea-nuts—others going about with half-penny buttonholes of gelsomina, each neatly folded up in a vine-leaf to keep the scent in—three independent piano-organs and a brass band in the middle distance—an enthusiastic blind singer, a sort of survival of Demodocus, with a falsetto voice and no bridge to his nose keeping a group of listeners spellbound in the foreground with their favourite ballad, illustrated by a large sheet of oil paintings in eight tableaux, about the man who murdered his wife and mother with one bloody knife—there it is on the supper-table—and was ultimately taken by the Carabinieri and executed.

This blind singer is a humorist: once when he was fibbing in a particularly flagrant manner he enforced his remarks by praying that heaven would strike him blind and smash his nose if he was not speaking the truth.

While you are thinking that the tumult must now be at its height, peaceful nuns are creeping up the convent stair; silently,

one by one, they reach the roof. Every one can see them collecting together in the moonlight and taking hold of the dangling bell-ropes. All of a sudden you realise what a mistake you had been making as the riotous bells fling their additional accompaniments out into the night, all over the town, over the whole comune, down to Trapani and out to the islands.

In the meantime those in charge of the cars had been giving their final directions and the Personaggi, who had been being dressed ever since early in the afternoon, were ready to receive visitors. About 10 P.M. each of them began to hold an At Home. There they sat silent and motionless in their houses, among trays full of superfluous jewellery and surrounded by lighted candles, gazing imperturbably in front of them, while people streamed through the rooms admiring them, fingering their dresses and jewels, and asking questions of their relations and friends.

About 11.30 I was conducted along the illuminated streets through the crowd to a house looking up a street down which the procession was to come. We had some time to wait, but at last the moving lights began to shine on the high houses in the distance, the band was heard approaching, and at 1.45 the first car staggered into sight. It contained *The Sons of God and the Daughters of Men*; there were three of each reclining in front and offering flowers to one another instigated so to do by the Monster of Wickedness, a loathsome dragon, who was insinuating himself among them from rocks behind, while the Angel of the Lord, a singularly beautiful child, stood on a high cloud in the background in an attitude of horror, about to take wing from such a world of wickedness. Cupid was there also, sitting at the feet of the daughters of men and taking aim generally.

The second car brought *Sin*, a bearded man in an imperial attitude with a golden sceptre resting on his hip. He dominated a globe round which the old Serpent had coiled himself. He was dressed in dark blue velvet and wore a voluminous red

cloak. On his breast was a bunch of grapes made entirely of diamond rings; each grape was a separate ring isolated from the others and so sewn on that the hoop, being passed through a hole in the material, was not visible and only the rose of diamonds was displayed. There were fifty-five grapes, and they sparkled and glittered in the flickering lights as the car lurched down the street.

Next came *The Voice of God*, a beautiful figure of an angel blowing a trumpet, and the words on the cloud were "Delebo hominem." In the front sat a youth and a girl holding hands to represent the wicked population destined to destruction.

Then *The Universal Deluge* came pitching and tossing round the corner—rather an ambitious car. In the foreground was the water with the head of a drowning man throwing up his arms and the indication of another entirely submerged. The waves were beating against a steep bank up which a tigress was escaping, carrying her cub in her mouth. On the top of the bank stood a lovely woman endeavouring to save her terrified child. She and the plants were the only living things on the car, even the terrified child was *papier maché*.

The Ark came next, and had no living figure at all, being merely Noah's Ark resting on Mount Ararat with a dove in front. This may sound rather uninteresting, but to the initiated it palpitated with significance, for it symbolised the Madonna di Custonaci, the only means of salvation from the waters of punishment; and as the Ark rested on Mount Ararat while the flood subsided, so does the Madonna di Custonaci rest upon Mount Eryx while the calamity is stayed.

No. 6 was *The Sacrifice*, and represented Noah, an imposing old man with long white hair and beard, standing at an altar where a sheep lay dead under a net and his three sons were in front praying.

No. 7 was *The Rainbow*, another lovely girl as an angel standing between a bank of clouds and a rainbow. On the breast of this figure was worked in jewels the dove with the

olive-branch ; this was particularly appropriate as it happens also to be the badge of the town.

The procession was closed by a long car carrying first a band of musicians, then a chorus of youths attired as angels and crowned with roses, the whole backed by a sort of temple front framing a copy of the sacred picture. This car had to stand still from time to time while the band and choir performed music composed specially for the occasion, and the constant stopping dictated the movements of the other cars being signalled to them by bells, so that there might always be about the same space between them.

The cars were drawn by men and the figures made no attempt to stand rigidly still—anything of the kind would have been out of the question, for they must have been on the move between five and six hours. This last car passed my balcony at 3.30, an hour and three-quarters after the first had come into sight, and one could tell the next day that they had been through nearly the whole town, for hardly a street was safe to walk in, they were all so slippery with the wax that had dropped from the candles. The constant moving of their limbs by the figures, though they never lost the general idea of the attitude, together with the tottering motion, caused by the extreme roughness of the paving, prevented any sense of the pose plastique or living picture. All the female figures had their breasts encrusted with jewels, usually in a floral design, and the borders of their dresses were heavy with jewellery ; the male figures also wore as much as could be suitably sewn on to their costumes.

Omitting consideration of the final car, which was only there to close the procession and bring on the music and the Madonna, and also of the Ark, which could hardly have been otherwise, there were six cars, three carrying groups and three practically single figures, for the boy and girl at the feet of *The Voice of God*, though they were the children of my landlord, were not really necessary. Of the groups, *The Sons of God and the Daughters of Men* was certainly the finest. It

told its story in the right way and was full of the right kind of imagination. *The Sacrifice* was next best and owed much to the extreme dignity of the principal figure. I should have liked *The Flood* better if it had had more living figures and less *papier maché*, though I am not ashamed to admit that I have no idea how this could have been done, and Shakespeare himself, who apologises for trying to make a cockpit hold the vasty fields of France, might have been excused for not attempting to decant the Universal Deluge into a receptacle scarcely bigger than a costermonger's barrow. Of the three remaining cars *Sin* was beyond comparison the finest, both in conception and execution. He would, perhaps, have looked the part more obviously if he had had more of a once-aboard-the-lugger expression on his kind and gentle face ; on the other hand the designer of this car no doubt intended us to understand that *Sin* is then most seductive when he appears with nothing repulsive in his aspect. The other two were merely just what they should have been—ordinary business cars, as it were. Had these three single figures appeared on horseback, with grooms to lead them as in former times, the procession would have gained in variety and the importance of the groups on the cars would have been emphasised.

But this is a small matter. The procession as it was, with its car after car jolting along under an August full moon, the sparkling of the jewels, the flashing of the torches, the blazing of the gas, the beauty of the figures themselves and the immense multitude of reverent worshippers, made up a scene never to be forgotten. The impressiveness of the effect was deepened by the knowledge that this mountain, where Astarte, Aphrodite and Venus have all reigned in turn, is also a place where much that has helped to mould the poetry and history of the world has happened since the Sicans first girded it with its megalithic cincture. Added to this was the conviction that for many and many an age some such procession has been winding through these narrow irregular

streets, the form changing, but the intention remaining ever the same—Praise to the Giver of the Increase.

The programme for the next day contained nothing till 5 P.M., when there were more horse-races, then Vespers in the Matrice, brilliantly illuminated, after dusk fireworks outside the Trapani Gate, and at night a concert in the illuminated Balio.

In the afternoon of Wednesday the 28th a procession of fifty-nine mules and horses passed through the town; each animal was accompanied by its owner, a peasant of the comune, and was loaded with bags of grain, an offering for the Madonna. This grain was to be sold, and in the meantime was estimated to be worth 2500 lire. About 1500 lire was collected during the Festa, partly in money at the church doors and partly in the value of unused wax candles, and the Municipio gave 1000, so that altogether the receipts were about 5000 lire. Against this the expenses of the Festa were expected to amount to about 4000 lire, and the balance will go towards the expenses of the next.

The procession of the grain closed the Harvest Home, and in the evening of the same day began the proceedings relating to the going away of the picture. At 8 P.M. another procession started. First came the band to clear the way, then a man beating a drum. This drum is a feature of Sicilian processions, and is said to date from the time when the Saracens had possession of the island; it continues as long as the procession lasts, which may be for hours, and produces an unexpected effect. There is so much else going on that after a time you forget to notice it; but you have not really got away from it; you are being unconsciously saturated, and after the Festa is over you become aware that you are suffering from a surfeit of drum; it comes back and keeps you awake at night; when you go out of doors you expect to hear it in the distance; when you turn a corner you listen for it, and as it is not there you find yourself listening for it all the more anxiously. But this wears off after two or three days.

Behind the drum came peasants walking two and two, carrying candles and an occasional banner; then the Society of the Misericordia wearing those mysterious dresses that cover them entirely from head to foot with holes for the eyes, but here they are white, not black as in Tuscany; then priests and men carrying lamps, and last the sacred picture out of the Matrice, carried by men, the whole frame quivering with its fringes of jewellery. Every church that lay on the route was lighted up, and not till long past midnight, when the picture had been taken into each one of them to pay a farewell visit, was it carried back to the Matrice.

On Thursday 29th, the day appointed for transporting the picture back to Custonaci, there was early mass in the Matrice and afterwards a short sermon. The preacher contrasted the sadness of the present occasion with the joy of that happy day in 1893, when the Madonna had come to dwell among them, bringing the rain with her. He told them of her love for her people, of all she had done for them, of all they owed her, and of how deeply she entered into the life of each one of them. He reminded them that the first name they had been taught to lisp at their mother's knee was Maria; that she to whom they raised their prayers in time of tribulation was Maria; that the one they blessed for benefits received was always Maria. And now her gracious presence was to depart from her beloved mountain; the time had come to utter the last farewell. Here the preacher spoke a few words so touching in their eloquence that all the women and most of the men burst into tears and made no attempt to conceal their emotion.

It would not occur to an Englishman to weep because a picture is taken from one place to another. A short time ago quite a number of pictures were taken and put away in the Tate Gallery, and yet London looked stolidly on and not a tear was shed. Had one been shed it would have been laughed at, and had only one or two of the congregation in the Matrice been so powerfully affected it might have passed unnoticed; but the simultaneousness and spontaneity of their almost hysterical

grief was most impressive, and no one could have had any idea of laughing who saw that weeping crowd accompany the Madonna out of the church while the band played a funeral march. She was carried on men's shoulders, her face constantly turned towards the town, through the Trapani Gate and down the road to the little church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, while the drum went in front filling the air with the mournfulness of its perpetual rhythm. As the picture passed among the people one of the women cried out, "See how pale the face of the Madonna has become! it is with sorrow to leave the mountain." Another lifted up her voice and prayed that it might not be long before a calamity befell the comune—as that it might not rain till December, for example—in order that she might soon return. The bearers stopped at the little church where a large chest had been prepared in which she was to perform the rest of the journey and the people's grief culminated as the chest received her out of their sight.

In "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," Blake tells us that when the Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with him he asked: "Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so make it so"? and Isaiah replied: "All poets believe that it does, and in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains, but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything." Certainly most of the Ericini are capable of a firm persuasion of something, and probably, if Blake could have visited them at a time when the Madonna was going away from the mountain or coming back to it, he would have agreed that the age of imagination still lingers in this classic spot.

Those who did not accompany the picture beyond Santa Maria delle Grazie now proceeded to the Balio and the beating of the drum floated up continually as the chest, followed by an immense crowd on foot, in carts and on horseback, was carried down the zigzags and along the winding road to Custonaci. In many places booths had been erected where wine and bread were given freely to all while the bearers rested. At other

points were pulpits where they stopped to listen to a short sermon. A crowd had come out from Paparella to meet and join the throng; other crowds from Fico, Ragosia, Crocevia, Palazzolo and the other villages forming the Comune were waiting at various points along the road. From the Balio the whole journey was visible except when the windings of the road hid part of the crowd, and with the help of glasses the arrival at the Sanctuary could be seen distinctly at about 5 P.M., nearly nine hours after the morning start. On ordinary occasions the journey takes about three hours. In the evening there were fireworks and illuminations at Custonaci and bonfires in many of the other villages.

When the picture is on the mountain it is the custom for the women of the town to go to the Matrice in the evening to pray. When it is at Custonaci they go to the Balio where a stone prie-dieu has been built for them from which they can see the Sanctuary. Here they will go and pray every evening until such time as the next calamity brings the picture up among them again.

HENRY FESTING JONES.

FORT AMITY

CHAPTER I

MALBROUCK S'EN VA T'EN GUERRE

“**S**O adieu, Jack, until we meet in Quebec! You have the start of us, report says, and this may even find you drinking his Majesty’s health in Fort Carillon. Why not? You carry Howe, and who carries Howe carries the eagles on his standards; or so you announce in your last. Well, but have we, on our part, no *vevillum*? Brother Romulus presents his compliments to Brother Remus, and begs leave to answer ‘Wolfe!’ ’Tis scarce forty-eight hours since Wry-necked Dick brought his ships into harbour with the Brigadier on board, and already I have seen him and—what is more—fallen in love. ‘What like is he?’ says you. ‘Just a sandy-haired slip of a man,’ says I, ‘with a cock nose’: but I love him, Jack, for he knows his business. We’ve a *professional* at last. No more Pall Mall promenaders—no more Braddocks, Loudons, Webbs! We live in the consulship of Pitt, my lad—*deprome Caccubum*—we’ll tap a cask to it in Quebec. And if Abercromby’s your Cæsar——”

Here a bugle sounded, and Ensign John à Cleeve of the 46th Regiment of Foot (Murray’s) crushed his friend’s letter into his pocket and sprang off the wood-pile where he had seated himself with the regimental colours across his knees. He unfolded them from their staff, assured himself that

they hung becomingly—gilt tassels and yellow silken folds—and stepped down to the lakeside where the batteaux waited.

The scene is known to-day as one of the fairest in the world. Populous cities lie near it and pour their holiday-makers upon it through the summer season. Trains whistle along the shore under its forests; pleasure-steamers, with music on their decks, shoot across bays churned of old by the paddles of war-canoes; from wildernesses where Indians lurked in ambush smile neat hotels, white-walled, with green shutters and deep verandahs; and lovers, wandering among the hemlocks, happen on a clearing with a few turfed mounds, and seat themselves on these last ruins of an ancient fort, nor care to remember even its name. Behind them—behind the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains—and pushed but a little way back in these hundred-and-fifty years, lies the primeval forest, shyly trodden now by the wasting redman, but untamed yet, almost unhandelled. And still, as the holiday-makers leave it, winter closes down on the lakeside and wraps it in silence, broken by the loon's cry or the crash of a snow-laden tree deep in the forest—the same sounds, the same aching silence, endured by French and English garrisons watching each other and the winter through in Fort Carillon or Fort William Henry.

"The world's great age begins anew." It begins anew, and hourly, wherever hearts are high and youth sets out with bright eyes to meet his fate. It began anew for Ensign John à Cleeve on the morning of July 5, 1758; it was sounded up by bugles, shattering the forest silence; it breathed in the wind of the boat's speed shaking the silken flag above him. His was one of twelve hundred boats spreading like brilliant water-fowl across the lake which stretched for thirty miles ahead; gay with British uniforms, scarlet and gold, with Highland tartans, with the blue jackets of the Provincials; flash of oars, innumerable glints of steel, of epaulettes, of belt, cross belt and badge; gilt knops and tassels and sheen of flags. Yonder

went Blakeney's 27th Regiment, and yonder the Highlanders of the Black Watch; Abercromby's 44th, Howe's 55th, with their idolised young commander, the 60th or Royal Americans in two battalions; Gage's Light Infantry, Bradstreet's axemen and batteau-men, Starke's rangers, a few friendly Indians—but the great Johnson was hurrying up with more, maybe with five hundred—in all fifteen thousand men and over. Never had America seen such an armament; and it went to take a fort from three thousand Frenchmen.

No need to cover so triumphant an advance in silence! Why should not the regimental bands strike up? For what else had we dragged them up the Hudson from Albany and across the fourteen-mile portage to the lake? Weary work with a big drum in so much brushwood! And play they did, as the flotilla pushed forth and spread and left the stockades far behind; stockades planted on the scene of last year's massacre. Though for weeks before our arrival Bradstreet and his men had been clearing and building, sights remained to nerve our arms and set our blood boiling to the cry "Remember Fort William Henry!" Its shores fade, and somewhere at the foot of the lake three thousand Frenchmen are waiting for us (if indeed they dare to wait). Let the bands play "Britons strike home!"

Play they did: drums tunding and bagpipes skirling as though Fort Carillon (or Ticonderoga, as the Indians called it) would succumb like another Jericho to their clamour. The Green Mountains tossed its echoes to the Adirondacks, and the Adirondacks flung it back; and under it, down the blue waterway towards the Narrows, went Ensign John à Cleeve, canopied by the golden flag of the 46th.

The lake smiled at all his expectations and surpassed them. He had imagined it a sepulchral sheet of water, sunk between cavernous woods. And lo! it lay high in the light of day, broad-rimmed, with the forests diminishing as they shelved down to its waters. The mountains rimmed it, amethystine, remote, delicate as carving, as vapours almost transparent;

and within the rim it twinkled like a great cup of champagne held high in a god's hand—so high that John à Cleeve, who had been climbing ever since his regiment left Albany, seemed lifted with all these flashing boats and uniforms upon a platform where men were heroes, and all great deeds possible, and the mere air laughed in the veins like wine.

Two heavy flat-boats ploughed alongside of his; deep in the bows and yawing their sterns ludicrously. They carried a gun apiece, and the artillerymen had laded them too far forward. To the 46th they were a sufficiently good joke to last for miles. "Look at them up-tailed ducks a-searching for worms! Guns? Who wants guns on this trip? Take em home before they sink and the General loses his temper." The crews grinned back and sweated and tugged, at every third drive drenching the bowmen with spray, although not a breath of wind rippled the lake's surface.

The boat ahead of John's carried Elliott, the Senior Ensign of the 46th, with the King's colours—the great Union, drooping in stripes of scarlet, white, and blue. On his right strained a boat's crew of the New York regiment, with the great patroon, Philip Schuyler himself, erect in the stern sheets and steering, in blue uniform and three cornered-hat; too grand a gentleman to recognise our Ensign, although John had danced the night through in the Schuylers' famous white ball-room on the eve of marching from Albany, and had flung packets of sweetmeats into the nursery windows at dawn and awakened three night-gowned little girls to blow kisses after him as he took his way down the hill from the Schuyler mansion. That was a month ago. To John it seemed years since he had left Albany and its straight sidewalks dappled with maple shade: but the patroon's face was the same, sedately cheerful now as then when he had moved among his guests with a gracious word for each and a brow unclouded by the morrow.

Men like Philip Schuyler do not suffer to-morrows to

perturb them, since to them every morrow dawns big with duties, responsibilities, risks. John caught himself wondering to what that calm face looked forward, at the lake-end, where the forests slept upon their shadows and the mountains descended and closed like fairy gates. For John himself Fame waited beyond those gates. Although in the last three or four weeks he had endured more actual hardships than in all his life before, he had enjoyed them thoroughly and felt that they were hardening him into a man. He understood now why the tales he had read at school in his Ovid and Homer—tales of Ulysses, of Hercules and Perseus—were never sorrowful, however severe the heroes' labours. For were they not undergone in just such a shining atmosphere as this?

His mind ran on these ancient tales, and so, memory reverting to Douai and the seminary class-room in which he had first construed them, he began unconsciously to set an old repetition-lesson to the stroke of the oars.

Angustam amice pauperiem pati
robustus acri militia puer
condiscat et Parthos feroces
vexet eques metuendus hasta :

Vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
in rebus . . .

—and so on, with halts and breaks where memory failed him. *Parthos*—there would be the Indians—Abenakis, Algonquins, Hurons, whomsoever Montcalm might have yonder in the woods with him. *Dulce et decorum est*—yes, to be sure; in a little while he would be facing death for his country; but he did not feel in the least like dying. A sight of Philip Schuyler's face sent him sliding into the next ode—*Justum et tenacem non voltus instantis tyranni*. John à Cleeve would have started, you may be sure, had the future opened for an instant and revealed the face of the tyrant

Philip Schuyler was soon to defy: and Schuyler would have started too.

Then John remembered his cousin's letter, and pulled it from his pocket again. . . . "And if Abercromby's your Cæsar—which is as much as I'll risk saying in a letter which may be opened before it reaches you—why, you have Howe to clip his parade wig as he's already docked the men's coat-tails. So here's five pounds on it, and let it be a match—Wolfe against Howe, and shall J. à C., or R. M. be first in Quebec? And another five pounds, if you will, on our epaulettes: for I repeat to you, this is Pitt's consulship, and promotion henceforth comes to men as they deserve it. Look at Wolfe, sir—a man barely thirty-two—and the ball but just set rolling! Wherefore, I too am resolved to enter Quebec a Brigadier-General, who now go carrying the colours of the 17th to Louisbourg. We but wait for General Amherst, who is expected daily, and then yeo-heave-ho for the nor'ard. Farewell, dearest Jack. Given in this our camp at Halifax, the twelfth of May 1758, in the middle of a plaguy fog, by your affect. cousin—R. Montgomery."

John smiled as he folded up the letter, so characteristic of Dick. Dick was always in perfect spirits, always confident in himself. It was characteristic of Dick, too, to call himself Romulus and his friend Remus, meaning no slight, simply because he always took himself for granted as the leading spirit. It had always been so even in the days when they had gone birds'-nesting or rook-shooting together in the woods around John's Devonshire home. Always John had yielded the lead to this freckled Irish cousin (the kinship was, in fact, a remote one and lay on their mothers' side through the Ranelagh family); and years had but seemed to widen the three months' gap in their ages.

Dick's parents were Protestant; and Dick had gone to Trinity College, Dublin, passing thence to an ensigncy in the 17th (Forbes') Regiment. The à Cleeves, on the other hand, had always been Roman Catholics, and by consequence had

lived for generations somewhat isolated among the Devon gentry, their neighbours. When John looked back on his boyhood, his prevailing impressions were of a large house set low in a valley, belted with sombre dripping elms and haunted by Roman Catholic priests—some fat and rosy—some lean and cadaverous, but all soft-footed; of an insufficiency of light in the rooms; and of a sad lack of fellow creatures willing to play with him. His parents were old, and he had been born late to them—twelve years after Philip, his only brother and the heir. From the first his mother had destined him for the priesthood, and a succession of priests had been his tutors: but—What instinct is there in the sacerdotal mind which warns it off some cases as hopeless from the first? Here was a child, docile, affectionate, moody at times, but eager to please and glad to be rewarded by a smile; bred among priests and designed to be a priest; yet amid a thousand admonishments, chastisements, encouragements, blandishments, the child—with a child's deadly instinct for sincerity—could not remember having been once spoken to sincerely, with heart open to heart. Years later when, in the seminary at Douai, the little worm of scepticism began to stir in his brain and grow, feeding on the books of M. Voltaire and other forbidden writings, he wondered if his many tutors had been, one and all, unconsciously prescient. But he was an honest lad. He threw up the seminary, returned to Cleeve Court, and announced with tears to his mother (his father had died two years before) that he could not be a priest. She told him, stonily, that he had disappointed her dearest hopes and broken her heart. His brother—the Squire now, and a prig from his cradle—took him out for a long walk, argued with him as with a fractious child, and, without attending to his answers, finally gave him up as a bad job. So an ensigncy was procured, and John à Cleeve shipped from Cork to Halifax, to fight the French in America. At Cork he had met and renewed acquaintance with his Irish cousin, Dick Montgomery. They had met again in Halifax, which they reached in separate transports, and had

passed the winter there in company. Dick clapped his cousin on the back and laughed impartially at his doubts and the family distress. Dick had no doubts; always saw clearly and made up his mind at once; was, moreover, very little concerned with religion (beyond damning the Pope), and a great deal concerned with soldiering. He fascinated John, as the practical man usually fascinates the speculative. So Remus listened to Romulus and began to be less contrite in his home-letters. To the smallest love at home (of the kind that understands, or tries to understand) he would have responded religiously; but he had found such nowhere save in Dick—who, besides, was a gallant young gentleman, and scrupulous on all points of honour. He took fire from Dick; almost worshipped him; and wished now, as the flotilla swept on and the bands woke louder echoes from the narrowing shore, that Dick were here to see how the last few weeks had tanned and hardened him.

The troops came to land before nightfall at Sabbath Day Point, twenty-five miles down the lake; stretched themselves to doze for a while in the dry undergrowth; and re-embarking under the stars, rowed on through the dawn, and reached the lake-end at ten in the morning. Here they found the first trace of the enemy—a bridge broken in two over the river which drains into Lake Champlain. A small French rear-guard loitered here; but two companies of riflemen were landed and drove it back into the woods, without loss. The boats discharged the British unopposed, who now set forward afoot through the forest to follow the left bank of the stream, which, leaving the lake tranquilly, is broken presently by stony rapids, and grows smooth again only as it nears its new reservoir. Smooth, rapid, and smooth again, it sweeps round a long bend; and this the British prepared to follow, leaving a force to guard the boats.

Howe led, feeling forward with his light infantry; and the army followed in much the same disposition as they had held down the lake; regulars in the centre, provincials on either flank; a long scarlet body creeping with broad blue wings—or

so it might have appeared to a bird with sight able to pierce the overlacing boughs. To John à Cleeve, warily testing the thickets with the butt of his staff and pulling the thorns aside lest they should rip in its precious silken folds, the advance, after the first ten minutes, seemed to keep no more order than a gang of children pressing after blackberries. Somewhere on his right the rapids murmured; men struggled beside him—now a dozen redcoats, now a few knowing Provincials who had lost their regiments, but were cocksure of the right path. And always—before, behind and all around him—sounded the calls of the parade-ground:—"Form sub-divisions—left front—mark time! Left, half turn! Three files on the left—left turn—wheel!—files to the front!" Singular instructions for men grappling with a virgin forest!

If the standing trees were bad, the fallen ones—and there seemed to be a diabolical number of them—were ten times worse. John was straddling the trunk of one and cursing vehemently when a sound struck on his ears, more intelligible than any parade-call. It came back to him from the front: the sharp sound of musketry—two volleys.

The parade-calls ceased suddenly all around him. He listened, still sitting astride the trunk. One or two redcoats leaped it, shouting as they leaped, and followed the sound, which crackled now as though the whole green forest ahead were on fire. By-and-by, as he listened, a mustachioed man in a short jacket—one of Gage's light infantry—came bursting through the undergrowth, capless, shouting for a surgeon.

"What's wrong in front?" asked John, as the man—scarcely regarding him—laid his arms on the trunk to vault it.

"Faith, and I don't know, red-coat; except that they've killed him. Whereabouts is the General?"

"Who's killed?"

"The best man amongst us: Lord Howe!"

A second runner, following, shouted the same news; and the two passed on together in search of the General. But already the tidings had spread along the advancing front of

the main body, as though wafted by a sudden wind through the undergrowth. Already, as John sat astride his log endeavouring to measure up the loss, to right and left of him bugles were sounding the halt. It seemed that as yet the mass of troops scarcely took in the meaning of the rumour, but awoke under the shock only to find themselves astray and without bearings.

John's first sense was of a day suddenly grown dark. If this thing had happened, why then the glory had gone out of the campaign. The army would by-and-by be marching on, and would march again to-morrow; the drill cries would begin again, the dull wrestle through swamps and thickets; and in due time the men would press down upon the French forts and take them. But where would be the morning's cheerfulness, the spirit of youth which had carried the boats down the lake amid laughter and challenges to race, and at the landing-place set the men romping like schoolboys? The longer John considered, the more he marvelled at the hopes he and all the army had been building on this young soldier—and not the army only, but every colony. Messengers, even now, were heading up the lake as fast as paddles could drive them, to take horse and gallop smoking to the Hudson, to bear the tidings to Albany, and from Albany ride south with it to New York, to Philadelphia, to Richmond. "Lord Howe killed!" From that long track of dismay John called his thoughts back to himself and the army. "Howe—dead!" He, that up to an hour ago, had been the pivot of so many activities, the centre on which veterans rested their confidence, and from which young soldiers drew their high spirits, the one commander whom the Provincials trusted and liked because he understood them; for whom and for their faith in him the regulars would march till their legs failed them! Wonderful how youth and charm and gallantry and brains together will grip hold of men and sway their imaginations! But how rare the alliance, and on how brittle a hazard resting! An unaimed bullet—a stop in the heart's pulsation—and the star we followed

has gone out, God knows whither. The hope of fifteen thousand men lies broken and sightless in a forest glade. They assure us that nothing in this world perishes, nor in the firmament above it: but we look up at the black space where a star has been quenched and know that something has failed us which to-morrow will not bring again.

It was learnt afterwards that he had been killed by the very first shot in the campaign. Montcalm, the evening before, had thrown out three hundred rangers under Langy to feel the British advance: but so dense was the tangle that even these experienced woodmen went astray during the night, and, in hunting for tracks, blundered upon Howe's light infantry at unawares. In the moment of surprise each side let fly with a volley, and Howe fell instantly, shot through the heart.

The British bivouacked in the woods that night. Toward dawn John à Cleeve stretched himself, felt for his arms, and lay for awhile staring up at a solitary star visible through the overhanging bows. He was wondering what had wakened him, when his ears grew aware of a voice in the distance, singing—either deep in the forest or on some hillside to the northward: a clear tenor voice shaken out on the still air with a *tremolo* such as the Provençals love. It sang to the army and to him:—

Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre :
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine !
 Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre :
 —Ne sais quand riviendra !

CHAPTER II

A BIVOUAC IN THE FOREST

THROUGH the night meanwhile, Montcalm and his men had been working like demons.

The stone fort of Ticonderoga stood far out on a bluff at the head of Lake Champlain, its base descending on the one hand into the still lake-water, on the other swept by the river

which the British had been trying to follow, and which here its rapids passed, disembogues in a smooth strong flood. It stood high, too, over these meeting waters ; but as a military position was next to worthless, being dominated, across the river on the south, by a loftier hill called Rattlesnake Mountain.

Such was Ticonderoga ; and hither Montcalm had hurried up the Richelieu from the northward to find Bourslamaque, that good fighter, posted with the regiments of La Reine, Béarn, and Guienne, and a few Canadian regulars and militia. He himself had brought the battalions of La Sarre and De Berry—a picked force, if ever there was one, but scarcely above three thousand strong.

A couple of miles above the fort and just below the rapids, a bridge spanned the river. A saw-mill stood beside it : and here Montcalm had crossed and taken up his quarters, pushing forward Bourslamaque to guard the upper end of the rapids, and holding Langy ready with three hundred rangers to patrol the woods on the outer side of the river's loop.

But when his scouts and Indians came in with the news of the British embarking on the upper shore, and with reports of their multitude, Montcalm perceived that the river could not be held ; and, having recalled Bourslamaque and broken down the bridges above and below the rapids, withdrew his force again to Ticonderoga, leaving only Langy's rangers in the further woods to feel the enemy's approach.

Next he had to ask himself, Could the fort be defended ? All agreed that it could not, with Rattlesnake Mountain overtopping it : and the most were for evacuating it and retiring up Lake Champlain to the stronger French fort on Crown Point. But Montcalm was expecting Lévis at any moment with reinforcements ; and studying the ridge at the extreme end of which the fort stood, he decided that the position ought not to be abandoned. This ridge ran inland, its slope narrowed on either side between the river and the lake by swamps, and approachable only from landward over the *col*, where it broadened and dipped to the foot-hills. Here, at the entrance

to the ridge, and half a mile from his fort, he commanded his men to throw up an entrenchment and cut down trees; and while the sappers fell to work he traced out the lines of a rude star-fort, with curtains and jutting angles from which the curtains could be enfiladed. Through the dawn, while the British slept in the woods, the Frenchmen laboured, hacking and felling. Scores of trees they left to lie and encumber the ground: others they dragged, unlopped, to the entrenchment, and piled them before it, trunks inward and radiating from its angles; lacing their boughs together or roughly pointing them with a few strokes of the axe.

In the growing daylight the *chevaux-de-frise* began to look formidable: but Bourlamaque, watching it with Montcalm, shook his head, hunched his shoulders, and jerked a thumb towards a spur of Rattlesnake Mountain, by which their defences were glaringly commanded.

Montcalm said, "We will risk it. Those English Generals are inconceivable."

"But a cannon or two, my General——"

"If he thinks of them! Believe me, who have tried: you never know what an English General will do—or what his soldiers won't. Pile the trees higher, my braves—more than breast-high—mountain-high if time serves! But this Abercromby comes from a land where the bees fly tail-foremost by rule."

"With all submission, I would still recommend Crown Point."

"Should he, by chance, think of planting a gun yonder, I feel sure that notion will exclude all others. We shall open the door and retreat on Crown Point unmolested."

Bourlamaque drew in a long breath and emitted it in a mighty *pouf*!

"I am not conducting his campaign for him," said his superior calmly. "God forbid! I once imagined myself in his predecessor's place, the Earl of Loudon's, and within twenty minutes France had lost Canada. I shudder at it still!"

Bourlamaque laughed. Montcalm had said it with a whimsical smile, and it passed him unheeded that the smile ended in a contracting of the brows and a bitter little sigh. The fighter judged war by its victories; the strategist by their effects. Montcalm could win victories; even now, by putting himself into what might pass for his adversary's mind, he hoped to snatch a success against odds. But what avails it to administer drubbings which but leave your foe the more stubbornly aggressive? British Generals blundered, but always the British armies came on. War had been declared three years ago; actually it had lasted for four; and the sum of its results was that France, with her chain of forts planted for aggression from the St. Lawrence to the Ohio, had turned to defending them. His countrymen might throw up their caps over splendid repulses of the foe, and hail such for victories; but Montcalm looked beneath the laurels.

The British, having slept the night in the woods, were mustered at dawn and marched back to the landing-place. Their General, falling back upon common sense, after the loss of a precious day, was now resolved to try the short and beaten path by which Montcalm had retreated. It formed a four-mile chord, with the loop of the river for arc, and presented no real difficulty except the broken bridge, which Bradstreet was sent forward to repair.

But though beaten and easy to follow, the road was rough; and Abercromby—in a sweating hurry now—determined to leave his guns behind. John à Cleeve, passing forward with his regiment, took note of them as they lay unlimbered amid the brushwood by the landing-stage, and thought little of it. He had his drill-book by heart, relied for orders on his senior officers, and took pride in obeying them smartly. This seemed to him the way for a young soldier to learn his calling, and, for the rest, war was a game of valour and would give him his opportunity. Theoretically he knew the uses of artillery, but he was not an artilleryman; nor had he ever felt the temptation to teach his grandmother to suck eggs. His cousin Dick's

free comments upon white-headed Generals of division and brigade he let pass with a laugh. To Dick, the Earl of Loudon was "a mournful thickhead," Webb "a mighty handsome figure for a poltroon," Sackville "a discreet footman for a ladies' drum," and the ancestors of Abercromby had all been hanged for fools. Dick, very much at his ease in Sion, would have court-martialled and cashiered the lot out of hand. But John's priestly tutors had schooled him in diffidence, if in nothing else.

His men to-day were in no pleasant humour, and a few of them—veterans too—grumbled viciously as they passed the guns. "Silence in the ranks!" shouted the captain of his company, and the familiar words soothed him, and he wondered what had provoked the grumbling. A minute later he had forgotten it. The column crawled forward sulkily. The shadow of Howe's loss lay heavy on it, and a sense that his life had been flung away. They had been marched into a jungle and marched back again, and with nothing to show for it but twenty-four wasted hours. On they crawled beneath the sweltering July heat; and coming to the bridge found more delays.

Bradstreet and his men had worked like heroes, but the bridge would not be ready to carry troops before the early morning. A wooden saw-mill stood beside it, melancholy and deserted; and here the General took up his quarters, while the army cooked its supper and disposed itself for the night in the trampled clearing around the mill and in the forest beyond. The 46th lay close alongside the river, and the noise of Bradstreet's hammers on the bridge kept John for a long while awake and staring up at the high western ridges, black as ink against the radiance of a climbing moon. In the intervals of hammering, the swirl of the river kept tune in his ears with the whirr-r-r of a saw in the rear of the mill, slicing up the last planks for the bridge. There was a mill in the valley at home, and he had heard it a hundred times making just such music with the stream that ran down from Dartmoor and past

Cleeve Court. His thoughts went back to Devonshire, but not to linger there; only to wonder how much love his mother would put into her prayers could she be reached by a vision of him stretched here with his first battle waiting for him on the morrow. He wondered, not bitterly, if her chief reflection would be that he had brought the unpleasant experience on himself when he might have been safe in a priest's cassock. He laughed. How little she understood him, or had ever understood!

His heart went out to salute the morrow—and yet soberly. Outside of his simple duties of routine he was just an unshaped subaltern, with eyes sealed as yet to war's practical teachings. To him, albeit he would have been puzzled had any one told him so, war existed as yet only as a spiritual conflict in which men proved themselves heroes or cowards: and he meant to be a hero. For him everything lay in the will to dare or to endure. He recalled tales of old knights keeping vigil by their arms in solitary chapels, and he questioned the far hill-tops and the stars-- What substitute for faith supported *him*? Did he believe in God? Yes, after a fashion: in some tremendous and over-ruling Power, at any rate. A Power that had made the mountains yonder?— Yes, he supposed so. A loving Power—an intimate counsellor—a Father attending all his steps? Well, perhaps—and, if so, a Father to be answered with all a man's love: but, before answering, he honestly needed more assurance. As for another world and a continuing life there, should he happen to fall to-morrow, John searched his heart and decided that he asked for nothing of the sort. Such promises struck him as unworthy bribes, belittling the sacrifice he came prepared to make. He despised men who bargained with them. Here was he, young, abounding in life, ready to risk extinction. Why? For a cause (some might say), and that cause his country's. Maybe: he had never thought this out. To be sure he was proud to carry the Regimental Colours, and had rather belong to the 46th than to any other regiment. The honour of the 46th was

dear to him now as his own. But why, again? Pure accident had assigned him to the 46th: and as for love of his country he could not remember that it had played any conspicuous part in sending him to join the army. The hammering on the bridge had ceased without his noting it, and also the whirr of the saw. Only the river sang to him now: and to the swirl of it he dropped off into a dreamless, healthy sleep.

CHAPTER III

TICONDEROGA

AT the alarm-post next morning the men were in high spirits again. Every one seemed to be posted in the day's work ahead. The French had thrown up an outwork on the landward end of the ridge; an engineer had climbed Rattlesnake Mountain at daybreak and conned it through his glass, and had brought down his report two hours ago. The white-coats had been working at it like niggers, helped by some reinforcements which had come in over-night—Lévis with the Royal Roussillon, the scouts said: but the thing was a rough and ready affair of logs and the troops were to carry it with the bayonet. John asked in what direction it lay, and thumbs were jerked towards the screening forest across the river. The distance (some said) was not two miles. Colonel Beaver, returning from a visit to the saw-mill, confirmed the rumour. The 46th would march in a couple of hours or less.

At breakfast Howe's death seemed to be forgotten, and John found no time for solemn thoughts. Bets were laid that the French would not wait for the assault, but slip away to their boats; even with Lévis they could scarcely be four thousand strong. Bradstreet, having finished his bridge, had started back for the landing stage to haul a dozen of the lighter batteaux across the portage and float them down to Lake Champlain filled with riflemen. Bradstreet was a glutton for work—but would he be in time? That old fox

Montcalm would never let his earths be stopped so easily, and to pile defences on the ridge was simply to build himself into a trap. A good half of the officers maintained that there would be no fighting.

Well, fighting or no, some business was in hand. Here was the battalion in motion; and, to leave the enemy in no doubt of our martial ardour, here were the drums playing away like mad. The echo of John's feet on the wooden bridge awoke him from these vain shows and rattlings of war to its real meaning, and his thoughts again kept him solemn company as he breasted the slope beyond and began the tedious climb to the right through the woods.

The scouts, coming in one by one, reported them undefended: and the battalion, though perforce moving slowly, kept good order. Towards the summit, indeed, the front ranks appeared to straggle and extend themselves confusedly: but the disorder, no more than apparent, came from the skirmishers returning and falling back upon either flank as the column scrambled up the last five hundred yards and halted on the fringe of the clearing. Of the enemy John could see nothing: only a broad belt of sunlight beyond the last few tree trunks and their green eaves. The advance had been well timed, the separate columns arriving and coming to the halt almost at clockwork intervals; nor did the halt give him much leisure to look about him. To the right were drawn up the Highlanders, their dark plaids blending with the forest glooms; and, in the space between, Beaver had stepped forward and was chatting with their colonel. By-and-by the dandified Gage joined them, and after a few minutes' talk Beaver came striding back, with his scabbard tucked under his armpit, to be clear of the undergrowth. At once the order was given to fix bayonets, and at a signal the columns were put in motion and marched out upon the edge of the clearing.

There, as he stepped forth, the flash of the noonday sun upon lines of steel held John's eyes dazzled. He heard the word given again to halt, and the command "Left, wheel into

line!" He heard the calls that followed—"Eyes front!" "Steady," "Quick march," "Halt, dress"—and felt, rather than saw, the whole elaborate manœuvre; the rear ranks locking up, the covering sergeants jiggling like dancers in a minuet—pace to the rear, side step to the right—the pivot men with stiff arms extended, the companies wheeling up and dressing; all happening precisely as on parade.

What, after all, was the difference? Well, to begin with, the clearing ahead in no way resembled a parade-ground, being strewn and criss-crossed with fallen trees and interset with stumps, some cleanly cut, others with jagged splinters from three to ten feet high. And beyond, with the fierce sunlight quivering above it, rose a mass of prostrate trees piled as if for the base of a tremendous bonfire. Not a Frenchman showed behind it. Was *that* what they had to carry?

"The battalion will advance!"

Yes, there lay the barrier; and their business was simply to rush it; to advance at the charge, holding their fire until within the breastwork.

The French, too, held their fire. The distance from the edge of the clearing to the abattis was, at the most, a long musket-shot, and for two-thirds of it the crescent-shaped line of British ran as in a paper-chase, John à Cleeve vaulting over tree-trunks, leaping over stumps, and hurraing with the rest.

Then with a flame the breastwork opened before him, and with a shock as though the whole ridge lifted itself against the sky—a shock which hurled him backward, whirling away his shako. He saw the line to right and left wither under it and shrink like parchment held to a candle flame. For a moment the ensign-staff shook in his hands, as if whipped by a gale. He steadied it, and stood dazed, gulping at a lump in his throat. Then he knew himself unhurt, and, seeing that men on either hand were picking themselves up and running forward, he ducked his head and ran forward too.

He had gained the abattis. He went into it with a leap, a dozen men at his heels. A pointed bough met him in the

ribs, piercing his tunic and forcing him to cry out with pain. He fell back from it and tugged at the interlacing boughs between him and the log-wall, fighting them with his left, pressing them aside, now attempting to leap them, now to burst through them with his weight. The wall jetted flame through its crevices, and the boughs held him fast within twenty yards of it. He could reach it easily (he told himself) but for the staff he carried, against which each separate twig hitched itself as though animated by special malice.

He swung himself round and forced his body backwards against the tangle; and a score of men, rallying to the colours, leapt in after him. As their weight pressed him down supine and the flag sank in his grasp, he saw their faces—Highlanders and redcoats mixed. They had long since disregarded the order to hold their fire; and were blazing away idly and reloading, cursing the boughs that impeded their ramrods. A corporal of the 46th had managed to reload and was lifting his piece when—a twig perhaps catching in the lock—the charge exploded in his face, and he fell, a bloody weight, across John's legs. Half a dozen men, leaping over him, hurled themselves into the lane which John had opened.

Ten seconds later—but in such a struggle who can count seconds?—John had flung off the dead man and was on his feet again with his face to the rampart. The men who had hurried past him were there, all six of them; but stuck in strange attitudes and hung across the withering boughs like vermin on a gamekeeper's tree—corpses every one. The rest had vanished, and, turning, he found himself alone. Out in the clearing, under the drifted smoke, the shattered regiments were re-forming for a second charge. Gripping the colours he staggered out to join them, and as he went a bullet sang past him and his left wrist dropped nerveless at his side. He scarcely felt the wound. The brutal jar of the repulse had stunned every sense in him but that of thirst. The reek of gunpowder caked his throat, and his tongue crackled in his mouth like a withered leaf.

Some one was pointing back over the tree-tops toward Rattlesnake Mountain ; and on the slopes there, as the smoke cleared, sure enough, figures were moving. Guns ? A couple of guns planted there could have knocked this cursed rampart to flinders in twenty minutes, or plumped round shot at leisure among the French huddled within. Where was the General ?

The General was down at the saw-mill in the valley, seated at his table, penning a despatch. The men on Rattlesnake Mountain were Johnson's Indians—Mohawks, Oneidas, and others of the Six Nations—who, arriving late, had swarmed up by instinct to the key of the position and seated themselves there with impassive faces, asking each other when the guns would arrive and this stupid folly cease. They had seen artillery, perhaps, once in their lives ; and had learnt the use of it.

Oh, it was cruel ! By this time there was not a man in the army but could have taught the General the madness of it. But the General was down at the saw-mill, two miles away ; and the broken regiments re-formed and faced the rampart again. The sun beat down on the clearing, heating men to madness. The wounded went down through the gloom of the woods, and were carried past the saw-mill by scores at first, then by hundreds. Within the saw-mill, in his cool chamber, the General sat and wrote. Some one (Gage it is likely) sent down, beseeching him to bring the guns into play. He answered that the guns were at the landing-stage, and could not be planted within six hours. A second messenger suggested that the assault on the ridge had already caused inordinate loss, and that by the simple process of sitting still Montcalm could be starved out in a week. The General showed him the door. Upon the ridge the fight went on.

John à Cleeve had by this time lost count of the charges. Some had been feeble ; one or two superb ; and once the Highlanders, with a gallantry only possible to men who are past caring for life, had actually heaved themselves over the parapets on the French right. They had gone into action a

thousand strong; they were now six hundred. Charge after charge had flung forward a few to leap the rampart and fall on the French bayonets; but now the best part of a company poured over. For a moment sheer desperation carried the day; but the white-coats, springing back off their platforms, poured in a volley and settled the question. That night the Black Watch called its roll; there answered five hundred men less one.

It was in the next charge after this—half-heartedly taken up by the exhausted troops on the right—that John à Cleeve found himself actually climbing the log-wall toward which he had been straining all the afternoon. What carried him there—he afterwards affirmed—was the horrid vision of young Sagamore of the 27th impaled on a pointed branch and left to struggle in death-agony while the regiments rallied. The body was quivering yet as they came on again; and John, as he ran by, shouted to a sergeant to drag it off: for his own left hand hung powerless, and the colours encumbered his right. In front of him repeated charges had broken a sort of pathway through the abattis, swept indeed by an enfilading fire from two angles of the breastwork, slippery with blood and hampered with corpses; but the grape-shot which had accounted for most of these no longer whistled along it, the French having run off their guns to the right to meet the capital attack of the Highlanders. Through it he forced his way, the pressure of the men behind lifting and bearing him forward wherever the ensign-staff for a moment impeded him. He noted that the leaves, which at noon had been green and sappy, with only a slight crumpling of their edges, were now grey and curled into tight scrolls, crackling as he brushed them aside. How long had the day lasted, then? And would it ever end? The vision of young Sagamore followed him. He had known Sagamore at Halifax and invited him to mess one night with the 46th—as brainless and sweet-tempered a boy as ever muddled his drill.

John was at the foot of the rampart. While with his

injured hand he fumbled vainly to climb it, some one stooped a shoulder and hoisted him. He flung a leg over the parapet and glanced down a moment at the man's face. It was the sergeant to whom he had shouted just now.

"Right, sir," the sergeant grunted; "we're after you!"

John hoisted the colours high and hurrahed.

"Forward! Forward, Forty-sixth!"

Then, as a dozen men heaved themselves on to the parapet, a fiery pang gripped him by the chest, and the night—so long held back—came suddenly, swooping on him from all corners of the sky at once. The grip of his knees relaxed. The sergeant, leaping, caught the standard in the nick of time, as the limp body slid and dropped within the rampart.

(To be continued.)